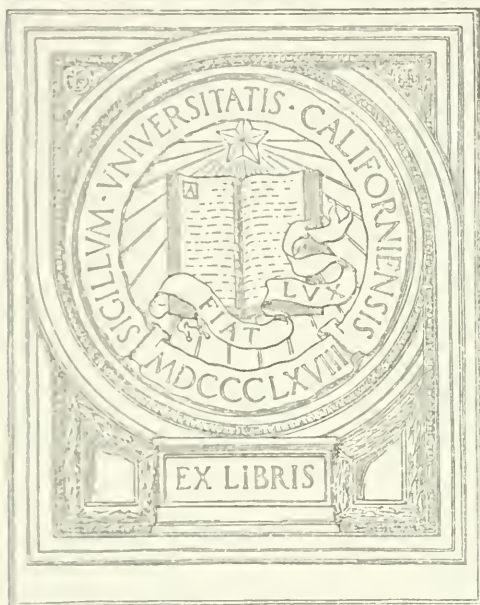




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IRISH LITERATURE

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THE OLD PLAID SHAWL

From a photograph

It is from the lips of the aged peasantry that most of the folk tales, folk songs, ranns, etc., have been taken down by Dr. Douglas Hyde and others. This picture presents the characteristic costume of the older village folk in Ireland, and the spinning wheel denotes an industry which has not yet died out.



IRISH LITERATURE

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VOL.



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BIOGRAPHIES AND LITERARY APPRECIATIONS

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V

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CLÁR I MLÉABAR X.

ROMH-RÁD	leathanac	3710
AN DRAMA SAEDEALAC. (Stiopán Guinn)		XIII
SZEALTA AGUS ABRAIM NA NODAOIME.		
Riḡ an f'áraigḡ ōuib (An Cḡaoibín do éuir rior ó beal rseultuibhe)		3712
A ōḡánaigḡ an éúil éeangailte. (uitto)		3734
Coirḡnín na h-aitinne. (uitto)		3736
Dean an f'ir Ruaró. (uitto)		3748
Riḡoir na ḡelear. (uitto)		3750
Mo bḡón ar an bḡairrige. (uitto)		3762
An buacail do bí a bḡao ar a mḡair. (uitto)		3764
Mala léirín. (uitto)		3776
An laḡa ōearḡ. (uitto)		3778
Caoinear na tḡir Muir. (uitto)		3788
Todar Muir. (uitto)		3794
Muir agur lóreḡ. (uitto)		3806
Naomḡ beaḡar. (uitto)		3812
Mar éáinḡ an t-Saint in ran eadḡair. (uitto)		3822
Rioḡair na Cḡoir naomḡa. (an t-Adair ó míotéáin)		3828
Dean na tḡir mḡó		3830
RAINN I NḡAEŌEILḡ. (cḡuinnigḡe leir an ḡCḡaoibín aoibinn)		3832
PICTIÚR AS STAIR NA h-ÉIREANN.		
Seáḡan an ōiomair. ("Conán maol." p. S. Ó Seáḡó)		3842

CONTENTS OF VOLUME X.

	PAGE
THE IRISH DRAMA.— <i>Stephen Gwynn.</i>	xiii
INTRODUCTION.— <i>The Modern Literature of the Irish Language.</i>	3711
FOLK TALES AND FOLK SONGS.	
King of the Black Desert.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i> . .	3713
Ringleted Love of my Youth. — Folk Song from “Love Songs of Connacht.”	3735
Coirnin of the Furze.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i> . . .	3737
The Red Man’s Wife.—Folk Song from “Love Songs of Connacht.”	3748
The Knight of the Tricks.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i> . .	3751
My Grief on the Sea.—Folk Song from “Love Songs of Connacht.”	3763
The Boy who was Long on his Mother.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3765
The Brow of Nefin.—Folk Song from “Love Songs of Connacht.”	3777
The Red Duck.— <i>D. Hyde. Trs. by C. Welsh.</i> .	3779
The Keening of the Three Marys. — Traditional Folk Ballad.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i> . . .	3789
Mary’s Well.—A Religious Folk Tale.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3794
Mary and St. Joseph.—Folk Song.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3807
Saint Peter.—A Folk Story.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i> .	3813
How Covetousness Came into the Church.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3823
The Sign of the Cross For Ever.—Folk Song. .	3829
The Woman of Three Cows. — <i>J. Clarence Mangan.</i>	3831
IRISH RANNS.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3832
HISTORICAL SKETCH.	
Shane the Proud.—A fragment of Irish History.— <i>P. J. O’Shea.</i>	3843

SGÉALTA LE H-ÚSODARAIB, I NUAD-ŠAEÜEILŠ.

Carlín na mbpáirce. (Séamur Ó Dubháil) . . .	3874
An Šao mara. (Séamur Ó Dubháil) . . .	3874
Šáiršéal. (An Cpaibín Doibinn) . . .	3878
Šaš Šaba. (Séamur Ó Dubháil). . .	3886
Šéalóna—blúipe ar—(an t-áair peatari Ó Lašaire)	3940
"Mí ar Óia a buídeacár" (paorac Ó Lašaire Šešpún Céitinn—póp Šaebealac (an t-áair Ó Dúnnín)	3952
Šoir nó šiar ir peair an baile—An Cneamairc--- blúipe ar—(Úna Mí Šaircéallaiš)	3966
An Uair šiota ar an nŠioblaacán—(Tomár Ó h-Áoda)	3976
An Mac Álla	3982

PIÚDEAC.

Áiršce an Reacúrpaš. (An Reacúrpaš) . . .	3910
An Éir o'á plé. (An Reacúrpaš) . . .	3916
Ir paša ó cuireat póp. (An Reacúrpaš) . . .	3922
Maillaet an Úoir. (Peair Šan áinn) . . .	3928
Cúma cpoirde carlín. (Sean-ábrán) . . .	3932
Dan-énuic Éireann Ó. (Donncaš Mac Conmaria) . . .	3936

DRAMA ŠAN NUAD-ŠAEÜEILŠ.

Capat an trugáin. (An Cpaibín Doibinn) . . .	3988
--	------

CUNTAS AR NA SEAN-ÚSODARAIB. ŠAEÜEILŠE AR A

bpuil tracet inr na h-imleabpaib peo ó I. Šo IX. . .	4011
--	------

CUNTAS NA NUAD-ÚSODARAIB ŠAEÜEALACA A BPUIL

an-odair i m-Deapla.	
No i nŠaeüeilš inr an Imleabpa po.	4025
Corpós	4031
foelóir	

PROSE BY MODERN IRISH AUTHORS.

The Friar's Servant Girl.— <i>James Doyle.</i> —	
<i>Trs. by Mary Doyle.</i>	3875
The "Gad Mara."— <i>James Doyle.</i> — <i>Trs. by</i>	
<i>Mary Doyle.</i>	3875
An Allegory. — <i>Douglas Hyde.</i> — <i>Trs. by</i>	
<i>Norma Borthwick.</i>	3878
Tim, the Smith.— <i>James Doyle.</i> — <i>Trs. by Mary</i>	
<i>Doyle.</i>	3887
Seadna's Three Wishes.—From "Seadna."—	
<i>Rev. Peter O'Leary.</i>	3941
The Thankfulness of Dermot. — <i>Patrick</i>	
<i>O'Leary.</i>	3953
Geoffrey Keating. — From "Irish Prose." —	
<i>Rev. Patrick S. Dinan.</i>	3959
"East, West, Home's Best." — From "An	
Cneamhaire."— <i>Agnes O. Farrelly.</i>	3967
The Cavern. — From "An Giobláchan." —	
<i>Thomas Hayes.</i>	3977
The Echo.—From "An Giobláchan." <i>T. Hayes.</i>	3983

POETRY.

Rafferty's Repentance.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3911
The Cúis-dá-plé.—(Political.)— <i>A. Rafferty.</i>	3917
How Long Has It Been Said?—(Political.)—	
<i>A. Rafferty.</i>	3923
The Curse of the Boers on England.—(Political.)—	
<i>Lady Gregory.</i>	3928
Grief of a Girl's Heart.—(Love Song.)— <i>Lady</i>	
<i>Gregory.</i>	3933
The Fair Hills of Eire. — (Patriotic.) — <i>Dr.</i>	
<i>George Sigerson.</i>	3937

MODERN PLAY.

The Twisting of the Rope.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3989
---	------

BIOGRAPHIES OF ANCIENT CELTIC WRITERS, whose	
work appears in Volumes I–IX.	4011

BIOGRAPHIES OF MODERN CELTIC WRITERS, whose work	
appears in Volume X.	4025

GLOSSARY.	4031
-------------------	------

INDEX.	4041
----------------	------

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS IN VOLUME X.

	PAGE
THE OLD PLAID SHAWL.	<i>Frontispiece</i>
From a photograph.	
<p>It is from the lips of the aged peasantry that most of the Folk Tales, Folk Songs, Ranns, etc., have been taken down by Dr. Douglas Hyde and others. This picture presents the characteristic costume of the older village folk in Ireland, and the spinning wheel denotes an industry which has not yet died out.</p>	
PATRICK J. O'SHEA. (Conan Maol.)	3842
From a photograph by Allison's, Belfast, Armagh and Dublin.	
PART OF A PROCLAMATION CONCERNING SHANE	
THE PROUD	3872
Photographic facsimile from the original.	
THE REV. PATRICK S. DINEEN.	3958
Photographed from the painting by Jack B. Yeats.	
TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN	4010
From a painting formerly in the possession of J. Hardiman, after the print engraved and published by John Martyn, Dublin, 1822.	
MAP OF IRELAND IN THE PRESENT DAY	4030
After Joyce and others.	

THE IRISH DRAMA.

IN an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1901, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, the eminent critic, told the story of the Irish Literary Theater. We present here his account of the Irish National Dramatic Society, written in December, 1902. With regard to the first named he says:—

Its work may be summed up in a sentence: It produced in Ireland, with English actors, seven plays written in English on Irish subjects. These were: two by Mr. Yeats, 'The Countess Cathleen' and 'The Land of Heart's Desire'; two by Mr. Martyn, 'The Heather Field' and 'Maevæ'; one by Miss Milligan, 'The Last Feast of the Fianna'; one by Mr. Moore, 'The Bending of the Bough'; and one, 'Diarmuid and Grania,' by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Moore in collaboration. At the time when the last was produced by Mr. Benson, a troupe of amateurs played Dr. Hyde's 'Casadh an t-Sugáin,' and the advantage that Irish amateurs had, even over good English professionals, for the purpose in hand was obvious. I suppose that this occurred to Mr. Fay, for it was after this that he and some friends—all of them people earning their bread by daily labor—banded together to devote their leisure to the acting of Irish plays; and the new experiment was inaugurated last Easter, when this company of Irish actors played two Irish plays, "A. E.'s" 'Deirdre' and Mr. Yeats' 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' It was renewed on a much larger scale this Samhain-tide, when in the course of a week some plays (including one short farce in Gaelic) were given; the subjects ranging from poetic handling of the oldest mythology down to contemporary satire on the town corporation. The whole thing was absolutely and entirely uncommercial. Authors and actors alike gave their services for the benefit of Cumann na Gael, under whose auspices the plays were produced, calling themselves the Irish National Dramatic Company.

The more one thinks about it, the plainer one sees that for full enjoyment of drama the auditor must be one of a sympathetic crowd. For instance, a comedy of Mr. Shaw's

played before the Stage Society is infinitely more enjoyable than when it is played in Kennington or Notting Hill. But the Stage Society, which makes an ideal audience for wit, is perhaps too sophisticated for poetry; too much under the domination of modern comedy. In Dublin Mr. Yeats and the rest had a hall full of people not less intelligent but less over-educated, less subservient to the critical faculty; in a word, more natural. This audience had all the local knowledge necessary to give dramatic satire its point (and that is scarcely possible in a place so big as London), and had also a community of certain emotions arising out of distinctive ideas. And, above all, the people composing it came to the theater much as they might have gone to church or to a political meeting, ready to be moved by grave emotions or by serious ideas. Two of the plays could, I think, have held their own with any audience. But without that special audience 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan' and 'The Laying of Foundations' would have been by far less dramatic than they were.

It should be said at once that these plays were for the most part extremely modest in scope. Only one had so many as three acts or required a change of scene; and two or three were at best "curtain raisers." In this class must be put Mr. McGinley's 'Eilis agus an Bhean Déirce' ('Eilish and the Beggar Woman'), which I cannot criticise, as no text was procurable and my Gaelic was not equal to following the dialogue closely. I do not think that a higher rank can be claimed for Mr. Yeats' farce, 'A Pot of Broth,' which, however, afforded Mr. W. G. Fay the chance for a capital piece of broad comic acting. The story is one, common among Irish peasants, of a beggar, who comes to a churlish woman's house, and knowing well that asking will get him neither bite nor sup, plays on her credulity by displaying a wonderful stone which will make the best of broth. All he asks is the use of a pot and water in it, and while the miserly housewife listens to his praise of the saving to be effected by such a stone, he dilates upon its other qualities—its effect on a chicken if you put it in with it, or on a ham-bone or the like—till gradually one eatable after another slips into the pot, and the beggar in a fit of generosity presents the stone to the housewife, taking in return merely the broth and a few unconsidered trifles.

That was all, and it was little enough. But it was interesting to find Mr. Yeats as a purveyor of laughter—for the little piece was genuinely droll, and interesting too—to notice how, for his comedy as for his tragedy, he went to folk lore and the peasant's cottage.¹

I may dismiss at once Mr. Seumas O'Cuisin, author of two of the plays. His 'Racing Lug' was a little story of sea-faring folk, apparently so cut down as to be barely intelligible. This was in prose; his other production, 'The Sleep of the King,' was simply a poetic tableau, showing how Connla, son of Conn the Hundred-fighter, left a proffered throne to follow after a fairy woman.

"He follows on for ever, when all your chase is done,
He follows after shadows, the King of Ireland's son."

Mrs. Chesson has put the gist of it into the haunting little poem from which I quote these two lines, and put it much more effectively than Mr. O'Cuisin. Still, his little piece in verse—and very creditable verse—gave the troupe their one opportunity of showing how they spoke what was written in meter. They spoke verse not as actors generally do, but as poets speak it, in a kind of chant, which I confess seems to me the natural and proper manner.

It was just this quality—the absence of all stage mannerisms, the willingness to speak poetry simply as poetry, to speak it for its own sake, and not to show the actor's accomplishments—that rendered possible the production of 'Deirdre;' and it would have been a pity for work so good not to have been produced. Nevertheless I cannot regard 'Deirdre' as a good or successful piece of drama. The author, "A. E.," ranks high in my judgment as a lyrical poet, but even as a lyrical poet his appeal must necessarily be to the few. Mystic in the blood and bone, he stands habitually apart, and moves in ways of thought and emotion where it is difficult to follow him. And yet it was striking to observe how well the audience responded to his interpretation of the famous and beautiful story, and to the thoughts that he wove into its fabric. The first act tells how the sons of Usnach found Deirdre in the secret abode where the High King Conchobar had secluded her

¹ The story is told in Griffin's 'The Collegians,' see Volume IV.

fatal beauty, and how she fled with Naisi, obedient to the voice of a new wonder; and in this act I could see little or nothing to praise. But in the second, which shows Deirdre in the kingdom that Naisi and his brother had won on the shore of Loch Etive, there was work of a very different quality. In a passage of singular beauty the poet—for the play, though written in prose, is sheer poetry—shows Deirdre looking out on a glorious sunset. It is the sunset not of one but of many days, she says, and the stars that had lost each other in the mists and heat of the sun, know again their friends' faces across the firmament. And so, too, she and Naisi, awaking at last from the long swoon of sunshine, see at last into each other's hearts, and she sees in him a regret. It is the regret of pride that he has fled without confronting King Conchobar; the regret of chivalry that he has broken the rules of the Red Branch Order. It is, indeed, for comradeship in the Red Branch that he pines, not knowing it; and on the top of this discourse comes the shout of a man of Erin from his galley in the loch. And Deirdre, who has Cassandra's gift, foreknows the whole; so that when Fergus enters, the dearest of Naisi's friends, with pledge of forgiveness and of restoration to the Red Branch, she has no heart to greet him. She can only implore Naisi to stay, and her sorrow angers him, till her love and her knowledge yield to his pride.

I thought the whole of this act very well planned and full of beauty, and, even when the beauty was recondite, it conveyed itself surprisingly well. Deirdre in her lament says that the Gods have told her her love and happiness are ended, and are yet immortal, for they are destined to live forever as a memory in the minds of the Gael! and one felt that slight stir run through the silent audience which tells of a point gone home. And the spectacular beauty, even on that mean stage, was considerable; the figures moving behind a gauze veil in costumes designed by the author, who is artist as well as poet, and moving no more than was essential for the action. It was a great relief to see actors stand so still, and never to have attention distracted from the person on whom it naturally fell. But the whole thing was too literary, depended too much on the accidental beauties of thought or phrasing, and not enough on a strong central emotion. I do not think that "A. E."

achieved more than to demonstrate the possibility of a drama on an Irish heroic subject which should appeal to an Irish audience. But such a drama would have to be written by a most skillful dramatist.

The other two plays of which I have to speak had their way, as it seemed, made almost absurdly easy for them; so directly did they spring out of the mind of the audience. And yet these things are not quite so easy as they appear, and Mr. Ryan succeeded when Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn had failed. Mr. Moore's 'Bending of the Bough' was a dramatic satire on Irish politicians: so was Mr. Martyn's 'Tale of a Town.' But though Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn knew well how Ibsen had done that sort of thing, they were not familiar at first-hand with local politics; they did not show that perfect knowledge of local types which gave a value to 'The Laying of Foundations.'

The action of this comedy passes in the house of Mr. O'Loskin, town councilor (and patriot), immediately after a municipal election. To him come his friends, Alderman Farrelly and another, for a discussion of prospects. The alderman and his ally have their own little game to play; to secure for a building syndicate in which they are concerned the contract for erecting a new asylum. Mr. O'Loskin, on his part, desires the post of city architect for his son Michael. There is an obvious fitness in the arrangement by which Mr. O'Loskin will back the one job, while Mr. Farrelly completes the other; indeed, the only obstacle to this and all other good plans lies in one Nolan, the editor of a plaguy print, who has succeeded in capturing one of the wards, and will have a new means of annoyance—as if his *Free Nation*, with his rancorous comment on the private arrangements of public men, were not troublesome enough already. "And the worst of it is," says Alderman Farrelly, with pious indignation, "that I don't believe the fellow can be squared." Needless to say, the *Free Nation* has its counterparts in real life: the *United Irishman*, and another clever paper, *The Leader*, have been for some time back making things very unpleasant for patriot publicans and others. Nor was this all. Even the *obiter dicta* of prominent men found a new publicity given to them on the stage. "This fellow Nolan," says Alderman Farrelly, "is never done putting absurd no-

tions into poor people's heads. He says a working man ought to get twenty-four shillings a week. Twenty-four shillings!" (They all roar with laughter.) "Eighteen shillings is plenty for any laboring man. What would they do with more if they had it? Drink it!" And he slaps his thigh, leans back, and drains his tumbler of monstrously stiff whisky and water. This trait did not lose any of its pungency before an audience which remembered how a certain Lord Mayor had recently fixed eighteen shillings as the highest wage any working man should look for.

After the opening dialogue the action begins to develop. Michael, the future city architect, is an almost incredibly ingenuous youth. He only knows his father as the prominent patriot, the liberal subscriber to charities. And he is vastly overjoyed at the prospect, but he does not see how it is to be accomplished. How exactly is Alderman Farrelly going to secure favors from Alderman Sir John Bull, the leading Unionist? How is he, Michael, going to consent to receive them? Mr. O'Loskin has to explain that Sir John Bull is a large employer of labor, and, no matter what his politics, which is the better patriot, the man who gives the means of livelihood to hundreds, or one of your starveling fellows who goes about making trouble and stirring up ill-will? Michael yields easily, for Michael is engaged, and this will mean marriage; but the young lady, Miss Delia, is not so sanguine. She has been infected with the venom of Nolan, she distrusts Mr. O'Loskin, she warns Michael against a trap. Nevertheless, Michael accepts.

Two months later finds him installed, and coming gradually face to face with facts. Alderman Farrelly is righteously indignant because Michael has pedantically reported that the foundations of the new asylum are being laid with four feet of concrete instead of the stipulated eight. Worse still, Michael has condemned, root and branch, certain slum tenements—not knowing that they are the joint property of Alderman Farrelly and his own father. Here again one may observe that the audience bore in mind how a rickety tenement owned by a prominent and patriotic member of the Corporation had finally collapsed, killing some of the inmates. Michael's eyes are finally opened completely by an interview with Mr. Nolan, and,

Delia backing him, he takes his stand. In vain does Alderman Farrelly inclose a check for £500 as "a wedding present." In vain does Mr. O'Loskin tear his paternal hair. "Michael, I always thought you would take after me. See what comes of giving a boy a good education." (That, I will be bold to say, is a stroke of irony worthy of Swift himself.) Michael is obdurate, and the curtain falls on his righteous protestations.

Up to a certain point, as will be evident, the thing is purely analogous to Ibsen's work—but might have been written by one who had never read a line of that master. Only, if Ibsen had drawn Michael as Mr. Ryan drew him, and as Mr. Kelly represented him, there would certainly have been a third act, showing, in a bitter sequel, Michael's surrender. This is a defect in the art, for Michael is ill-drawn; and Miss Delia is rather a needlessly aggressive young lady. But whatever Mr. O'Loskin and Mr. Farrelly have to say and do is excellent, and the sentence which I have quoted is a fair illustration of the irony which pervades the whole. And a wholly subordinate character, Mrs. Macfadden, wife of the third town councilor, has an admirable scene in which she speaks her mind of Miss Delia and her extraordinary notions and goings on. Nothing could be better played than this was by Miss Honor Lavalley; she was the Dublin Catholic bourgeoisie to the life.

I do not say that the play was a masterpiece. I do say that it was live art; and that here was a new force let loose in Ireland: the clear sword of ridicule, deftly used from the point of greatest vantage, striking home again and again. Here there was no reference to the stranger; here was Ireland occupied with her own affairs, chastising her own corruption. I wish I could have been present on the Saturday night when the programme began with 'The Laying of Foundations' and ended with 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' That would have been to see drama pass from its cauterizing the ignoble to its fostering the noble in national life: from the comedy of municipal corruption to the tragedy, brief, indeed, but drawing centuries into its compass of Ireland's struggle for freedom.

It is necessary to explain for English readers that "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" was one of the names which poets in the eighteenth century used to cloak, in the disguise of love-

songs, their forbidden passion for Ireland; that the "Shan Van Vocht," or "Poor Old Woman," was another of these names; and that Killala, near which, in 1798, is laid the scene of Mr. Yeats' play, is the place where Humbert's ill-starred but glorious expedition made its landing. But there was no need to tell all this to the Dublin audience.

The stage shows a peasant's house, window at the back, door on the right, hearth on the left. Three persons are in the cottage, Peter Gillane, his wife Bridget, and their second son Patrick. Outside is heard a distant noise of cheering, and they are wondering what it is all about. Patrick goes to the window and sees nothing but an old woman coming toward the house; but she turns aside. Then on a sudden impulse he faces round and says, "Do you remember what Winnie of the Cross Roads was saying the other day about the strange woman that goes through the country the time there's war or trouble coming?" But the father and mother are too busy with other thoughts to attend to such fancies; for Bridget is spreading out her son Michael's wedding clothes, and Peter is expecting the boy back with the girl's fortune. A hundred pounds, no less. Things have prospered with the Gillanes; and when Michael, the fine young lad, comes in with the bag of guineas he is radiant with thinking of the girl, Delia Cahel, and Bridget is radiant with looking at him, and Peter with handling the gold and planning all that can be done with it. And through it all again and again breaks the sound of distant cheering. Patrick goes off to learn the cause, and Michael goes to the window in his turn. He, too, sees the old woman, but this time she is coming to the house, and her face is seen for a moment, pale like a banshee's, through the thick glass of the window. And Michael shivers a little. "I'd sooner a stranger not to come to the house the night before the wedding." But his mother bids him open the door, and in walks the old wayfarer.

Miss Maud Gonne, as every one knows, is a woman of superb stature and beauty; she is said to be an orator, and she certainly has the gifts of voice and gesture. To the courage and sincerity of her acting I can pay no better tribute than to say that her entrance brought instantly to my mind a half-mad old-wife in Donegal whom I have

always known. She spoke in that sort of keening cadence so frequent with beggars and others in Ireland who lament their state. But for all that, tall and gaunt as she looked under her cloak, she did not look and she was not meant to look like a beggar; and as she took her seat by the fire, the boy watched her curiously from across the stage. The old people question her and she speaks of her travel on the road.

BRIDGET. It is a wonder you are not worn out with so much wandering.

OLD WOMAN. Sometimes my feet are tired and my hands are quiet, but there is no quiet in my heart. When the people see me quiet they think old age has come on me, and that all the stir has gone out of me.

BRIDGET. What was it put you astray?

OLD WOMAN. Too many strangers in the house.

BRIDGET. Indeed, you look as if you had had your share of trouble.

OLD WOMAN. I have had trouble indeed.

BRIDGET. What was it put the trouble on you?

OLD WOMAN. My land that was taken from me.

BRIDGET. Was it much land they took from you?

OLD WOMAN. My four beautiful green fields.

PETER (*aside to Bridget*). Do you think, could she be the Widow Casey that was put out of her holding at Kilglas a while ago?

BRIDGET. She is not. I saw the Widow Casey one time at the market in Ballina, a stout, fresh woman.

PETER (*to Old Woman*). Did you hear a noise of cheering and you coming up the hill?

OLD WOMAN. I thought I heard the noise I used to hear when my friends came to visit me. (*She begins singing half to herself.*)

“ I will go cry with the woman,
For yellow-haired Donough is dead,
With a hempen rope for a neck-cloth,
And a white cloth on his head.”

The sound of her strange chant draws the boy over to her as if by a fascination; and she tells him of the men that had died for love of her.

“ There was a red man of the O'Donnells from the North, and a man of the O'Sullivans from the South, and there was one Brian that lost his life at Clontarf by the sea, and there were a great many in the West, some that died hundreds of years ago, and there are some that will die to-morrow.”

The boy draws nearer to her, and plics her with questions, and the old people talk pityingly of the poor crea-

ture that has lost her wits. They offer her bread and milk, and Peter, under his wife's reproaches, offers her a shilling. But she refuses.

"If any man would give me help he must give me himself, he must give me all."

And Michael starts to go with her, to welcome the friends that are coming to help her. But his mother interposes sharply, with a note of terror, and she reminds him whom it is he has to welcome. Then turning to the stranger—

Maybe you don't know, ma'am, that my son is going to be married to-morrow.

OLD WOMAN. It is not a man going to his marriage that I look to for help.

PETER (*to Bridget*). Who is she, do you think, at all?

BRIDGET. You did not tell us your name yet, ma'am.

OLD WOMAN. Some call me the Poor Old Woman, and there are some that call me Cathleen ni Hoolihan.

It sounds flat and cold when you write it down; it did not sound cold when it was spoken. And the audience felt, too, in a flash, all that lay in Peter's comment, "I think I knew some one of that name once. It must have been some one I knew when I was a boy."

The stranger goes out then, chanting an uncanny chant, after she has told them what the service means that she asks of men. "They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake; and for all that they will think they are well paid." And she leaves the boy in a kind of trance, from which his mother tries to waken him with talk of his wedding clothes. But as Bridget speaks the door is thrown open, Patrick bursts in with the neighbors: "There are ships in the bay; the French are landing at Killala!"

Delia Cahel may come with him, may cling about Michael; but the chant is heard outside and the bridegroom flings away the bride and rushes out, leaving them all silent. Then old Peter crosses to Patrick and asks, "Did you see an old woman going down the path?" And the lad answers, "I did not; but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a queen."

The actors played the piece as it was written; that is, they lessened instead of heightening the dialect and the brogue; they left the points unemphasized. But they had

the house thrilling. I have never known altogether what drama might be before. Take a concrete instance. Few things in modern literature seem to me so fine as the third act in 'Herod'; few pieces of acting have pleased me better than Mr. Tree's in that scene. But I have never felt in reading it over that I missed anything by lacking the stage presentment, and I felt obscurely glad to be spared the sense of an audience only half in sympathy. 'Herod' came to the audience from outside; Mr. Yeats put before them in a symbol the thought of their own hearts. He had such a response as is only found in England by the singers of patriotic ditties in the music halls. "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" is the Irish equivalent for the "Absent-minded Beggar" or the "Handy Man." It is superfluous to do more than suggest the parallel.

I do not for a moment mean to imply that these Irish plays are worthy the attention of English managers. There is no money in them. They will be played, no doubt, a few times in Dublin, where Mr. Fay and his fellows have taken a small house for occasional performances. They will be played up and down through the country to people paying sixpences and pennies for admission. Some of them will, I hope, be produced by the Irish Literary Society in London for an Irish audience. But wherever they are played they will represent a wholly different order of dramatic art from that which prevails in the English theater; and the difference will lie chiefly in their intention, first, in the fact that they are not designed to make money.

Wherever they are played I hope they may find performers so good as Mr. W. G. or Mr. F. J. Fay, or Mr. Digges—an actor of extraordinary range, who played the parts of Naisi, of Michael Gillane, and of Alderman Farrelly, with equal success. The ladies of the company were hardly equal to the men, but Miss M. Quinn and Miss M. nic Shiubhlaigh both acted with fine intelligence. And the whole company, by their absence of stage tricks, showed the influence of Mr. Yeats, who is President of the company.

Part of the propaganda was an address delivered by him on the scheme which he has so much at heart for establishing a fixed manner by means of notation for speaking verse.

I was unable to be present, but have heard his views before, and have heard Miss Farr speak or chant verse on his method, accompanying herself on a queer stringed instrument.

The important thing is the deliberate attempt to re-establish what has never died out among Irish speakers—a tradition of poetry with a traditional manner of speaking it. Put briefly, it comes to this: Mr. Yeats and many others wanted to write for Ireland, not for England, if only because they believed that any sound art must address itself to an audience which is coherent enough to yield a response. The trouble was that Ireland had lost altogether the desire to read, the desire for any art at all, except, perhaps, that of eloquent speech—and even in that her taste was rapidly degenerating. What the Gaelic League has done is to infuse into Ireland the zeal for a study which, as Dr. Starkie says, “is at heart disinterested.” What Mr. Yeats and his friends have done is to kindle in Ireland the desire for an art which is an art of ideas. No matter in how small a part of Ireland the desire is kindled, nothing spreads so quick as fire.

It is noticeable that Mr. Fay’s company has more and more limited its efforts to two types of play—the prose idyll, tragic or comic, of peasant life, and the poetic drama of remote and legendary subjects. In the former kind a new dramatist has revealed himself, Mr. J. M. Synge, whose little masterpiece, ‘Riders to the Sea,’ was the most successful of five plays produced by the company at the Royalty Theater in London in the spring of 1904. Mr. Synge had not been heard of before, but his work in prose is no less accomplished and complete than that of Mr. Yeats in poetry, in the days of poetic plays. “A. E.’s” ‘Deirdre’ has been succeeded by Mr. Yeats’ Morality ‘The Horn-glass,’ written like it in cadenced prose, and this by ‘The King’s Threshold’ and ‘The Shadowy Waters.’ In both of these plays we have heard Frank Fay and Maire nic Shiubhaigh speak beautiful and dramatic verse as it is seldom spoken, and in ‘The Shadowy Waters,’ especially, what the piece lacked in dramatic quality was made up by the mounting, which showed how much solemn beauty could be achieved with little cost from common materials handled by an artist.

It is satisfactory to add that a theater has been arranged in Dublin where these players will in future have the advantages of a proper stage, however modest its dimensions.

Yours truly
Stephen Gwynn

In September, 1903, we learn from an article by Mr. W. B. Yeats in *Samhain* that the movement, the beginnings of which Mr. Stephen Gwynn has chronicled in the foregoing, has grown to such an extent that the year's doings could not be described in detail.

Father Dineen, Father O'Leary, P. Colum, and Dr. Hyde produced new plays which, with those by "A. E.," Mr. Cousins, Mr. Ryan, W. B. Yeats, Dr. Hyde, Lady Gregory, etc., were witnessed not only by thousands throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, but by large and appreciative audiences in London as well. The Irish Literary Society of New York also has been active in presenting several of these plays, and the effect of the new-born Irish drama is being strongly felt in this country also.

Let Lady Gregory say the last word on this subject:

"There has always, on the part of the Irish people, been a great taste for dramatic dialogue. The 'Arguments of Oisín and Patrick' are repeated by peasants for hours together with the keenest delight and appreciation. Other dramatic 'arguments' appeal to them—the 'Argument of Raftery with Death,' the 'Argument of Raftery with Whisky,' or the argument between a Connaught herd and a Munster herd as to the qualities of the two provinces. These old pieces are recited and followed with excitement, showing how naturally the dramatic sense appeals to the Celtic nature. It is curious, therefore, that only now should Irish drama be finding its full expression, and not at all curious that it has taken such a hold upon the country. The dramatic movement has made really an enduring impression upon the life and intellectual activity of the people."—[C. W.]

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AN NUAD-LITRÍDÉACHT I NŠAEÐEILS.

Cíórimro inran imleabair deirid reo, pomplairde ar Šnát-Šaeðeils na rúaoine, mar do bí sí aca in ran dā céao bliadan ro do énaíð éarraiginn, agus mar tá sí aca anoir. Mí' l áct nuad-Šaeðeils le fásail ann ro, 7 caiteiró an leigsteoir a bpeiteamnar féin déanamh ar an trean-Šaeðeils le congnam na n-aircpingad béalra do tógamar inrna h-imleabair eile. Mí tógamaoio an trepin-Šaeðeils ann ro, oir ip mó deacair a tuisirint do don duine nac n-deapna fuideapadé rpeirialta inni.

Tá ršéalta, abrain, 7 páirde na n-aoine féin, le fásail inran leabair ro, 7 tá curó mór díob ro ršpíobta ríor le ršoláirib ó béal na rean-aoine i n-éirinn náir tuis a tceanga féin do ršpíobad ná do léigead. Áct tá curó eile dé, agus ip obair na ršpíobnoir ip clíre í obair na ršpíobnoir adā as déanamh litirí-eacéa nuaidé do muinntir na h-éireann inoiú, mar adā an t-áclair deapair O Laošaire, Seumar O Dúšgail, Conán Maoi (Mac ui Šeasda), Párpais O Laošaire, Tomár O h-Aoda, an t-áclair O Duinnín, úna mí fcaršgaille, “Tórna” 7 aoine eile:

Ip an-deacair an fuo é béalra ceart bliaró do éur ar Šaeðeils, oir ip é mo baramail nac bfuil don dā tceanga ar éalam na Críortušeacéa ip mó dífir eatorra féin 'ná iao. Agus eiró go bfuilro a éom fado rin 'na rearam ar an don oileán, taoib le taoib, ip fíorí-deas an lortš d'fás ceann aca ar an šceann eile, agus ip fíorí-deasán d'fógluim na aoine labair iao ó n-a ééile.

Tá ršoilte na h-éireann, fapaor! Fā rciúrušad aoine d'ā tceug an Riagaltar Saeranaé an rciúrušad orra, agus bí na aoine reó i gcóinnuibe i n-ašair na nŠaeðeal agus i n-ašair tceangad na tíre. Mí' l eólar as duine ar bíé aca uirri áct oiréad le aral no le bulóis. Tá ceatpar de na daoimib reo 'na mbpeiteam-naib ó cúirteannnaib an tliše, nac bfuil píoc eólar aca ar oiréadéar, áct ó' r šnát-obair leó aoine cionntacá do dāoraó, dāorann ríao muinntir na h-éireann, 'šā šcupi fa bpeiteamnar aineólar, fad a mbeata, i taoib na neite báinear leó féin 7 le na deir. Tá fear eile aca 'na uacarpán ar éolairte na Cíonóirde—ip fuat na nŠaeðeal an áit rin—agus tá curó mór

THE MODERN LITERATURE OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

WE shall see in this last volume specimens of the ordinary Irish language of the people, as they have had it for the last couple of hundred years, and as they have it now. There is nothing but modern Irish to be found in this volume, and hence the reader must form his own opinion of the old Irish literature by the help of the English translations that have been given in the other volumes. We give here no old Irish, because it is too difficult to understand for any person who has not made a special study of it.

There are stories, songs and sayings of the people themselves to be found in this book, and a great many of these have been written down by scholars from the mouths of old people in Ireland who did not know how to read and write their own language. But there is another portion of the book which is the work of the cleverest writers, the work of writers who are making a modern literature for the people of Ireland to-day, such as Father Peter O'Leary, James Doyle, Conan Maol (O'Shea), Patrick O'Leary, Thomas Hayes, Father Dinneen, Miss O'Farrelly, Tadhg O'Donoghue, and others.

It is a very difficult thing to put correct tasteful English upon Irish, for it is my opinion that there are no two languages in the lands of Christendom which differ more between themselves than they do. And although they have been so long standing side by side upon one island, very little is the trace that either of them has left upon the other, and it is very little that the people who speak them have learned from one another either.

The schools of Ireland also, are, alas, under the dominance of people to whom the English Government has given the control over them, and these people have always been against the Irish, and against the language of the country. Not one

eile aca na n-daoinib-uairle fairséir na don eólar ppeirialta aca ar psoiltib ná ar psoilteact; agus do thoimear na Saed-eilg do múnad inna psoiltib, no do labhair leir na psoilteib, go dtí tui no ceatar de bliadantaib ó fóin. Tá aghuag ann anoir, 7 go, tucagad Dia dúinn go mbéid ré buan! Ni mearaim go fairséir eile ar talam na Crioirtuigeacta nam, a fairséir a leicéir rin de psgannail le feicint inni agus do bí i n-Éirinn—máigi-rtuibe 7 máigi-rtuibe psoile na fairséir focht Saed-eilge aca, as “múnad”! páirtíde na fairséir focht béarla aca! Ni h-iongnad gur díreac amad ppiopad na Litirdeacta ar na daoinib, agus gur nuagad arta gac oidear, gliocar, epionact, agus ptiuaim do táinig anuas eua ó n-a rinnreapaid pompa. Act anoir,—mar gheall ar Connrad na Saed-eilge—tá an Saed-eilg, as teact euaic féin arir; agus ir foileir é anoir, do’n domán ar fad, má tá Éire le beir ’na náirín ar leir, no le beir ’na puo ar bí act ’na condae ghránna Sacpanaig, (agus i as déanam airtir go faon fann fuar an nórad na Sacpanaig) go gceiréir pí ionpóid ar a ceangad féin arir 7 Litirdeact nuad ceapad inni.

Agus tá Éire as corugad ar rin do déanam ceana féin, agus tá complaide ar a bfuil pí d’a déanam inna leabhar po. Ni’l ionnta po go léir (obair na n-eic mbliadán po euaic tairmáinn) act ceat-bliata an eapraig. Tá an Samrad le teact fóir le congnam Dé:

RIG AN FÁSADIG DUB:

Labráir O ftoinn, ó beul-act-na-muice (Swinford i mbeurla) o’innir an pgeul po do ppiopraig O Concubair i mb’l’actluain, ó a bfuair mife é.

Nuair bí O Concubair ’na rig ar Éirinn bí ré ’na cóinnuibe i Rát-Éruadain Connact. Bí don mac amáin aige, act nuair o’fár ré fuar, bí ré fairséir, agus níor feut an rig rmac do euaic airtir mar beirdeat a toil féin aige inna gac uile nio:

of them knows anything about it, more than so many asses or bullocks. Four of these men are judges from the courts of law, who have no particle of knowledge about education; but since their ordinary work is to condemn the guilty, they condemn the people of Ireland, sentencing them to life-long ignorance about the things that concern themselves and their country. Another of them is the Provost of Trinity College, that place that is Fuath na nGaedheal, and a great number more of them are wealthy country gentlemen, without any special knowledge of schools or scholarship; and these men practically forbade the Irish language to be taught in the schools or to be spoken to the scholars until three or four years ago. A change has come now. God grant that it may be a lasting one!

I do not think that there was ever any other country in the lands of Christendom in which such a scandal was to be witnessed as in Ireland—masters and mistresses of schools who did not know a word of Irish, “teaching” (!) children who did not know a word of English! It is no wonder that the spirit of literature was banished out of the people, and that all instruction, intelligence, wisdom and natural ability, that had come down to them from their ancestors before them, were driven out of them. But now—thanks to the Gaelic League—the Irish language is coming to itself again, and it is evident at last to the whole world that if Ireland is to be a nation apart, or anything at all except an ugly English county, (imitating, in a manner lifeless, feeble, and cold, the manners of the English), she *must* turn to her own language again, and create herself a new literature in it.

And Ireland is beginning to do this, even already, and there are specimens of what she is doing in this book. These—the works of the last ten years—are yet nothing but the first spring blossoms. The summer is to come with the help of God.

THE KING OF THE BLACK DESERT.

This story was told by one Laurence O'Flynn, from near Swinford, in the County Mayo, to my friend, the late F. O'Connor, of Athlone, from whom I got it in Irish. It is the eleventh story in the “Sgeuluidhe Gaodhalach.”—Douglas Hyde.

When O'Connor was king over Ireland, he was living in Rathcroghan of Connacht. He had one son, but he, when he grew up, was wild, and the king could not control him, because he would have his own will in everything.

Don mairtin amáin éuaio ré amac,

Δ εὐ le na coir
Δ fεadac ar Δ boir
Δ' r Δ capall bneás uub o'á iomcár,

asur o'imicis ré ar asaió, as gabáil raiinn abrdain oó féin so
o'áinīs ré com fad le rseacac móir oó bí as fár ar bhuac
gleanna. Bí rean-uine liat 'na fuithe as bun na rseice, asur
uubairt ré: "Δ mic an rīs, má tis leat imirt com maic Δ' r
tis leat abrdain oó gabáil, buó maic liom cluice o'imirt leat."
Saoil mac an rīs sur rean-uine mi-céillithe oó bí ann, asur
cuirliis ré, caic rian tar seus, asur fuit ríor le taoib an
crean-uine liat. Tarraing reirean paca cárvaió amac asur
o' fíarpuis: "An ois leat iao ro o'imirt?"

"Tis liom," ar ran mac-rīs.

"Créao imeóramaoio air?" ar ran rean-uine liat.

"Níó ar bit i' r mian leat," ar ran mac-rīs.

"Maic so leóir, má gnoctaisim-re caicéir túra níó ar bit Δ
iarrrfár mé deunam óam, asur má gnoctaiséann túra, caicéir
mire níó ar bit iarrrfár túra oim deunam uicre," ar ran rean-
uine liat.

"Tá mé fártá," ar ran mac-rīs.

O'imir ríao an cluice asur buail an mac rīs an rean uine
liat. Ann rin uubairt ré, "Créao oó buó mian leat mire oó
deunam uicr, Δ mic an rīs?"

"Ní iarrrfaió mé oir níó ar bit oó deunam óam," ar ran
mac-rīs, "raoilim nac bfuil tú ionnán mórán oó deunam."

"Ná bac leir rin," ar ran rean uine, "caicéir tú iarrraió
oim ruo éisín oó deunam, níor cáill mé seall ariam náir feuo
mé Δ íoc."

Mar uubairt mé, raoil an mac rīs sur rean uine micéillit
oó bí ann, asur le na fáruasó uubairt ré leir.

"Bain an ceann oe mo learmácair asur cuir ceann gabair
uiri ar feao feactmáine."

"Deunfao rin uicr," ar ran rean uine liat.

Éuaio an mac rīs as marcuiseact ar Δ capall,

Δ εὐ le na coir
Δ fεadac ar Δ boir,

asur eus ré Δ asaió ar áic eile, asur níor cuimnis ré níor mó
ar an rean uine liat, so o'áinīs ré Δ-baile.

Fuair ré gáir asur bión móir in ran seairleán. O'innir na
rearbórosantaió oó so o'áinīs o'raoibeaóir arteaó 'ran reomra
'n áic Δ raió an bainríosan asur sur cuir ré ceann gabair uiri
i n-áic Δ cinn féin:

One morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
And his hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he went forward, singing a verse of a song to himself, until he came as far as a big bush that was growing on the brink of a glen. There was a gray old man sitting at the foot of the bush, and he said, "King's son, if you are able to play as well as you are able to sing songs, I should like to play a game with you." The King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and he alighted, threw bridle over branch, and sat down by the side of the gray old man.

The old man drew out a pack of cards and asked, "Can you play these?"

"I can," said the King's son.

"What shall we play for?" said the gray old man.

"Anything you wish," says the King's son.

"All right; if I win, you must do for me anything I shall ask of you, and if you win I must do for you anything you ask of me," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," says the King's son.

They played the game, and the King's son beat the gray old man. Then he said, "What would you like me to do for you, King's son?"

"I won't ask you to do anything for me," says the King's son, "I think that you are not able to do much."

"Don't mind that," said the old man. "You must ask me to do something. I never lost a bet yet that I wasn't able to pay it."

As I said, the King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and to satisfy him he said to him—"Take the head of my stepmother and put a goat's head on her for a week."

"I'll do that for you," said the gray old man.

The King's son went a-riding on his horse

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand—

and he faced for another place, and never thought more about the gray old man until he came home.

He found a cry and great grief before him in the castle. The servants told him that an enchanter had come into the room where the Queen was, and had put a goat's head on her in place of her own head.

“Uair mo láimh, is iongantach an níó é rin,” ar ran mac muis, “dá mbeirínn ‘ran mbailé do bairínn an ceann dé le mo éirí-eam.” Bí brón mór ar an muis agus éirí ré fíor ar éiríleóir cúlona agus o’fíarpuis ré dé an raib fíor aise cia an éiríleóir an níó reo do’n bairíogáin. “So deimín ní éis liom rin inn-reacht duit,” ar reirean, “is obair oirídeachta é.”

Níor leis an mac muis air féin so raib eólar ar bit aise ar an gcúir, áit ar maoin amárac o’iméis ré amac,

▲ éú le na éirí
▲ fíabac ar a bair
’S a éapall bpreáis duib o’á ioméar,

agus níor éiríais ré rrian so oiríais ré éom fáda leir an rseic mór ar bhuac an gleanna. Bí an rean duine liat ‘na fíor é ann rin fáoi an rseic agus duibairt ré: “A míc an muis, mbéir éiríle aseo anóir?” Cuiríais an mac muis agus duibairt: “Déir.” Leir rin, éirí ré an rrian éirí gheis, agus fíor fíor le oirí an érean duine. Éiríais reirean na éiríle amac, agus o’fíarpuis de’n míc muis an bhuair ré an níó do gheiríais ré anóir: “Tá rin éirí so leir,” ar ran mac muis.

“Iméiríais ar an ngeall éiríle anóir,” ar ran rean duine liat.

“Tá mé fára,” ar ran mac muis.

O’imíris fáoi, agus gheiríais an mac muis. “Céad do buí mian leat mair do éiríle duit an éiríle?” ar ran rean duine liat. Smuáin an mac muis agus duibairt leir féin, “beiríle mé obair éiríle do an éiríle.” Ann rin duibairt ré: “Tá páiríle reacht n-áirí ar éiríle éiríle m’áirí, bíor fí líonra ar maoin. amárac le bat (buair) gan don beiríle aca do beiríle ar don oirí, no ar don oirí amáin.”

“Déiríle rin éiríle,” ar ran rean duine liat.

Cúiríle an mac muis as mairíreacht ar a éapall,

▲ éú le na éirí
▲ fíabac ar a bair,

agus éiríle a-bailé. Bí an muis so bpreáis i oiríle na bairíogáin. Bí oiríle ar n-uile áit i n-éiríle, áit níor fíor fáoi don mairíle do éiríle dui.

Ar maoin, lá ar na mairíle, éiríle maoin an muis amac so moé, agus éiríle ré an páiríle ar éiríle an éiríle líonra le bat (buair) agus gan don beiríle aca de ‘n oiríle éiríle no de’n oiríle éiríle, no de’n áiríle éiríle. O’iméis ré áiríle, agus o’imíris éiríle an rseic iongantach do’n muis. “Cuiríais agus éiríle fáoi fáoi amac,” ar ran muis. Fíoríle an maoin fíor, agus éiríle ré leir as

"By my hand, but that's a wonderful thing," says the King's son. "If I had been at home I'd have whipped the head off him with my sword."

There was great grief on the King, and he sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know how the thing happened to the Queen.

"Indeed, I cannot tell you that," said he, "it's a work of enchantment."

The King's son did not let on that he had any knowledge of the matter, but on the morrow morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein until he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was sitting there under the bush and said, "King's son, will you have a game to-day?" The King's son got down and said, "I will." With that he threw bridle over branch and sat down by the side of the old man. He drew out the cards and asked the King's son did he get the thing he had won yesterday.

"That's all right," says the King's son.

"We'll play for the same bet to-day," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," said the King's son.

They played—the King's son won. "What would you like me to do for you this time?" says the gray old man. The King's son thought and said to himself, "I'll give him a hard job this time." Then he said, "there's a field of seven acres at the back of my father's castle, let it be filled to-morrow morning with cows, and no two of them to be of one colour or one height or one age."

"That shall be done," says the gray old man.

The King's son went riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and faced for home. The King was sorrowful about the Queen: there were doctors out of every place in Ireland, but they could not do her any good.

On the morning of the next day the King's herd went out early, and he saw the field at the back of the castle filled with cows, and no two of them of the same color, the same age, or the same height. He went in and told the King the wonderful news. "Go and drive them out," says the King. The herd got men, and went with them driving out the cows,

tiomáint na mbó amac, aét ní luaithe cuirfeadh pé amac ar don taoibh iad 'ná tuipeadh riad arthead ar an taoibh eile. Cuaidh an maorh do'n riú ariú, agus tuipeadh leir nac bpeutadh an méad fearh bí i n-óirinn na bat rin do bí ran bpaire do eir amac. "Ír bat tuipeadh iad," ar ran riú.

Nuair éinnigh an mac-riú na bat, tuipeadh pé leir féin : "Déir cluide eile agus leir an rean tuine liat anuú." D'iméigh pé amac an máidh rin,

A cú le na éoir
A fheadac ar a éoir
A' a éapall breágh tuipeadh o'á ioméar,

agus níor éirigh pé riuan go tóinigh pé éom fáda leir an rgeir móir ar bpuac an gleanna. Bí an rean tuine liat ann rin puipe agus o'áir pé ari an mbeirthead cluide cáiridh aige.

"Déir," ar ran mac riú ; "aét tá fíor agus go maí go tóir liom tú bualaí agus imigh cáiridh."

"Déir cluide eile agus," ar ran rean tuine liat. "Ar imigh tú liatpóir ariam ?"

"D'impeir go tóirinn," ar rin mac riú ; "aét faoilim go bpuil tuipeadó pé rean le liatpóir o'imigh, agus éor leir rin ní' an don áit agus ann rin le n'imigh."

"Má tá tuipeadó uimh le n-imigh, geobair mipe áit," ar ran rean tuine liat.

"Táim uimh," ar ran mac riú.

"Lean mipe," ar ran rean tuine liat.

Lean an mac riú é tuipeadó an ngleann, go tóingadh go éom breágh glar. Ann rin, éirigh pé amac ríaitín tuipeadh, agus tuipeadh foela náir tuipeadó an riú, agus faoi éann móimh, o'oríait an éom agus cuaidh an beirthead, agus cuaidh riad tuipeadó a lán de háillai breágh go tóingadh amac i nglaróin. Bí gac uile ní' ní' ní' breágh 'ná éile in ran nglaróin rin, agus as bun an glaróin bí áit le liatpóir o'imigh.

Cait riad píoia ariú riad le ríaitín eia aca mbeirthead lán-áit aige, 7 fuidh an rean tuine liat rin.

Tóirigh riad ann rin, agus níor ríad ar rean tuine gur gíotáir pé an cluide. Ní riad fíor as an nac riú éom do tuipeadó pé. Faoi tóir o'fíairiú pé o'n tuipeadó éom do tuipeadó leir é do tuipeadó tó.

"Ír mipe Riú ar an bpaire tuipeadó, agus caitpóir tuipeadó mé féin agus m'áit-éomhúir o'fíairiú amac faoi éann lá agus bliadain, nó geobair mipe tuipeadó agus caitpóir tú do éann."

Ann rin tuipeadó pé an mac riú amac an beirthead éom a tuipeadó pé arthead. Tuipeadó an éom glar 'ná tuipeadó agus o'iméigh an rean tuine liat ar áirí.

but no sooner would he put them out on one side than they would come in on the other. The herd went to the King again, and told him that all the men that were in Ireland would not be able to put out these cows that were in the field. "They're enchanted cows," said the King.

When the King's son saw the cows he said to himself, "I'll have another game with the gray man to-day!" That morning he went out,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein till he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was there before him, and asked him would he have a game of cards.

"I will," says the King's son, "but you know well that I can beat you playing cards."

"We'll have another game, then," says the gray old man. "Did you ever play ball?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "but I think that you are too old to play ball, and, besides that, we have no place here to play it."

"If you're contented to play, I'll find a place," says the gray old man.

"I'm contented," says the King's son.

"Follow me," says the gray old man.

The King's son followed him through the glen until he came to a fine green hill. There he drew out a little enchanted rod, spoke some words which the King's son did not understand, and after a moment the hill opened and the two went in, and they passed through a number of splendid halls until they came out into a garden. There was everything finer than another in that garden, and at the bottom of the garden there was a place for playing ball. They threw up a piece of silver to see who would have hand-in, and the gray old man got it.

They began then, and the gray old man never stopped until he won out the game. The King's son did not know what he would do. At last he asked the old man what would he desire him to do for him.

"I am King over the Black Desert, and you must find out myself and my dwelling-place within a year and a day, or I shall find you out and you shall lose your head."

Then he brought the King's son out the same way by which he went in. The green hill closed behind them, and the gray old man disappeared out of sight.

Èuair an mac nìs aś marcuigeađt ar a ãapall,

Δ εὐ λε να ãοιρ,
Δ ρεαβας αρ α βοιρ,

asur é bñónac so leór.

An trápñóna rin, do bñeacñuig an nìs so nair bñón asur buairñeas mór ar an mac ós, asur nuair èuair ré 'na èovlað, èuair an nìs asur sac uile òuine do bi in ran gcaipleán tróm-ornasol asur nánhalair uair. Bí an nìs faoi bñón ceann gabair do beic ar an mbairnñioşain, ađt buð meara é leađt n-uair nuaip o'innir an mac do an rşeul, mar ãápla ó ãúr so veipeas.

(Uir ré rior ar cõmaipñeóip cñiona, asur o'riarñuig ré ðe an nair rior aise cia an ãic a nair an Riś ar an bFárac Òub 'na cõmñuide.

"Ní'l, so ðeimñin," ar reipean; "ađt cõm cinnce a'r ãá nuball (earball) ar an gcat muna bFáşair an t-oirşe ós an òraoir-eadóip rin amac, caillrð ré a ceann."

Bí bñón mór i gcaipleán an nìs an lá rin. Bí ceann gabair ar an mbairnñioşain, asur an mac-nìs tul aś cõpuigeađt òraoir-easópa, şan rior an ðciueasó ré ar air so ðeó.

Tap eip reaađmáine [to] bainear an ceann gabair ðe'n bain-ñioşain, asur cuipear a ceann réin uirri. Nuair èuair ré an èaoi ar cuipear an ceann gabair uirri, ãáimig ruat mór uirri anaşair an míc nìs, asur ðubairc rí: "Nár ãaşair ré ar air beó ná marb."

Ar maroin, Dia luain, o'fás ré a ðeannađt aś a ãair asur aś a şaol, bí a mála-ríubail ceangailte ar a ðruim, asur o'imcig ré,

Δ εὐ λε να ãοιρ
Δ ρεαβας αρ α βοιρ
Δ'ρ α ãapall bñeás ðub o'á iomãar.

Şiúbail ré an lá rin so nair an şpian imcigşte faoi rşáile na şenoc, asur so nair ðopãar na n-oirşee aś ðeađt, şan rior aise cia'n ãic a bñuigşasó ré lóirçin. Bñeacñuig ré coil mór ar ãaoib a láime clé, asur ãarpaing ré uirri cõm ãapa asur o'şeuo ré, le rúil an oirşee do caiteam faoi farşas na şepann. Şuir ré rior faoi bun cpainn mór ðarac, o'şorşail ré a mála-ríubail le biað 7 ðeoð do caiteam, nuair cõnnaip ré iolar mór aś ðeađt èuige.

"Ná biór faicçior orç rómam-ra, a míc nìs. Aicñigim ãú, ir ãú mac li cõncubair nìs éipeann. Ir capair mé, asur má ãuşann ãú do ãapall ðam-ra le ãabairc le n'icşe do èicşpe èanlaic ocpað

The King's son went home, riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and he sorrowful enough.

That evening the King observed that there was grief and great trouble on his young son, and when he went to sleep the King and every person that was in the castle heard heavy sighing and ravings from him. The King was in grief—a goat's head to be on the Queen; but he was seven times worse when they told him the (whole) story how it happened from beginning to end.

He sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know where the King of the Black Desert was living.

"I do not, indeed," said he, "but as sure as there's a tail on a cat, unless the young heir finds out that enchanter he will lose his head."

There was great grief that day in the castle of the King. There was a goat's head on the Queen, and the King's son was going searching for an enchanter, without knowing whether he would ever come back.

After a week the goat's head was taken off the Queen, and her own head was put upon her. When she heard of how the goat's head was put upon her, a great hate came upon her against the King's son, and she said, "That he may never come back alive or dead!"

Of a Monday morning he left his blessing with his father and his kindred, his traveling bag was bound upon his shoulder, and he went,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him.

He walked that day until the sun was gone beneath the shadow of the hills and till the darkness of the night was coming, without knowing where he could get lodgings. He noticed a large wood on his left-hand side, and he drew towards it as quickly as he could, hoping to spend the night under the shelter of the trees. He sat down at the foot of a large oak tree, and opened his traveling bag to take some food and drink, when he saw a great eagle coming towards him.

"Do not be afraid of me, King's son: I know you, you are the son of O'Conor, King of Ireland. I am a friend, and if you grant me your horse to give to eat to four hungry birds

aċā aġam, bēarrafar mipe niof fuide 'nā to bēarrafar to ċapall tū, aġur b'ēioir go ġcuirfinn tū ar loġs an tē aċā tū 'tōruig-eaċt."

"Tis leat an ċapall to beit aġaw aġur fāilte," ar ran mac piġ, "cū ġur b'ōnāc mē aġ rġarāmāint leir."

"Tā go maiz, bēir mipe ann po ar maioin amārac le h-ēirġe na ġrēine." Ann rin o'fōrġail rī a ġob mōr, ruġ ġrēim ar an ġcapall, buail a dā tōuib anaġar a ēēile, leatnuiġ a rġiātān, aġur o'imēiġ ar amāre.

O'it aġur o'ol an mac piġ a fāit, ēuir an māla-riūbail faoi na ēeann, aġur niof b'fawā go raiū rē 'na ēoŋlāo, aġur niof ōūriġ rē go ōtāniġ an t-iolāi aġur ġur ōubairt: "Tā rē i n-am ōūinn beit 's imēeaċt, tā airtear fawā rōmāinn, beir ġrēim ar to māla aġur lēim ruar ar mo ōruim."

"Aċt, mo b'ōn!" ar reirean, "ċairfōr mē rġarāmāint le mo ēū aġur le mo fēabac."

"Ilā bioŋ b'ōn oġt," ar rīre; "bēir rīaw ann po rōmāo nuair ēiuefar tū ar air."

Ann rin lēim rē ruar ar a ōruim, ġlac rīre rġiātān, aġur ar go b'at lēite 'ran aēr. Tūġ rī ē ċar ēnocaib aġur ġleannraib, ċar mūir mōir aġur ċar ēoillēib, ġur fāoil rē go raiū rē aġ ōeirear an ōmāin. Nuair bī an ġrian aġ ōul faoi rġāile na ġnoc, tāniġ rī go talām i lār fāraiġ mōir, aġur ōubairt leir: "Lean an ċarān ar tōuib to lāime ōeire, aġur bēarrafar rē tū go teāc ċaraw. ċairfōr mipe fillear ar air le rōlātār to m'ēanlāt."

Lean reirean an ċarān, aġur niof b'fawā go ōtāniġ rē go ōti an teāc, aġur ēuar rē arteāc. Bī rean-ōuine liat 'na fuide 'ran ġcoirneull; ō'ēirġ rē ġ ōubairt, "Ceuro mile fāilte rōmāo, a illic Riġ ar Rāt-Ċruaċan Ōonnaċt."

"Ni'l eōlar aġam-ra oġt," ar ran mac piġ.

"Bī aitne aġam-ra ar to fēan-aċair," ar ran rean ōuine liat; "ruir rīor; ir ōōiġ go b'fuit ċart aġur oċur oġt."

"Ni'l mē raor uatā," ar ran mac piġ. Buail an rean ōuine a dā ōoir anaġar a ēēile, aġur tāniġ beirte fēirbirear, aġur leaġ-awar boŋto le maizt-fēōil, ċaoir-fēōil, muiċ-fēōil aġur le neaġ arāin i lātair an mīc piġ, aġur ōubairt an rean ōuine leir: "It aġur ol to fāit, b'ēioir go mbuŋ fawā go b'fuiġfōr tū a leitēro arir." O'it aġur o'ol rē oireaw aġur buŋ mīan leir, aġur tūġ buirēeaċar ar a ŋon.

Ann rin ōubairt an rean ōuine, "tā tū ōul aġ tōruigēeaċt Riġ an Fāraiġ Ōuib; teirġ aġ ēoŋlāo anoir, aġur raċar mipe tpe mo leaŋraiū le fēuċaint an ōtiġ liom āit-ēōmniūde an piġ

that I have, I shall bear you farther than your horse would bear you, and, perhaps, I would put you on the track of him you are looking for."

"You can have the horse, and welcome," says the King's son, "although I am sorrowful at parting from him."

"All right, I shall be here to-morrow at sunrise." With that she opened her great gob, caught hold of the horse, struck in his two sides against one another, took wing, and disappeared out of sight.

The King's son ate and drank his enough, put his traveling bag under his head, and it was not long till he was asleep, and he never woke until the eagle came and said, "It is time for us to be going, there is a long journey before us; take hold of your bag and leap up upon my back."

"But my grief!" says he, "I must part from my hound and my hawk."

"Do not be grieved," says she, "they will be here before you when you come back."

Then he leaped up on her back; she took wing, and off and away with her through the air. She brought him across hills and hollows, over a great sea, and over woods, till he thought that he was at the end of the world. When the sun was going under the shadow of the hills she came to earth in the midst of a great desert, and said to him, "Follow the path on your right-hand side, and it will bring you to the house of a friend. I must return again to provide for my birds."

He followed the path, and it was not long till he came to the house, he went in. There was a gray old man sitting in the corner. He rose and said, "A hundred thousand welcomes to you, King's son, from Rathcroghan of Connacht."

"I have no knowledge of you," said the King's son.

"I was acquainted with your grandfather," said the gray old man. "Sit down; no doubt there is hunger and thirst on you."

"I am not free from them," said the King's son.

The old man then smote his two palms against one another, and two servants came and laid a board with beef, mutton, pork, and plenty of bread before the King's son, and the old man said to him, "Eat and drink your enough. Perhaps it may be a long time before you get the like again."

He ate and drank as much as he desired, and thanked him for it.

Then the old man said, "You are going seeking for the King of the Black Desert; go to sleep now, and I will go

rin o'páġail amac." Ann rin, buail ré a bopa ; éáinis reirbireacé, ásur dubairt ré leir " Tabair an mac miġ 50 o'ci a reompa." Ċus ré 50 reompa breáġ é, ásur níor b'páda sup ċuit ré 'na éoulaó.

Ar maroin, lá ar na máracé, éáinis an rean uine ásur dubairt : " Éirig, tá áirtear páda rómad. Cairtíó tú cúig ceuo míle deunamí pomin meadóon-lae."

" Mí feutorainn é do deunamí," ar ran mac miġ.

" Má'r maracé maré ċú, béarparó mire capall uuit béarpar tú an t-áirtear."

" Deunpato marí béarpar tupa," ar ran mac miġ.

Ċus an rean uine neart le n'íte ásur le n'ól doó, ásur nuáir bí ré pácáé, ċus re gearrán beáġ bán doó, ásur dubairt : " Tabair ceuo a éinn do'n gearrán, ásur nuáir rtoppar ré, réac ruar 'ran aéir ásur feiciró tú trí ealairde éom gear le rneácta. Ir iao rin trí ingeana Riġ an f'áraiġ Ōuib. Béiró naipicín ġlar i mbeul eala aca, rin í an ingean ir óige, ásur ní'l neac beó o'feutorpato tú do tabairt 50 tiġ Riġ an f'áraiġ Ōuib áct í. Nuáir rtoppar an gearrán, béiró tú i ngar do loó ; tiuceparó na trí ealairde 50 talamí ar bpuac an loóca rin, ásur deunpato trípír mná (ban) óġ oíob féin, ásur iacáiró riato arteacé 'ran loó áġ rnamí ásur áġ mine. Congbáir do rúil ar an naipicín ġlar ásur nuáir ġeobar tú na mná óġa 'ran loó, teirig ásur páġ an naipicín ásur ná rgar leir. Teirig i b'polaé paol épann ásur nuáir tiuceparó na mná óġa amacé, deunpato beirt aca ealairde oíob féin ásur imteócaró riato 'ran aéir. Ann rin, béarparó an ingean ir óige, " Deunpato mé níó ar bíť do'n té béarpar mo naipicín tam." Tar i láćair ann rin, ásur tabair an naipicín oí, ġ abair nac b'puit níó ar bíť áġ teartál uait, áct do tabairt 50 tiġ a h-ćar, ásur innir oí sup mac miġ ċú ar tír éúmáćtaig."

Rinne an mac miġ ġac níó marí dubairt an rean uine leir, ásur nuáir ċus ré an naipicín o'ingín Riġ an f'áraiġ Ōuib, dubairt ré : " Ir mire mac Mí Coněubair, Riġ Connaćt. Tabair mé 50 o'ci o'ćair : páda mé o'á tóruigacćt."

" Mār b'parr uuit mé níó éigin eile do deunamí uuit ? " ar ríre.

" Mí'l don níó eile áġ teartál uaim," ar rírean.

" Má ćairbéanamí an teacé uuit nac mbéiró tú pářta ? " ar ríre.

" Béirdean," ar rírean.

" Anoir," ar ríre, " ar o'nam ná h-innir do m' ćair sup mire do ċus éum a ćige-rean ċú, ásur béiró mire mo ćarait mair uuit ; ásur leig opt féin," ar ríre, " 50 b'puit móir-ćúmáćť t'paoirdeacć áġaó."

" Deunpato marí uoir tú," ar rírean.

through my books to see if I can find out the dwelling-place of that King." Then he smote his palms (together), and a servant came, and he told him, "Take the King's son to his chamber." He took him to a fine chamber, and it was not long till he fell asleep.

On the morning of the next day the old man came and said, "Rise up, there is a long journey before you. You must do five hundred miles before midday."

"I could not do it," said the King's son.

"If you are a good rider I will give you a horse that will bring you over the journey."

"I will do as you say," said the King's son.

The old man gave him plenty to eat and to drink and, when he was satisfied, he gave him a little white garran and said, "Give the garran his head, and when he stops look up into the air, and you will see three swans as white as snow. Those are the three daughters of the King of the Black Desert. There will be a green napkin in the mouth of one of them, that is the youngest daughter, and there is not anyone alive except her who could bring you to the house of the King of the Black Desert. When the garran stops you will be near a lake, the three swans will come to land on the brink of that lake, and they will make three young women of themselves, and they will go into the lake swimming and dancing. Keep your eye on the green napkin, and when you get the young women in the lake go and get the napkin, and do not part with it. Go into hiding under a tree, and when the young women will come out two of them will make swans of themselves, and will go away in the air. Then the youngest daughter will say, 'I will do anything for him who will give me my napkin.' Come forward then and give her the napkin, and say that there is nothing you want but to bring you to her father's house, and tell her that you are a king's son from a powerful country."

The King's son did everything as the old man desired him, and when he gave the napkin to the daughter of the King of the Black Desert he said, "I am the son of O'Conor, King of Connacht. Bring me to your father. Long am I seeking him."

"Would not it be better for me to do something else for you?" said she.

"I do not want anything else," said he.

"If I show you the house will you not be satisfied?" said she.

Ann rin junne rí eala dí féin agus dubairt: “Léim ruar ar mo múin, agus cuir do lámha faoi mo múinéal, agus consbais spreim cnuair.”

Rinne ré amháid, agus éirí rí a rsiactána, 7 ar go bpáit léite ear énoeaid a’r ear gleanncaid, ear múir agus ear fléibid, go tóaimis rí go talam mar do bí an srian as dul faoi. Ann rin dubairt rí leir: “An bfeiceann tú an tead móir rin eall? Sin tead m’atar. Slán leat. Am ar bí bérdear daoşal ort, bér do mpe le do tair.” Ann rin o’imtis rí uair.

Cuair an mac ius eum an tige, cuair arteaé, agus cia o’feicead ré ann rin na fuidé i scađair óir, aét an rean duine liat o’imri na cárdair agus an liatpóir leir.

“Feicim, a mpe ius,” ar reirrean, “go bfuair tú mé amac iomí lá agus bliadain. Cá fao ó o’fás tú an baile?”

“Ar maidin anóir, nuair bí mé as éirge ar mo leabuir, éonnair mé tuas-ceata, junne mé léim, rşar mé mo dá éoir air, agus fleaimnais mé eom faoa leir reo.”

“Oar mo lám, ir móir an şairşideaét do junne tú,” ar ran rean ius.

“O’feudfainn ruo níor ionşantaisge na rin do deunam, dá n-óşpóeain,” ar ran mac ius.

“Tá trí neite asam duic le deunam,” ar ran rean ius, “7 má’r féidir leat iao do deunam, bío roşa mo tpuir inşean asao mar mnaoi, agus muna tdis leat iao do deunam, cailpíó tú do éann mar eall cuir mair de doimíó óşa rómao.”

Ann rin dubairt ré, “Ní bíonn ite ná ól in mo tdis-re, aét don uair amáin ran treaétmáin, agus bí ré asainn ar maidin anóir.”

“Ir cuma liom-ra,” ar ran mac ius; “tis liom tporşao do deunam ar feao míora dá mbeidear cnuadós orim.”

“Ir odis go tdis leat dul şan eolao mar an şceutna?” ar ran rean ius.

“Tis liom şan amhar,” ar ran mac ius.

“Bér leabuir cnuair asao anóet mar rin,” ar ran rean ius; “ear liom go tairbéanfaid mé duic é.” Cuş ré amac ann rin é, 7 tairbéan ré do eann móir agus şablós air, 7 dubairt: “Teimş ruar ann rin agus eodail in ran şşablós, agus bí péir le h-éirge na şpéine.”

Cuair ré ruar in ran şşablós, aét eom liat agus bí an rean ius na eolao, táimis an inşean óş agus cuş arteaé go reompa bpeas é, agus consbais rí ann rin é go faid an rean ius ar tí éirge: Ann rin cuir rí é amac arir i şşablós an eannin.

Le h-éirge na şpéine, táimis an rean ius cuige agus dubairt,

"I will be satisfied," said he.

"Now," said she, "upon your life do not tell my father that it was I who brought you to his house, and I shall be a good friend to you, but let on," said she, "that you have great powers of enchantment."

"I will do as you say," says he.

Then she made a swan of herself and said, "Leap up on my back and put your hands under my neck, and keep a hard hold."

He did so, and she shook her wings, and off and away with her over hills and over glens, over sea and over mountains, until she came to earth as the sun was going under. Then she said to him, "Do you see that great house yonder? That is my father's house. Farewell. Any time you are in danger I shall be at your side." Then she went from him.

The King's son came to the house and went in, and whom should he see sitting in a golden chair but the gray old man who had played the cards and the ball with him.

"King's son," said he, "I see that you found me out before the day and the year. How long since you left home?"

"This morning when I was rising out of my bed I saw a rainbow; I gave a leap, spread my two legs on it and slid as far as this."

"By my hand, it was a great feat you performed," said the old King.

"I could do a more wonderful thing than that if I chose," said the King's son.

"I have three things for you to do," says the old King, "and if you are able to do them you shall have the choice of my three daughters for wife, and unless you are able to do them you shall lose your head, as a good many other young men have lost it before you."

Then he said, "there be's neither eating nor drinking in my house except once in the week, and we had it this morning."

"It's all one to me," said the King's son, "I could fast for a month if I were on a pinch."

"No doubt you can go without sleep also," says the old King.

"I can, without doubt," said the King's son.

"You shall have a hard bed to-night, then," says the old King. "Come with me till I show it to you." He brought him out then and showed him a great tree with a fork in it, and said, "Get up there and sleep in the fork, and be ready with the rise of the sun."

“Taq anuar anoir, 7 taq liom-ra 50 tcairbēanpairo mē ōuit an aiō aṭā aṣaṭ le ōeunam anōiū.”

Ċus rē an mac piṣ 50 bpuac loēa 7 tairbēar rē ōō rean-ēair-leān, aṣur ōubairt leir, “Caiē 5aē uile ēloē ’ran 5cairleān rin amac ’ran loē, 7 biōt rē ōeunta aṣaṭ real mā ōtēiōeann an 5riam paoi, tpiātnōna.” Ō’imēiṣ rē uaiō ann rin.

Ōopaiṣ an mac piṣ aṣ obair, aēt bi na cloēa 5reasmuiṣṭe ō’ā ēēile ēom epuair rin. nār feur rē aon ēloē aca ōo ēōṣbāil, aṣur ōā mberēaō rē aṣ obair 50 ōtī an lā ro, nī berēaō cloē ar an 5cairleān. 5uiō rē pīor ann rin aṣ rmuameaō epēaō ōo buō ēōir ōō ōeunam, aṣur nīor bpaōa 50 ōtāniṣ inṣean an tpean-piṣ ēuiṣe, 7 ōubairt, “Cao ē pāē ōo bpiōn?” Ō’innir rē ōi an obair ōo bi aṣe le ōeunam. “Ila cuipeaō rin bpiōn opt; ōeun-pairo mipe ē,” ar pīpe. Ann rin ċus pī apān, maiptfeōil 7 pīon ōō, tairpains amac pīaitin ōpaoiōeaēta, buail buille ar an tpean-ēairleān, aṣur paoi ēeann mōimiro bi 5aē uile ēloē ōē ar bun an loēa. “Anoir,” ar pīpe, “nā h-innir ōo m’ācair 5ur mipe ōo punne an obair ōuit.”

Iuair bi an 5riam aṣ ōul paoi, tpiātnōna, tāmīṣ an rean piṣ aṣur ōubairt: “Feicim 50 bpuil ō’obair laē ōeunta aṣaṭ.”

“Tā,” ar ran mac piṣ, “tiṣ liom obair ar biē ōo ōeunam.”

5aōil an rean piṣ anoir 50 paiō ēūmāēt mōr ōpaoiōeaēta aṣ an mac piṣ, aṣur ōubairt leir, “Sē ō’obair laē amāpac na cloēa ōo ēōṣbāil ar an loē, aṣur an cairleān ōo ēup ar bun map bi pī ēeana.”

Ċus rē an mac piṣ a-baile aṣur ōubairt leir, “Teipṣ ōo ēōulaō ’ran aīc a paiō tū an oiōēe apēir.”

Iuair ēuair an rean-piṣ ’na ēōulaō tāmīṣ an inṣean ōṣ aṣur ċus apteaē ē cum a reompia pēin, aṣur ēongbāiṣ ann rin ē 50 paiō an rean piṣ ar tī ēipṣe ar maiōin; ann rin ēup pī amac apir ē i nṣablōiṣ an epainn.

Le h-ēipṣe na 5pēine. tāmīṣ an rean piṣ 7 ōubairt: “Tā rē i n-am ōuit ōul 5cionn ō’oiōpe.”

“Nī’l ōeipir ar biē opt,” ar ran mac piṣ, “map tā pīor aṣam 50 ōtiṣ liom m obair laē ōeunam 50 pēiō.”

Ċuair rē 50 bpuac an loēa ann rin, aēt n op feur rē cloē ō’feiceāl, bi an t-uipṣe ēom ōub rin. 5uiō rē pīor ar ēappaiṣ; aṣur nīor bpaōa 50 ōtāniṣ pīonnṣuata, buō h-ē rin ainm inṣine an tpean piṣ, ēuiṣe, aṣur ōubairt: “Cao tā aṣaṭ le ōeunam anōiū?” Ō’innir rē ōi, aṣur ōubairt pī: “Iā biōt bpiōn opt; tiṣ liom-ra an obair rin ōeunam ōuit.” Ann rin ċus pī ōō apān, maipt-feōil, aṣur caoir-feōil aṣur pīon. Ann rin tairpains pī amac an tpiaitin ōpaoiōeaēta, buail uipṣe an loēa lēiēe, aṣur

He went up into the fork, but as soon as the old King was asleep the young daughter came and brought him into a fine room and kept him there until the old King was about to rise. Then she put him out again into the fork of the tree.

With the rise of the sun the old King came to him and said, "Come down now, and come with me until I show you the thing that you have to do to-day."

He brought the King's son to the brink of a lake and showed him an old castle, and said to him, "Throw every stone in that castle out into the loch, and let you have it done before the sun goes down in the evening." He went away from him then.

The King's son began working, but the stones were stuck to one another so fast that he was not able to raise one of them, and if he were to be working until this day, there would not be one stone out of the castle. He sat down then, thinking what he ought to do, and it was not long until the daughter of the old King came to him and said, "What is the cause of your grief?" He told her the work which he had to do. "Let that put no grief on you, I will do it," said she. Then she gave him bread, meat, and wine, pulled out a little enchanted rod, struck a blow on the old castle, and in a moment every stone of it was at the bottom of the lake. "Now," said she, "do not tell my father that it was I who did the work for you."

When the sun was going down in the evening, the old King came and said, "I see that you have your day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son; "I can do any work at all."

The old King thought now that the King's son had great powers of enchantment, and he said to him, "Your day's work for to-morrow is to lift the stones out of the loch, and to set up the castle again as it was before."

He brought the King's son home and said to him, "Go to sleep in the place where you were last night."

When the old King went to sleep the young daughter came and brought him into her own chamber and kept him there till the old King was about to rise in the morning. Then she put him out again in the fork of the tree.

At sunrise the old King came and said, "It's time for you to get to work."

"There's no hurry on me at all," says the King's son, "because I know I can readily do my day's work."

He went then to the brink of the lake, but he was not able to see a stone, the water was that black. He sat down on a rock, and it was not long until Finnuala—that was the name

paol ceann móimio bí an pean-éirleán ar bun mar bí pé an lá roime. Ann rin tuhairt pí leir: “Ar d’anam, ná h-innir do m’áir 50 n-dearnad míre an obair seo duit, nó 50 bfuil eólar ar bit a5a0 oim.”

Τριάκοντα ἀν λαέ ριν, ἑλίνις ἀν ρεαν ρις ἀσυρ οὐδαίρε, “ ρεῖοιν
 50 ὕφει οβαίρ ἀν λαέ οευντα ἀσδῶ.”

“ Τά,” ἀπὸ τῶν μαρτύρων, “ οὐδαμῶς ἰσοῦντα ἱερὰ ! ”

Ann rin faoil an pean ius go maib nior mó cúmáct tioraí-
eácta as an mac ius, ná do bí aise féin, asur duháirt ré: “ níl
áct don ruo eile asao le deunam.” Tus ré a-baile ann rin é, 7
cuir ré é le coislaí i ngsáblóis an érainn, áct táinis fionnghuala
7 cuir pí in a peompa féin é, asur ar maidoin, cuir pí amac arís
ar an tsrainn é. Le h-éirge na spéine, táinis an pean ius cuise
asur duháirt leir: “ Tar liom go tairbéanfaid mé duit
s’obair laé.”

Tug ré an mac rís 50 gleann móir, agus cairbéan dó tobair, ⁊
 tuisairt: “Cail mo máistir-móir fáinne in rian tobair rin, agus
 fás dam é real má dtéir an srian faoi, trádnóna.”

Anoir bí an tobair ro ceo tpois ar doimne agus fice tpois
 timéioill; agus bí ré líonta le h-uirge, agus bí arm ar ipuonn as
 faire an fáinne.

Nuair d'innéig an sean níg, táinig fionnghuala agus d'farpais, “Cao tá agad le deunamh anois?” D'innis sé é, agus tuairte sí, “Is deacair an obair í rin, acé deunfaid mé mo dícheoil le do deata do fábaíl.” An rin tug sí dó mairtfeóil, arán, agus fíon. Rinne sí niteac * d'í féin agus éadaí níos 'ran tobair. Níos b'fada go b'facaib ré deatac agus cinnteac ag teacé amac ar an tobair, agus toran ann mar toirneac áro, agus tuine ar bit do b'eideac ag éirteac leir an toran rin fáoilfeac ré go raib árm írrinn ag t'rois.

Paol deann tamhail, t'imeis an deatac, doirg an cinnteac agus an toirneac, agus eainis fionnghuala anior leir an bpainne. Seadaio ri an painne do mac an ius, agus duhairt ri: “ Inoiais me an cat, 7 ta do beata rabalta, acf feuc, ta laithcein mo laime deire bhirte. Acf b'eirir gur adhamail an nio gur bhir-eac e. Nuair tiucpar m'acair, na tabair an painne do, acf basair e go cruair. Beairpaid re tu ann rin le do bean do togar, agus reo an daio deunpar tu do roga. Beir mire agus mo deirbhiraada i peompa, beir poll ar an doirg, 7 cuirpimio uile ar lama amac mar cuirimisin. Cuirp do lath treio an bpoll, agus an lam congbodar tu greim uirri nuair forglair

* *ῥιυεᾶς* no *ῥιυεᾶς* = "ἑροταῖς μαρῶ," *ῥόμπ* éin *uirge*.

of the old King's daughter—came to him and said, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "Let there be no grief on you. I can do that work for you." Then she gave him bread, beef, mutton, and wine. After that she drew out the little enchanted rod, smote the water of the lake with it, and in a moment the old castle was set up as it had been the day before. Then she said to him—"On your life, don't tell my father that I did this work for you, or that you have any knowledge of me at all."

On the evening of that day the old King came and said, "I see that you have the day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son, "that was an easy-done job."

Then the old King thought that the King's son had more power of enchantment than he had himself, and he said, "You have only one other thing to do." He brought him home then, and put him to sleep in the fork of the tree, but Finnuuala came and put him in her own chamber, and in the morning she sent him out again into the tree. At sunrise the old King came to him and said: "Come with me till I show you your day's work."

He brought the King's son to a great glen, and showed him a well, and said, "My grandmother lost a ring in that well, and do you get it for me before the sun goes under this morning."

Now, this well was one hundred feet deep and twenty feet round about, and it was filled with water, and there was an army out of hell watching the ring.

When the old King went away Finnuuala came and asked, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "That is a difficult task, but I shall do my best to save your life." Then she gave him beef, bread, and wine. Then she made a sea-bird of herself, and went down into the well. It was not long till he saw smoke and lightning coming up out of the well, and (he heard) a sound like loud thunder, and anyone who would be listening to that noise he would think that the army of hell was fighting.

At the end of a while the smoke went away, the lightning and thunder ceased, and Finnuuala came up with the ring. She handed the ring to the King's son, and said, "I won the battle, and your life is saved. But, look, the little finger of my right hand is broken; but perhaps it is a lucky thing that it was broken. When my father comes do not give him the ring, but threaten him stoutly. He will bring you then to choose your wife, and this is how you shall make your choice. I and my sisters will be in a room, there will be a

m'átaí an doir, í í rin lámh an té beirdear agho mar mnae;
Tis leat mire d'áine ar mo laithicín bairte."

"Tis liom, aghur sháó mo éiríde tú, a fionnghuala," ar ran mac nís.

Táchnóna an lae rin, táinis an reat nís aghur d'áirpuit: "An bfuair tú fáinne mo mháear móire?"

"Fuairéar go deimhin," ar ran mac nís; "bí arim 'gá cúmhóac ar iphuonn, áct buail mire iao, aghur buailfinn a reat n-oiread. Nac bfuil éir agho sup Connaéac mé?"

"Tabair éam an fáinne," ar ran rean nís.

"Go deimhin, ní éiríde," ar reirean; "éiríde mé go cruaid ar a fon; áct tabair éam-ra mo bean. Teartaí' uaim beir agh mteac."

Tús an rean nís arteaé é, aghur dubairt, "Tá mo éiríde mgean 'ran reomra rin ió' látaí. Tá lámh gac doin aca rinte amac, aghur an té éongbóac tú shéim uirri go éforólaíó mire an doir, rin í do bean."

Cuir an mac nís a lámh tríó an bpoil do bí ar an doir, aghur fuair ré shéim ar lámh an laithicín bairte, aghur éongbáí shéim cruaid air, sup éorólaí an rean nís doir an treomra.

"S í reó mo bean," ar ran mac nís; "tabair éam anoir rpré t'ingine."

"Ní't de rpré aici le fágaíl áct caoil-eac doinn le rib do tabairt ábaile, aghur náí éagáíó rib ar air, beó ná marb, go deó!"

Cuaid an mac nís 7 fionnghuala ar marcuígeac ar an gcaoil-eac doinn; aghur níor érao go tóingad ar go tóí an coill 'n ar fáí an mac nís a cú aghur a feabac. Bí ríao ann rin roime, mar don le na éapall breáí tub. Cuir ré an t-eac caoil doinn ar air ann rin. Cuir ré fionnghuala agh marcuígeac ar a éapall, aghur léim fuar, é féin,

A cú le n-a coir
A feabac ar a boir,

aghur níor ríao ré go tóáinis ré go Rát Éruacáin.

Bí fáilte móir roime ann rin, aghur níor érao sup póraó é féin aghur fionnghuala. Cár ríao beata fáao feunmar,—áct ír beas má tá loir an trean-éarleáin le fágaíl anoir 1 Rát-Éruacáin Connaé.

hole in the door, and we shall all put our hands out in a cluster. You will put your hand through the hole, and the hand that you will keep hold of when my father will open the door that is the hand of her you shall have for wife. You can know me by my broken little finger."

"I can; and the love of my heart you are, Finnuala," says the King's son.

On the evening of that day the old King came and asked, "Did you get my grandmother's ring?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "there was an army out of hell guarding it, but I beat them; and I would beat seven times as many. Don't you know I'm a Connachtman?"

"Give me the ring," says the old King.

"Indeed I won't give it," says he; "I fought hard for it; but do you give me my wife, I want to be going."

The old King brought him in and said, "My three daughters are in that room before you. The hand of each of them is stretched out, and she on whom you will keep your hold until I open the door, that one is your wife."

The King's son thrust his hand through the hole that was in the door, and caught hold of the hand with the broken little finger, and kept a tight hold of it until the old King opened the door of the room.

"This is my wife," said the King's son. "Give me now your daughter's fortune."

"She has no fortune to get, but the brown slender steed to bring you home, and that ye may never come back, alive or dead!"

The King's son and Finnuala went riding on the brown slender steed, and it was not long till they came to the wood where the King's son left his hound and his hawk. They were there before him, together with his fine black horse. He sent the brown slender steed back then. He set Finnuala riding on his horse, and leaped up himself.

His hound at his heel,
His hawk on his hand,

and he never stopped till he came to Rathcroghan.

There was great welcome before him there, and it was not long till himself and Finnuala were married. They spent a long prosperous life; but it is scarcely that (even) the track of this old castle is to be found to-day in Rathcroghan of Connacht.

A DĠĠĠĠĠ AN ĠĠĠ ĠĠĠĠĠĠĠ.

A dĠĠĠĠĠ an ĠĠĠ ĠĠĠĠĠĠĠ
 Le a ġaib mġ real i n-ġmġeġġ,
 Ġuġġ tu 'ġġġ, an beġġġ ġo,
 'S ni ġĠĠĠ tu 'o m'ġeġġġ.
 Ġaġġ mġ naġ n'ġeunġarġe 'oġar 'oġġ
 Oġ 'oġġġġ, a'ġ mġ o' ġarġarġ,
 'S ġur b'i 'o ġoġġġ ġaġarġeġ ġoġġ
 Oġ mbeġġġġ i ġġ an ġġġarġ.

Oġ mbeġġeġġ maġġ aġam-ġa
 Aġur aġġeġġ ann mo ġoġa
 'ġeunġainn b'oġġġġ aġġ-ġġġġġ
 'S oġar ġġġe mo ġoġġġġ,
 Maġ ġġġ le Oġ ġo ġġġġġġġ-re
 Oġann bġnn a b'ġoġġe,
 'S ġġ ġaġ an ġġ o ġoġġ mġ
 Aġġ aġ ġġġ le bġar 'o ġoġġe.

A'ġ ġaġġ me a ġoġġġġ
 'S mbeġġ ġeġġġ aġur ġġan ġu,
 A'ġ ġaġġ mġ 'ġġa oġaġ ġġ
 'S mbeġġ ġneġġa aġ an ġġġġ ġu,
 A'ġ ġaġġ mġ 'ġġ a oġaġ ġġ
 'S mbeġġ ġoġġann o Oġ ġu,
 No ġur ab tu an ġeġġe-ġoġarġ
 Aġ oġġ ġoġġam a'ġ mo oġaġ ġu.

Ġeġġ tu ġġoġa 'ġ ġaġġġ oam
 Ġaġġġe 'ġ b'ġoġa aġoġa,
 A'ġ Ġeġġ tu ġar ġġ ġġ
 'S ġeġġġ ġġo an ġġġġ mġ.
 Ni maġ ġġ aġ mġ
 Aġġ mo ġġeġ i mbeġġ beġġġa,
 Ġaġ ġġġ a'ġ Ġaġ maġġġ
 Aġ ġeġġġġ ġġġe m' aġar.

RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

Ringleted youth of my love,
 With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,
 You passed by the road above,
 But you never came in to find me ;
 Where were the harm for you
 If you came for a little to see me ;
 Your kiss is a wakening dew
 Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

If I had golden store
 I would make a nice little borceen
 To lead straight up to his door,
 The door of the house of my storeen ;
 Hoping to God not to miss
 The sound of his footfall in it,
 I have waited so long for his kiss
 That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love ! you were so—
 As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
 And I thought after that you were snow,
 The cold snow on top of the mountain ;
 And I thought after that you were more
 Like God's lamp shining to find me,
 Or the bright star of knowledge before,
 And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,
 And satin and silk, my storeen,
 And to follow me, never to lose,
 Though the ocean were round us roaring ;
 Like a bush in a gap in a wall
 I am now left lonely without thee,
 And this house, I grow dead of, is all
 That I see around or about me.

COIRNÍN NA h-AITINNE.*

A b'fao ó roin, in ran t-rean-aimeirí, bí baintreabhad' oarb' ainm Uirígio Ní Šrádaig, 'na cómnuire i gConradé na Sailleime. Bí don m'ac amáin aici oar b'ainm Taóš. Rugad' é mi tar éir báir a átar i lár coille bige aitinne do bí aš páp ar áaoib énuic i nšar do'n tíg. Ar an áobair rin, gáir na daoine Coirnin na h-Aitinne mar lear-ainm air. Táinig tinnear obann ar an mnaoi boicé nuair bí pí aš reólad' na mbó ruar ar áaoib an énuic.

Nuair rušad' Taóš bí ré 'na naoirdeanán bpeáš, ašur méadaiš ré so maic so raib ré ceitpe bliadna o'aoir, ácc ó'n am rin amac níor páp ré opolac so raib ré trí bliadna deug, no níor éur ré cor faoi le coirceim do riúbal, ácc o'peupad' ré imteacé so tapa so leór ar a oá láim ašur ar a áaoib riap, ašur oá gclumpead' ré don duine aš teacé cum an tige, do buailpead' ré a oá láim fací, ašur do pačad' ré o'aoir léim amáin ó'n teine so o'í an oopar; ašur do éurpead' ceut mite fáilte roim an té táinig. Bí gean móp aš aoir óis an baile air, mar do geirbead' riad gpeann móp ar, šac uile oirde. Ó'n am bí ré peacé mbliadna o'aoir, bí ré deaplámac ašur úráidead' o'á máčair, ašur o'á máčair-móir do bí 'na cómnuire i n-aon tíg leir. In ran bpóšmar, éirbead' ré ar a lámab ašur ar a áaoib-riap ruar ar áaoib an énuic, 7 bíod aš ite blá na h-aitinne mar gábar. Bí abann beaš ann, ioir an teacé ašur an enoc, ašur do pačad' ré de léim tar an abann com h-aépeac le geirpéiad.

Bud fean-šogairde an máčair-móir. Bí pí bošair ašur beaš-naé balb, ašur b'iomda troir do bíod aici péin ašur aš Taóš.

Don lá amáin, ouhairc an máčair le Taóš, "Caitpíó mé, a táiršín, tóin leatair éur ar do b'pírtib; tá mé ršpiorca aš ceannacé bpeirín, ašur nuair béirdear ré deunta ašam caitpíó tú out šo táillíur le ceirto o'póglum."

"Oar m'pocal," ar ra Taóš, "ní h-é rin an ceirto béirdear ašam. Ní'l in ran táillíur ácc an naomad cuir o'pear. Má tušann tú ceirto ar bit óam, deun píobairc díom—tá rpéir móp ašam in ran šceól."

"Bíod mar rin," ar ran máčair.

An lá 'na díaiš rin, éuair pí cum an baile móir leir an leatár o'pášail, ašur nuair ruair buacáillíó beaša an baile so raib an máčair imtígé, ruarad'ar poc gábar do bí aš pártín hacac O Ceallaiš, ašur éur riad Coirnin aš marcuirdeac air. Ar so

* Ó p'póirpíar O Connéubair do ruair mé an ršéal ro.

COIRNIN OF THE FURZE

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

LONG ago, in the olden time, there was a widow, whose name was Bridget O'Grady, living in the County Galway. She had an only son, whose name was Teig. He was born a month after his father's death in a little wood of furze that was growing on the side of a hill near the house. For that reason the people called him "Coirnin* of the Furze" as a nickname. The poor woman was suddenly taken ill as she was driving the cows up the side of the hill.

When Teig was born he was a fine infant, and grew well till he was four years of age, but from that time on he did not grow an inch until he was thirteen, nor did he put a foot under him to walk a step, but he was able to go quickly enough on his two hands and his back, and if he would hear anyone coming to the house he would strike his two hands under him, and would go of a single leap from the fire to the door, and he would put a hundred thousand welcomes before whoever came. The youth of the village liked him greatly, for they used to get great amusement out of him every night. From the time he was seven years of age he was handy and useful to his mother, and to his grandmother who was living in the one house with him. In the harvest time he used to go on his hands and his back up the side of the hill, and he used to be eating the furze blossoms like a goat. There was a little river on it there, between the house and the hill, and he used to go over the river of a leap, as airy as a hare.

The grandmother was a silly old woman: she was deaf and almost dumb, and many was the fight herself and Teig used to have.

One day the mother said to Teig. "Teigeen, I must put a leather seat on your breeches: I'm destroyed buying frieze, and as soon as I have it done, you must go to a tailor to learn a trade."

"By my word," says Teig. "that is not the trade I'll have. A tailor is only the ninth part of a man. If you give me a trade at all, make a piper of me. I've a great liking for the music."

"Let it be so," says the mother. The day after that she went to the town to get the leather, and when the little lads of

* Pronounced "Cunneen."

briáct leir an bpoc, aḡ meigilt cóim h-ápo aḡur o'feuo ré, 7 Coirínín ar a muin aḡ rḡreaoail mar' duine ar a céil, le faicéiof go o'cuirfeao ré. aḡur buacailiú an baile 'na diais. Cúḡ an poc tḡairó ar boctán páiróin, aḡur nuair éonnaire páiróin an poc 7 a máireac aḡ teacé. faoil ré ḡur b'é an rean-buacailiú do bí aḡ aeacé 'na éoinne. Níor fíubail páiróin coirceim le reacé mbliat-anaiú poime rin, acé, nuair éonnaire ré an poc aḡ teacé arteaé ar an dopar, éuairó ré o'don léim amac ar an bfuinneóis, aḡur ḡairó ré ar na cómarpannaiú é do fábbail o'n diaabal do bí 'na diais.

Bí na buacailiú aḡ ḡairóde 7 aḡ rḡreaoao bof ḡur éuir riad an poc ar mipe, aḡur amac ariú leir ar an teacé. Nuair éonnaire páiróin é aḡ teacé an doara uair, ar go briáct leir, aḡur-an poc aḡur Coirínín ar a muin 'na diais. Bí a'darca faoa ar an bpoc, aḡur bí rḡeim an fíur báiróte aḡ Coirínín o'rra. Cúḡ páiróin aḡairó ar ḡailim, aḡur an poc o'dá leanamaint. O'éiríḡ an ḡair aḡur táinig doaine na mbailte ar ḡac taoib' de'n bótar amacé, aḡur a leicéio de ḡáptaail ní riab' ariam i ḡeontaoé na ḡailime. Níor rtao páiróin go n'oeacairó ré arteaé i ḡeatair na ḡailime aḡur an poc 7 a máireac le na fálaib. Buó lá marḡairó é aḡur bí na rriáreanna líonta le doaimib. C'orais páiróin aḡ ḡlaodacé aḡur aḡ ḡáptaail ar na doaimib é do fábbail aḡur bí riad-ran aḡ oeunam' marḡairó faoi. Éuairó ré ruar rriáo aḡur anuar rriáo eile aḡur bí aḡ imteacé go riab' an ḡrian aḡ tul faoi 'ran trácthóna.

Éonnaire Coirínín úbla b'reáḡa ar élar, aḡur rean-bean anaiice leó, aḡur táinig dúil móir, air, cuiró de na n-úblaib do beic aise. Sḡaoil ré a rḡeim ar a'darcaibhan fúic aḡur éuairó ré de léim ar élar na n-úball. Ar go briáct leir an t-rean-bean aḡur o'ráḡ rí na n-úbla 'na diais, óir bí rí leac-mairó leir an rḡannrao.

Níor b'raoa bí Coirínín aḡ íce na n-úball nuair táinig a má'air i lá'air, aḡur nuair éonnaire rí Coirínín, ḡearr rí loḡs na c'oirre uirri féin, 7 duabairt, "I n-aínm Dé, a Coirínín, cao do túḡ ann ro tú?"

"Fiaf'ruis rin de páiróin O Ceallais aḡur o'dá poc ḡabair; tá an t-áo o'rt, a má'air, nac b'fúil mo muineul b'urte."

Éuir rí Coirínín arteaé in a rriáirḡe aḡur túḡ aḡairó ar an mbailte.

Acé ir a'irteaé an níó tápla do páiróin O Ceallais. Nuair rḡar Coirínín leir an bpoc, lean ré páiróin amac ar an mbótar móir, táinig ruar leir, éuir a o'dá a'daire faoi, éair ar a o'ruim é, aḡur níor rear go o'táinig ré a-baile. Cuiríng páiróin aḡ an dopar, aḡur tuic an poc maró ar an cairriḡ. Éuairó páiróin 'na éoilaó, óir bí ré leac-mairó aḡur bí ré mall 'ran oiróce, aḡur

the village found that the mother was gone, they got a buck goat that belonged to lame Paddy Kelly, and they put Coirnin riding on it. Off and away with the buck, bleating as loud as he could, and Coirnin on his back screeching like a person out of his senses, with fear lest he should fall, and the boys of the village after him. The buck faced for Paddy's cottage; and when Paddy saw the buck and his rider coming he thought that it was the old boy that was coming for him. Paddy had not walked a step for seven years before that, but when he saw the buck coming in at the door he went of a single leap out through the window, and called on the neighbors to save him from the devil that was after him.

The boys were laughing and clapping their hands till they set the buck mad, and off again with him, out of the house. When Paddy saw him coming the second time, off and away with him, and the buck with Coirnin on his back after him. There were long horns on the buck, and Coirnin had the "drowning man's grip" on them. Paddy faced for Galway, with the buck following him. The cry rose, and the people of the villages on each side of the road came out, and such shouting there never was before in the County Galway. Paddy never stopped till he came into the City of Galway, and the buck and his rider at his heels. It was a market day, and the streets were filled with people. Paddy began crying and yelling on the people to save him, and they were making a mock of him. He went up one street and down another street, and he was going until the sun was setting in the evening.

Coirnin saw fine apples on a board, and an old woman near them, and there came a great wish on him to have a share of the apples. He loosed his grasp on the buck's horns, and went with a leap on the board of apples. Away for ever with the old woman, and she left the apples behind her, for she was half dead with the fright.

It was not long that Coirnin was eating the apples, when his mother came by, and when she saw Coirnin she cut the sign of the Cross on herself, and she said—"In the name of God, Coirnin, what brought you here?"

"Ask that of Paddy Kelly and his buck goat; there's luck on you, mother, that my neck is not broken."

She put Coirnin into her apron and faced for home.

But it's curious the thing that happened to Paddy Kelly. When Coirnin parted with the buck, the animal followed Paddy out on the high road, came up with him, put his two horns under him, threw Paddy upon his own back, and never stood still

nuair d'éiríu ré ar maidin, ní raib an poc le fágaíl beo ná marb ; agus dúbairt na daoine uile go mbuó poc d'raoideaceta do bí ann. Ar éaoi ar bí eus ré coirpdeact do fároin O Ceallais, puo naé raib aige le peact mbliadnaib noime rin.

Éuaró an rgeul crío an tír, go scuatair gac uile fear, bean, 7 páirte i gconrad na Sallim é, agus ip ionda cur-píor do bí air, noim trádóna an laé rin. Dúbairt euid sup poc d'raoideaceta do bí i bpoc fároin, 7 go raib ré pannpáirteac leir ; dúbairt euid eile go mbuó fear píde Coirpnín, agus go mbuó cóip a dógáó.

An oirde rin, d'innip Coirpnín h-uile nio i tdaoib na caoi do eus an poc go Sallim é, 7 táinig na buacailiú go teac Órígíó líí Spádaiz, agus bí gneann móp aca ag éirteact le Coirpnín ag innpint i tdaoib na marcuigeaceta do bí aige go Sallim ar muin puic fároin líí Ceallais, agus gac nio tápla leir ar feac an laé.

An oirde rin, nuair éuaró Coirpnín ar a leabuir, táinig bpión éigin air, agus i n-ait covalta corais ré ag reitpíl. D'farpais a mácair óe creac do bí air. Dúbairt reiréan naé raib píor aige. "Ní'l oit act reafóio," ar rípe ; "reop do euid reitpíl, 7 leiz uíinn covalaó." Act níop reop ré go maidin.

Ar maidin níop feud ré gneim d'ite, agus dúbairt ré le na mácair, "Racac amac, go bpeicpíó mé an ndéunfáó an t-áep maic dam." "D'éioip go ndéunfáó," ar rípe.

Leir rin, buail ré a dá láim faoi, agus éuaró d'aon leim amáin go tci an topar, agus amac leir. Eus ré acair ar na h-aitéan-naib, 7 níop reac go ndeacair ré arteac 'na meapz. Sin ré é réin ioip dá rgeac agus níop bfaoa go raib ré 'na covalaó. Bí bpiónglóio aige go raib an poc le n-a éaoib, ag iarpair caint do cur air. Óúipz ré, act i n-ait an puic bí fear bpeáz gnuagac taob leir, 7 dúbairt ré, "A Coirpnín, ná bíó eazla oit píomam-ra. Ip capao mé, 7 tá mé ann po le cómaiple do leapa do éabairt uic, má glacann tú uaim í. Tá tú do élaipíneac ó puazó tú, 7 do cúip-magair ag buacailiú an baite. Ip mire an poc gabair do eus go Sallim tú, act tá mé ápuigce anoir go tci an píoct in a bpeiceann tú mé. líí feupainn an t-áepuazó d'fágaíl go tceupainn an marcuigeact rin uic, agus anoir tá cúmaet móp agam. D'feupainn do leapuazó ar ball. Act déap-faó na cómappanna go raib tú pann-páirteac leir na píde, agus ní feupá an bapamail rin baic oioib. Tá tú do píude anoir go bípéac in ran áit ar puazó tú, 7 tá pocá óip i bpiogreac tpiogce doo' éaoib-fiar, act ní'l tú le baic leir go píol, mar ní feupá úpáio maic do déunam óe. Teipz a-baile anoir agus ar maidin amápac, abair le do mácair go raib buonglóio bpeáz

till he came home. Paddy came off at the door, and the buck fell dead at the threshold. Paddy went to sleep, for he was half dead and it was late in the night, and when he arose in the morning the buck was not to be got alive or dead; and all the people said that it was an enchanted buck that was in it. Anyway it gave power to walk to Paddy Kelly, a thing he had not had for seven years before that.

The story went through the country till every man, woman, and child in the County of Galway heard it, and many was the version that was on it before the evening of that day. Some said it was an enchanted buck that Paddy had, and that he was in league with it; others said that Coirnin was a fairy man, and that it would be right to burn him.

That night Coirnin told everything about the way the buck took him to Galway, and the boys came to Bridget O'Grady's house, and they had great fun listening to Coirnin telling about the ride that he had to Galway on the back of Paddy Kelly's buck, and everything that happened him throughout the day.

That night when Coirnin went to bed some sorrow came over him, and instead of sleeping he began sighing. His mother asked him what was on him. He said that he did not know.

"There's nothing on you but nonsense," says she. "Stop that sighing and let us sleep." But he did not stop till morning.

In the morning he was not able to eat a morsel, and he said to his mother—

"I'll go out till I see if the air will do me good."

"Maybe it would," says she.

With that he struck his hands under him and went of one leap to the door, and out with him. He faced for the furze, and he did not stop till he came in amongst it. He stretched himself between two bushes, and it was not long till he was asleep. He had a dream that the buck was beside him trying to make him talk. He awoke, but instead of the buck there was a fine wizard man beside him, and he said, "Coirnin, don't be afraid of me; I'm a friend, and I'm here to give you profitable counsel if you will take it from me. You are a cripple since you were born, and a laughing-stock to the boys of the village: I am the buck goat that took you to Galway, but I am changed now to the form in which you see me. I was not able to get the change till I should have given you that ride, and now I have great power. I would have cured you on the spot, but the neighbors would have said that you were in

asao go raib luid as fár le coir na h-aiðne do bheirpao riúbal asur lút duit; abair an puo ceirona léi trí mairin aniais a céile, asur eirioirí pí go bfuil pé fíor. Nuair pacar tú as córuigeacht na luidhe geobair tú i as fár caob-fíor de'n éloic mhóir nigeacáin atá as bpuac na h-aiðne; tabair leat i asur bpuic í, asur ól an rúg, asur beir tú ionnán pára do pu anaáir buacail ar bit in ran bparráirte. Beir iongantar ar na daoibh i uorac, aet ní mairpíó rin a-bpao. Beir tú trí bliathna deas an lá rin. Tar 'ran oirde cum na h-aité reo; beir an pota óir cósta asam-ra, aet ar do beata congáis d'innctinn asao péin, asur ná h-innir do duine ar bit go bpacair tú mipe. Imeis anoir. Slán leat."

Seall Coirínín go nbeirpao pé gac níó dubairt an sruasac beas léir, 7 táinig pé a-baile, lútgáirac go leór. Bpaeatnais an máctair nac raib pé com sruamad asur bí pé pul má nbeacair pé amac, asur dubairt pí, "Saoilim, a mhic, go nbeirpao an t-aer mair duit."

"Rinne go deimhin," ar reiréan, "asur tabair puo le n'ite dam anoir."

An oirde rin, i n-ait do beir as reirpíl. codail pé go bpeas, asur ar mairin dubairt pé le n-a máctair, "Bí bpionglóir bpeas asam aréir, a máctair."

"Ná tabair don áir do bpionglóir," ar ran máctair; "Ir conpáirta tuiteann ríao amac."

Cait Coirínín an lá as rmuáineao ar an gcóirpao do bí aise leir an ngruasac beas, 7 ar an raibbpear móir do bí le págal aise. Ar mairin, lá ar na márac, dubairt pé le n-a máctair, "Bí an bpionglóir bpeas rin asam aréir arí."

"Go méadairíó Dia an mair, 7 go lagdairíó Sé an t-olc," ar ran máctair; "éualao mé go minic dá mbeiréao an bpionglóir éasna as duine trí oirde aniais a céile, go mbeiréao pí fíor."

An tríoimao mairin, d'éirig Coirínín go moe asur dubairt pé le n-a máctair, "Bí an bpionglóir bpeas rin asam aréir arí, asur, ó tápla go uáinig pé eugam trí oirde aniais a céile, pacair mé le feucaint bfuil don fírin inncti. Connairc mé luid in mo bpionglóir do beirpao mo riúbal asur mo lút dam."

"An bpacair tú in ran mbpionglóir cá raib an luid as fár?" ar ran máctair.

"Connaircar go deimhin," ar reiréan; "tá pí as fár caob leir an gclóic mhóir nigeacáin atá ar bpuac na h-aiðne."

"Go deimhin, ní'l don luid as fár anaice leir an gclóic nigeacáin," ar ran máctair; "bí mé 'ran áit rin go minic, asur ní feurpao pí beir don a-san-fíor dam."

league with the fairies, and you would not have been able to take that opinion from them. You are seated now in exactly the same spot you were born in, and there is a pot of gold within a foot of your back, but you are not to touch it yet, because you would not be able to make a good use of it. Go home now, and to-morrow morning tell your mother that you had a fine dream, that there was a herb growing beside the river that would bring walk and activity to you. Tell the same thing to her three mornings after each other, and she will believe that it is true. When you go seeking the herb, you will find it growing down from the big washing stone that is on the edge of the river. Take it with you, and boil it, and drink the juice, and you will be able to run a race against any boy in the parish. There will be wonder on the people at first, but that won't last long. You will be thirteen years old that day. Come in the night to this place. I will have the pot of gold lifted, but for your life keep your intentions to yourself, and don't tell any person at all that you saw me. Go now; farewell."

Coirnin promised that he would do everything the little wizard man told him, and he came home joyous enough. The mother observed that he was not so gloomy as he was before he went out, and she said—

"I think, son, the air did you good."

"It did, indeed," says he, "and give me something to eat now."

That night, instead of being sighing, he slept finely, and in the morning he said to his mother—"I had a fine dream last night, mother."

"Don't give any importance to a dream," says the mother, "it's contrary they fall out."

"Coirnin spent the day thinking on the discourse he had with the little wizard man and of the great riches he was to get. In the morning the next day he said to his mother—"I had that fine dream again last night."

"May God increase the good and may He decrease the bad," says his mother. "I often heard that if a person had the same dream three nights after other, it would be true."

The third morning Coirnin got up early and said to his mother, "I had that fine dream again last night, and since it chanced that it came to me three nights after other I'll go to see if there is any truth in it. I saw an herb in my dream that would give my walk and my activity to me."

"B'éiríodh suph fár rí ann ó fóin," arsa Coirínín, "asur pacairt mipe uá córaigeaé."

Buail ré a uá láim faoi, asur éuairt u'aon léim amáin so uotí an uoirar, asur amac leir. Ílior b'fada so faib ré as an gcoicé migeaéáin, asur fuair ré an luib. Cúg ré léimeanna mar fíad a mberdeasó gádar 'gá leanamaint, as teacé a-baile le teann-lútgáipe.

"A mátair," ar reiréan, "b'fíor dam mo b'pionglóir. Fuair mé an luib. Cuir ríor dam an pota asur b'puit dam é."

Cuir an mátair an luib 'ran b'pota, asur timéioll cápta uirge leir, asur nuair b'í rí b'puitte asur an rúg fuar, u'ól Coirínín é. Ní faib ré móimio in a uolg nuair fear ré fuar ar a córaib asur córaig ré as iú fuar asur anuair. B'í iongantar mór ar a mátair. Córaig rí as tabairt míle glóir asur altugad uo Uia; ann rin gáir rí ar na cómarpannaib asur u'innir uóib b'pionglóir Coirínín, asur an éaoi a b'fuair ré úráir a cór. B'í lútgáipe mór orra uile, mar b'í b'pígir Ní g'rádaig 'na cómarpáin maí asur b'í mear aca uile uirru.

An oirde rin, éruinnig buacailiú an baile arteaé le lútgáipe uo u'eunam le Coirínín asur le n-a mátair. Nuair b'ioirar uile as cómpad cia ríuálfad arteaé acé páirín O Ceallais. B'í ríad uile as caint faoi an gcoi a b'fuair Coirínín a ríuálf asur lúe a énaím.

"So u'eimín ir uam-ra buó cóir uó u'eit buirdeá; 'ré an c'páad uo cúg mo poc-gádaire-re uó uo rinne an obair, asur tá fíor as h-uile u'uine so u'ug an márcuigeaé uo rinne ré, úráir mó cór ar air dam féin. Oé, mo b'pón! So b'fuair mo poc b'péad b'ár!"

"Cúg tú h-éiteaé," ar Coirínín, "'rí an luib uo léigearais mé. Rinne mé b'pionglóir trí oirde anuair a éile so leigreóad an luib mé, asur t'is le mo mátair a époéugad so faib mé mo élaip-ineaé tar éir mo teacé' ó gáillim, sup ól mé rúg na luibe."

"O'f'eupáinn mo mionna tabairt so b'puit mo mac as innpint na rípinne glaine," ar ran mátair.

Ann rin córaig eac as u'eunam masair faoi páirín, sup iméig ré amac.

Euairt gac uile níó so maí le Coirínín asur le n-a mátair 'na uiaig reó. Áon oirde amáin nuair éuairt an mátair asur na cómarpanna 'na gcoicéad, éuairt Coirínín cum na h-aicinne. B'í a éarair, an g'pugaéad beag, ann rin pómie, asur b'í an pota óir réir uó.

"Seó uuit anoir an pota óir; cuir i u'cáirge é i n-áit ar bit ir uoil leat. Tá an oirde ann asur u'eunpar uuit pad uo beata."

"Did you see in your dream where the herb was growing?" says the mother.

"I did, indeed," says he; "it's growing beside the big washing stone that's at the edge of the river."

"Indeed there's no herb growing near the washing stone," says his mother. "I was in that place often, and it could not be in it unbeknownst to me."

"Maybe it grew in it since," says Coirnin, "and I'll go to look for it."

He struck his two hands under him, and went at one leap to the door, and out with him. It was not long till he was at the washing stone, and he found the herb. He gave leaps like a deer that a hound would be following, coming home with excessive joy.

"Mother," says he, "my dream was true for me. I got the herb. Put down the pot for me, and boil it for me."

The mother put the herb in the pot and about a quart of water with it, and when it was boiled and the juice cold, Coirnin drank it. It was not a moment inside him when he stood upon his feet and began running up and down. There was great astonishment on his mother. She began giving a thousand glories and praises to God. Then she called the neighbors and told them Coirnin's dream and how he got the use of his feet. There was great joy on them all, for Bridget O'Grady was a good neighbor, and they all had a regard for her.

That night the boys of the village gathered in to make rejoicing with Coirnin and his mother. When they were all discoursing who should walk in but Paddy Kelly! They were all talking of how Coirnin got his walk, and the activity of his bones.

"Indeed, it's to myself he has a right to be thankful; it's the jolting my buck goat gave him that did the work, and everyone knows that the ride he took gave me back the use of my feet again. Och! my grief that my fine buck died!"

"You lie!" says Coirnin; "it's the herb that cured me. I had a dream three nights after other that the herb would cure me, and my mother can prove it that I was a cripple after coming from Galway till I drank the juice of the herb."

"I'd take my oath that my son is telling the clean truth," says his mother. Then each of the people began mocking Paddy, till he went out.

Everything went well with Coirnin and his mother after that. One night, when his mother and the neighbors went

“Saoilim go bpáspairt mé é in ran bpoll a pairt ré ann,” ar ra Coirínín “aéit béaspairt mé joinn dé a-baile liom.”

“Ná tabair leat fóir é, aéit bíod bhuonglóir eile agha mar bí agha céana, agha, ’na diais rin, tigh leat joinn dé do tabairt leat. Ceannais an talamh ro agha cuir teac ar bun in ran mball ar iugad tú, agha ní feicir tú féin ná don duine i n-aon tigh leat, lá boét fao do beata. Slán leat anoir—ní feicir tú mé níor mó.”

Cuir Coirínín an pota ríor in ran bpoll, agha cpeafós or a éionn, agha táinig ré a-baile.

Ar maidin, tuidairt ré le n-a mátair: “Bí bhuonglóir eile agha aréir arí,” 7 an trear maidin, tuidairt ré léi, “Tá mo bhuonglóir ríor anoir san amhar, bí rí agha aréir go díreac mar bí rí agha an dá uair eile; rin trí uaire anóir a céile, agha tigh liom é reo innreacéit duit nac bfeicir tú lá boét fao do beata; aéit ní tigh liom don ruo eile do ráo leat o’á taoib.”

An oirde rin, éadair ré cum an pota óir, 7 tug lán rporáin dé a-baile leir, agha ar maidin tug ré do’n mátair é. “Tá níor mó,” aoir ré, “in ran áit a dtáinig rin ar, agha geobair mé duit é nuair bérdear ré ag teartál uait, aéit ná cuir don ceirt orim o’á taoib.”

Níor bfaod ’na diais reo, gur ceannais bprígo ní sraodais bó bainne 7 cuir ar feupac í. Éadair rí féin agha Coirínín ar agha go maic, agha nuair bí ré píce bliadán o’aoir, ceannais ré gab-áit ar móir talman timéioil na h-aicinne, agha cuir teac bpeas ar bun ar an mball ar iugad é. Seal gearr ’na diais rin póir ré bean. Bí muirgin móir aise, agha nuair fuair re báp le rean-aoir, o’fás ré óir agha aighio ag a éionn, agha ní facair don duine do dóinnais in ran tigh rin lá boét ariamh.

to sleep, Coirnin went to the furze. His friend the little wizard was there before him, and the pot of gold was ready for him. "Here now is the pot of gold for you, stow it away in any place you like: there's as much in it as will do you throughout your life."

"I think I'll leave it in the hole where it was," says Coirnin, "but I'll bring a share of it home with me."

"Don't take it with you yet, but have another dream like the one you had already, and after that you can take a share with you. Buy this ground and set up a house on the spot where you were born, and neither you yourself nor anyone in the same house with you will ever see a day's poverty during your life. Farewell to you now; you shall see me no more."

Coirnin put the pot down in the hole and clay on the top of it, and came home.

In the morning he said to his mother—"I had another dream last night, but I won't tell it to you till I see if I will have it again three nights after other."

"The second morning he said—"I had the dream again last night;" and the third morning he said to her—"My dream is true now without doubt. I had it last night just as I had it the two other times, that's three times after one another, and I can tell you this—that you won't see a poor day during your life, but I cannot tell you anything else about it."

That night he went to the pot of gold, and brought the full of a purse of it home with him, and in the morning he gave it to his mother. "I have more," says he, "in the place where that came from, and I'll get it for you when you'll be wanting it, but ask no question of me about it."

It was not long after this till Bridget O'Grady bought a milch cow and put her on grass. She herself and Coirnin went on well, and when he was twenty years of age he bought a large holding of land round the furze, and set up a fine house on the spot where he was born. A short time after that he married a wife. He had a large family, and when he died of old age he left gold and silver to his children. and not a person who lived in that house saw a poor day ever

DEAN AN FÍR RUADÓ:

Tá ríad o'á ríad
 Sur tu ráilín rocair i mbrois,
 Tá ríad o'á ríad
 Sur tu béilín tana na bpois.
 Tá ríad o'á ríad
 A míle gráó go rois tu dam eúl,
 Cio go bfuil fear le págal
 'S leir an táilliúr Dean an FíR Ruadó:

Do tugar naoi mí
 I bhríorún, ceangailte cruad,
 Doltaí ar mo éalaid
 Agus míle glar ar rúo ruar,
 Tabairfainn-re ríde
 Mar tabairfá eala coir cuain,
 Le fonn do beir rínte
 Síor le Dean an FíR Ruadó:

Saol míre a ceo-fearc
 Go mbeir' don tigeir roir mé 'r tu
 Saol mé 'nna déis-rin
 Go mbreusá mo leand ar do glúin:
 Mallaet Ríe Níme
 Ar an té rin bain díom-ra mo éul;
 Sin, agus uile go léir
 Luét breisge cuir roir mé 'r tu.

Tá crann ann ran ngráitín
 Air a bparann tuilleadair a' r blát buide;
 An uair leagaim mo lám air
 Ir láir na mbreicann mo éiríde;
 'S é rólár go báir
 A' r é o'págal o flaitear anuar
 Don pógín amáin,
 A' r é o'págal o Dean an FíR Ruadó:

Act go rois lá an traoisail
 'Nna reubpar enic agus cuain,
 Tiocfaí ríuic ar an ngráin
 'S beir na neultá com oul leir an ngrá;
 Beir an fairge tirm
 A' r tiocfaí na brónta 'r na truais'
 'S beir an táilliúr as ríreabac
 An lá rin faoi Dean an FíR Ruadó.

THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

'Tis what they say,
 Thy little heel fits in a shoe,
 'Tis what they say,
 Thy little mouth kisses well, too.
 'Tis what they say,
 Thousand loves that you leave me to rue;
 That the tailor went the way
 That the wife of the Red man knew.
 Nine months did I spend
 In a prison closed tightly and bound;
 Bolts on my smalls*
 And a thousand locks frowning around;
 But o'er the tide
 I would leap with the leap of a swan,
 Could I once set my side
 By the bride of the Red-haired man.
 I thought, O my life,
 That one house between us love would be;
 And I thought I would find
 You once coaxing my child on your knee;
 But now the curse of the High One
 On him let it be,
 And on all of the band of the liars
 Who put silence between you and me.
 There grows a tree in the garden
 With blossoms that tremble and shake,
 I lay my hand on its bark
 And I feel that my heart must break.
 On one wish alone
 My soul through the long months ran,
 One little kiss
 From the wife of the Red-haired man.
 But the day of doom shall come,
 And hills and harbors be rent;
 A mist shall fall on the sun
 From the dark clouds heavily sent;
 The sea shall be dry,
 And earth under mourning and ban;
 Then loud shall he cry
 For the wife of the Red-haired man.

*There are three "smalls," the wrists, elbows, and ankles. In Irish romantic literature we often meet mention of men being bound "with the binding of the three smalls."

RÍOIRE NA SCLEAS.*

Bí feilméar [no tuine-uapal] ann ran típ agl. ní maib aige aet don mac amáin. Táinig pé reo [Ríoire na sclear] cuige arcead trachtóna oróce, agus d'iarr pé lóirín uó féin agus do'n dá'-m'eus do bí i n-éimfeadé leir.

"Suapad liom maí tá pé agam le t'agair," arí ran feilméar, "aet tiúbpaíó mé uuit é agus do u' dá'-m'eus." Fhíe fuipéar péiré dóib éom maíe a'p bí pé aige, agus nuair bí an fuipéar eaitte, d'iarr an Ríoire arí an dá'-m'eus ro éiríge ruar agus píora gairgíreacéa do deunam do'n fearí ro, ag cairbeánt na ngníomairíe bí aca.

O'éiríge an dá'-m'eus agus pinneadap gairgíreacéa uó, agus ní faea an tuine reo amáin píora gairgíreacéa maí iao rin, "maíreacó," aoirí an tuine-uapal, fearí an tíge, "níorí bfeapí liom an oíreao ro [de fáiréapí] 'ná dá mbeiréacó mo mac ionnání rin [do] deunam."

"Leis liom-ra é," arí Ríoire na sclear, "go ceann lá agus bliadain, agus beiré pé éom maíe le ceacéapí de na buacailíib reo aet agam."

"Leisfeao," arí ran tuine-uapal, "aet go dtiúbpaíó tu arí aip éugam é i gceann na bliadna."

"O tiúbpaíó," arí Ríoire na sclear, "arí aip éugao é."

Fhíe bfeacéapí arí maíoin, lá arí na márae, dóib, nuair bíodap as uol ag imteacé, agus leis an tuine-uapal an mac leó, agus n'fan ríao amuis lá agus bliadain.

I gceann a' lá agus bliadain táinig ríao arí a-baile cuige, agus a mac féin i n-éimfeadé leó. Bí pé [ag] faíre oíra, agus bí fáilte pompa aige, agus bí oróce maíe aca. Nuair bíodap tapáir a fuipéir,oubairí Ríoire na sclear leir an dá'-m'eus éiríge ruar arí agus gairgíreacé do deunam do'n tuine-uapal do bí cabairíe an truípéir dóib. Anoir bí a mac féin ann, ffeirín, agus bí pé i ngarí do beiré éom maíe le ceacéapí aca. "Ní'l pé 'na gairgíreacé pór éom maíe le mo cuirí-pe fearí, aet leis liom-ra é," arí Ríoire na sclear, "arí feao lá agus bliadain eile."

"Leisfeao," arí reiríean, "aet go dtiúbpaíó tu arí aip éugam é i gceann an lá agus bliadain." Dubairí pé go dtiúbpaíó.

D'imtíge ríao leó, an lá arí na márae 'féir bíó ná maíone, agus n'fanadap amuis lá agus bliadain eile. Agus i gceann an lá agus bliadain éonnairíe an tuine-uapal an comíuadap ag ceacé

* Tá an ríeul ro focal arí focal go díreacé maí do fuairíear agus maí do rígníobap ríor é ó beul máraeain Ruairí dí gíollapínáe (póiríe í mbeiríe), i gceonae na gáillíne.

THE KNIGHT OF THE TRICKS.

Written down word for word by me from the dictation of Martin Rua O Gillarna, or "Forde," near Monivea, Co. Galway (a small farmer, about 50 years old, Irish-speaking only).—DOUGLAS HYDE.

THERE was a farmer [*read* gentleman] in the country, and he had only one son. And this man [the Knight of the Tricks] came in to see him, on the evening of a night, and asked lodgings for himself and the twelve who were along with him.

"I think it miserable how I have it for you," said the gentleman, "but I'll give it to you and to your twelve." Supper was got ready for them, as good as he had it, and when the supper was eaten, the knight asked these twelve to rise up and perform a piece of exercise for this man, showing the deeds [accomplishments] they had.

The twelve rose up and performed feats for him, and this man had never seen any feat like them. "Musha," says the gentleman, the man of the house, "I wouldn't sooner [own] all this much riches, than that my son should be able to do that."

"Leave him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "till the end of a year and a day, and he will be as good as any of these boys that I have."

"I will," says the gentleman, "but [on condition] that you must bring him back to me at the end of the year."

"Oh, I will bring him back to you," said the Knight of the Tricks.

Breakfast was got for them in the morning, of the next day when they were going a-departing, and the gentleman let the son with them, and they remained away a day and a year.

At the end of the day and the year, they came home again to him, and his own son along with them. He was watching for them, and had a welcome for them, and they had a good night. When they were after their supper, the Knight of the Tricks told the twelve to rise up and perform feats for the gentleman who was giving them the supper. Now his own son was there also, and he was near to being as good as any of them.

"He is not yet a champion as good as my men are, but let him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "for another day and a year."

"I will," said he, "but that you will bring him back to me at the end of the day and a year." He said he would bring him.

éirge arís. “Tús ré fáilte agus fuipéarí doib, le lúctáirpe iad do beir ar ais arís agus a mac leó.”

Cáiteadar an fuipéarí, agus nuair bíodar ’féir a fuipéir, túbairt ré le n-a cúro fear éirge ruar agus píopa gairgíóeacta do deunam do’n duine-uapal do bí tabairt na gnaomúileact (?) doib. D’éirigh ríad ruar, trí fíor deus, agus ba é a mac an fear do b’fearr de’n méad rin. Ní raib fear ar bí ionnán ceart do baint de aet Ríoripe na gcelear féin.

Deir an duine-uapal, “níl fear ar bí aca ionnán gairgíóeacta do deunam le mo mac féin.”

“Níl, go deimhin,” ar Ríoripe na gcelear “don fear ionnán a deunam aet mire; agus má leigean tu d’am-ra é lá agus bliathain eile, beir ré ’na gairgíóeacta doim maic uim féin.”

“Mairead, leigfead,” ar ran duine-uapal, “leigfí mé leac é,” aoir fé.

Anor, níor iarr ré air, an t-am ro, a tabairt ar ais arís, mar sinne ré na h-amannata eile, agus níor cuir ré ann a gearaib é.

I gceann an lá agus bliathain, bí an duine-uapal ag fanamaint agus ag rúil le n-a mac, aet ní táinig an mac ná Ríoripe na gcelear. Bí an t-áir, ann rin, faoi imirde mór nae raib an mac ag ceact a-baile éirge, agus túbairt ré: “ré b’é áit de’n domhan a bunt ré, caifí mé a págal amad.”

D’imigh ré ann rin agus bí ré ag imcheact gur áit ré trí oirde aoir trí lá ag rúil. Táinig ann rin arcead i n-áit a raib áir baeas. agus amuis anaáir an doirir mór bí trí fíor deus ag buala báir ann; agus fear ré ag feúaint ar na trí fearaib deus d’a buala, agus bí don fear amáin d’a buala le d’a-r’eus aca. Táinig ré ’ran áit a pabadar arcead ann a mears an rin, agus ’ré a mac féin bí ag buala an báir leir an d’a-r’eus eile.

Cuir ré fáilte roim an áir ann rin. “O! a áir,” aoir fé, “níl don págal aseo orm. Ní sinne tura,” aoir fé, “do gnaa (gnó) ceart; nuair bí tu [ag] deunam maraí leir an níor iarr tu air; mire [do] tabairt ar ais éirge.”

“Ir fíor rin,” aoir an t-áir:

“Anor,” aoir an mac, “ní bfuigfí tu feúaint orm anocht, aet deunam trí colaim deus d’inn agus caifíóear gána coirce ar an uplár agus deupair Ríoripe na gcelear má aicnigean tu do mac orra rin [= ann a mears-ran] go bfuigfí tú é. Ní beir mire ag ite don gáin agus beir na cinn eile ag ite. Beir mire tuit anonn ’r anall ’r ag buala ppoa ann ran. geuro eile

They went away with themselves the next day, after their morning's meal, and they remained away for another day and a year. And at the end of the day and a year the gentleman saw the company coming to him again. He gave them a welcome and a supper, for joy them to be back again and his son with them.

They ate their supper, and when they were after their supper he said to the men to rise up and perform some feats for the gentleman who was showing them this kindness. They rose up, thirteen men, and his son was the best man of all the lot. There was no man at all able to take the right from him [overcome him] but the Knight of the Tricks himself.

Says the gentleman then, "There's not a man of them able to perform feats with my own son."

"There is not indeed one man," says the Knight of the Tricks, "able to do it but me, and if you leave him to me for another day and a year he will be a champion as good as myself."

"Musha, then I will," says the gentleman, "I'll let him with you," says he.

Now this time he did not ask him to take him back, as he had done the other times, and he did not put it in his conditions.

At the end of the day and the year the gentleman was waiting and hoping for his son, but neither the son nor the Knight of the Tricks came. The father was then in great anxiety lest his son was not coming home at all to him, and he said, "whatever place in the world he is in, I must find him out."

He departed then, and he was going until he spent three days and three nights traveling. He then came into a place where there was a fine dwelling, and outside of it, over against the great door, there were thirteen men playing hurley, and he stood looking at the thirteen men playing, and there was a single man hurling against twelve of them. He came in amongst them then, to the place where they were, and it was his own son that was playing against the other twelve.

He welcomed his father then. "Oh, father," says he, "you have no getting of me, you did not do," says he, "your business right: when you were making your bargain with him you did not ask him to bring me back to you."

"That is true," says the father.

"Now," said the son. "you won't get a sight of me to-night, but thirteen pigeons will be made of us, and grains of oats thrown on the floor, and the Knight of the Tricks will say that

de na colamaib. Seobairt tu do rogan agus deapfairt tu leir sup b'é mé tóspar tu. Sin é an comartha beirim duit, i pioct go n-aitneófairt tu mire amearg na scolam eile, agus ma tógann tu go ceapt, béir mé agat an uair sin."

O'fás an mac é ann sin, agus táinig pé arthead ann ran teac, agus cuip Ríodipe na gceolap fáilte joimhe. Dubhairt an duine-uapal go dtáinig pé as iarrairt a mic nuair nac dtug an Ríodipe an aip leir é i gceann na bliadna. "Míor cuip tu sin ann ran marpaí," ar ran Ríodipe, "aé ó táinig tu com fáda sin o'á iarrairt, caiteir pé beir agat, má 'r féidir leat a tógat amac." Rug pé arthead ann sin é go reompa a paib trí colaim deus ann, agus dubhairt pé leir, a roga colaim do tógat amac, agus dá mhóir h-é a mac féin do tóspar pé go dtuicfaid leir a congáil. Bí na colaim uile as pioct na ngrána coirce de'n uirlár, aet don ceann amáin do bí gabáil éaric agus as buataí pnuoca ann ran gcuir eile aca. Do tóg an duine-uapal an ceann sin. "Tá do mac gnócaíte agat," ar ran Ríodipe.

Caic riad an oirde sin buil (?) a céile, agus o'imtíis an duine-uapal agus a mac an lá ar na márac agus o'fásgadar Ríodipe na gceolap. Nuair bí riad as dul a-baile ann sin, táinig riad go baile-mór, agus bí donac ann, agus nuair bíodar dul arthead ann ran donac o'iarr an mac ar a ádair rreang do ceannac agus do deunam adartair óó. "Deunfairt mire rtail díom féin," dceir pé, "agus díolfairt tu mé ar an donac ro. Tuicfairt Ríodipe na gceolap eugad ar an donac—tá pé do o' leanaímainc anoir—agus ceannófairt pé mire uait. Nuair beirdear tu 's am' díol, ná tabair an t-adartair uait aet congáil eugad féin é, agus [ir] féidir liom-ra teac ar aip eugad—aet an t-adartair do congáil."

Rinne an mac rtail de féin ann sin, agus fuair an t-adair adartair agus cuip pé aip é. Tarrang pé ruar ann sin ar an donac é. agus ir gearr do bí pé 'na fearam ann sin, nuair táinig Ríodipe na gceolap cuise agus o'iarr pé cia méat do beirdeat ar an rtail aige. "Trí ceut púnta" ceir an duine-uapal. "Tiúbpairt mire sin duit," ceir Ríodipe na gceolap—tiúbpairt pé ruar an bit óó as rúil go bfuigfead pé an mac ar aip, mar bí fíor uise go maic sup b'é do bí ann ran rtail. "Tiúbpairt mire duit é ar an aipioo sin," ar ran duine-uapal, "aet ní tiúbpairt mé an t-adartair." "Buó ceapt an t-adartair do tabairt," ar ran Ríodipe.

O'imtíis an Ríodipe ann sin agus an rtail leir, agus o'imtíis an duine-uapal ar a beataí féin as dul a-baile. Aet ní paib pé aet amuig ar an donac 'ran am a dtáinig an mac ruar leir aipir.

if you recognise your son amongst those, you shall get him. I will not be eating my grain, but the others will be eating. I will be going back and forwards and picking at the rest of the pigeons. You shall get your choice, and you will tell him that it is I you will take. That is the sign I give you now, so that you may know me amongst the other pigeons, and if you choose right you will have me then."

The son left him after that, and he came into the house, and the Knight of the Tricks bade him welcome. The gentleman said that he was come looking for his son, since the Knight did not bring him back with him at the end of the year. "You did not put that in the bargain," said the Knight, "but since you are come so far to look for him you must have him if you can choose him out." He brought him in then to the room where the thirteen pigeons were, and told him to choose out his choice pigeon, and if it was his own son he should choose that he might keep him. The other pigeons were picking grains of oats off the floor, all but one, who was going round and picking at the others. The gentleman chose that one. "You have your son gained," said the Knight.

They spent that night together, and the gentleman and his son departed next day and left the Knight of the Tricks. When they were going home then, they came to a town, and there was a fair in it, and when they were going into the fair the son asked the father to buy a rope and make a halter for him. "I'll make a stallion of myself," said he, "and you will sell me at this fair. The Knight of the Tricks will come up to you on the fair—he is following you now—and he will buy me from you. When you will be selling me don't give away the halter, but keep it for yourself, and I can come back to you—only you to keep the halter."

The son made a stallion of himself then, and the father got the halter and put it on him. He drew him up after that on the fair, and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him, and asked him how much would he be wanting for the stallion. "Three hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," said the Knight of Tricks—he would give him anything at all hoping that he might get the son back, for he knew well that it was he that was in the stallion. "I'll give him to you at that money," said the gentleman. "but I won't give the halter." "It were right to give the halter," said the Knight.

The Knight went away then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman departed on his own road going home, but he

“A ačair,” awei pē, “tā mē ar pāḡar anōiū aḡar, aēt tā donāc ann a leičero peō ō’ait amāpāc aḡur pačamaoio arceac ann.”

An lā ar na māpāc, nuair biotar aḡ ōul arceac ann pan donāc eile, duhairc an mac: “Deunfarō mē ptail ōiom pēin aḡur tiueparō Ritope na Zeleap arīr ōom’ ēeannaē. Tiūbparō pē aipḡioō ar bič oim a iarpfar tu, aēt cuir ann pan marḡarō nāc ōtiūbparō tura an t-aḡartar ōō.” Čarpanḡeatar ruar ar an donāc ann pin, aḡur pinne pē ptail ōē pēin aḡur cuir an t-ačair aḡartar air aḡur ir ḡearr ōo bi pē ann, ’na pēarām, nuair čāinḡ Ritope na Zeleap čuḡe aḡur ō’fiarpuiḡ pē ōē cia mēar ōo beičeac ar an ptail aḡe. “Sē ceuō pūnta,” ar pan ōuine-uapal. “Tiūbparō mipe pin ōuit,” awei pē. “Aēt ni čtiūbparō mē an t-aḡartar ōuit.” “Duō čearc an t-aḡartar čabhairc arceac ’pan marḡarō,” ar an Ritope, aēt ni bpuair pē ē.

Ō’imčis Ritope na Zeleap ann pin aḡur an ptail leir, aḡur ō’imčis an ōuine-uapal ar a bealac aḡ ōul a-baile, aēt ni pait pē i mbeapna a’ čorčum aḡ ōul amac ar an donāc am [nuair] a ōčāinḡ an mac arīr ruar leir.

“Tā ḡo marč, ačair,” awei pē, “tā an uair peō ḡnōčaiḡče aḡainn, aēt ni’l fiōr aḡam čreuo deunfar an lā-amāpāc linn. Tā donāc ann a leičero peō ō’ait amāpāc aḡur čarpōḡamaoio ann.”

Čuatar mar pin ar an donāc an lā ar n-a māpāc, aḡur pinne an mac ptail ōē pēin, aḡur cuir an t-ačair aḡartar air, aḡur ir ḡearr ōo bi pē ’na pēarām ar an donāc i n-am čāinḡ Ritope na Zeleap arīr čuḡe. Ō’fiarpuiḡ an Ritope cia mēar ōo beičeac pē aḡ iarpairō ar an ptail bpeāḡ pin ōo bi aḡe ann pan aḡartar. “Naōi ḡceuo pūnta tā mipe aḡ iarpairō air,” ar pan ōuine-uapal: “Nioſ paoil pē ḡo ōtiūbparō pē pin ōō. Aēt ni čongbōčac aipḡioō ar bič an ptail ō’n Ritope. “Tiūbparō mē pin ōuit,” awei pē. Čuir pē a lām ann a pōca aḡur čuḡ pē an naōi ḡceuo pūnta ōō, aḡur puḡ pē ar an ptail leir an lām eile, aḡur ō’imčis pē leir čom luac pin ḡur ōearmato an ōuine-uapal ē ōo čur ann pan marḡarō an t-aḡartar čabhairc ar air ōō.

Ō’fan pē aḡ pūil ḡo bpiilpeac an mac, aēt nioſ pūil pē. Čuḡ pē ruar ē ann pin aḡur duhairc pē nāc pait don marč ōō črupōn (?) [beič aḡ pūil] ḡo bpiac leir, nā le n-a čeacč ar air arīr ḡo bpiac.

Čuḡ Ritope na Zeleap ann pin an mac leir, aḡur bi pē čabhairc ’ē uile pōiſc pionnūir aḡur ōpōc-upāiſe ōō, aḡur ni leiḡpeac pē ē ar boſō le don ōuine aḡ iče a beacč, aēt bi pē ann pin čeanḡailce, aḡur an lā leiḡpeac pē na ḡairḡioiḡ eile amac, ni leiḡpeac

was only just out of the fair when the son came up to him again. "Father," says he, "you have got me to-day, but there is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we'll go to it."

The next day when they were going into the other fair, the son said, "I will make a stallion of myself, and the Knight of the Tricks will come again to buy me. He'll give you any money that you may ask for me, but put it in the bargain that you will not give him the halter." They drew up on the fair then, and he made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him; and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came to him and asked him how much he'd be wanting for the stallion. "Six hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," says he; "but I won't give you the halter," said the gentleman. "It were only right to give the halter into the bargain," said the Knight, but he did not get it.

The Knight of the Tricks departed then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman went on his way, going home; but he was not as far as the custom-gap, going out of the fair, when the son came up with him again.

"It is well, father," says he, "we have gained this time, but I don't know what will to-morrow do with us. There is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we will go down to it."

They went to the fair accordingly next day, and the son made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him, and it was short he was standing on the fair when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him again. The Knight asked how much he would be wanting for that fine stallion that he had there by the halter. "Nine hundred pounds I'm asking for him," says the gentleman. He never thought he would give him that. But no money would keep the stallion from the Knight. "I'll give you that," says he. He put his hand in his pocket and gave him the nine hundred pounds, and with the other hand he seized the stallion and went off with him so quick that the gentleman forgot to put it into his bargain that he should give him back the halter.

He waited, hoping the son would return, but he did not. He gave him up then, and said that there was no good for him to be expecting him for ever, or expecting him to ever come back again.

The Knight of the Tricks then took away the son with him, and was giving him all sorts of punishment and bad usage, and would not let him [sit down] at table with anyone to eat

rá eirean leó. Bí ré real fada mar rin, agus Ríðipe na gcleap as cupr thóc-mear air agus as tabairt uile ríðipe pionnúir dó.

Tuit ré amac sup iméig Ríðipe na gcleap an lá ro ar baile, agus d'fásbair ré eirean ann ran bfuinneóis ir áiríoe 'ran teac, 'n áit nac raib puró ar bit le fásail aise; agus é ceangailte ann rin, ruar i n-áiríoe. Agus nuair bí 'é uile duine iméigste ann rin, agus san ar an t-rháio áct é féin agus an cailín, d'iarr ré deó uirge i n-ainm Dé, ar an gcailín. Dubairt an cailín go mbeirdeó raicéior uirri dá b'fásad a máigirceir amac í, go mar-bóeacó ré í.

"Ní éloirpíó duine ar bit go deó é," aoiré ré, "ná bíó raicéior ar bit oir, ní mire innreócar [= innéócar] dó é." Tug sí ruar an deó uirge éirge ann rin, agus nuair cupr ré a éloir-ionn ann ran uirge, as ól an uirge, pinne ré earcon de féin agus éuaró ré ríor ann ran poiteac. Bí ríotán beas uirge taob amuirg de 'n doirup bí [as] iut go nbeacóir ré arteac ann ran abainn, agus éar sí amac ann ran ríotán sac a raib d'fuirgeac 'ran poiteac aic. Bí reirean as imteacó ann rin agus é 'na earcuin ann ran abainn, as tarrpáingc a-baile.

Nuair éáinig Ríðipe na gcleap a-baile, éuaró ré ruar go bpeir-peacó ré an fear d'fás ré ceangailte, agus ní bfuair ré é poune ann. D'fíarrpúig ré de 'n cailín ar aipig sí é as imteacó. Dubairt an cailín náir aipig, áct go tuc sí féin bpaon uirge ruar éirge.

"Agus cá 'r cupr tu an fuirgeac do bí asao?" aoiré ré:

"Éar mé 'ran ríotán amac é," ar rípe.

"Tá ré iméigste 'na earcuin ann ran abainn," aoiré ré, "gleur-aigir ruar," aoiré ré, leir an dá-r'-eug sairgíbeac, "go leanfamaoio é."

Rinneadar dá máoio deug uirge díob féin agus leanadar ann ran abainn é; agus nuair bíodar as teacó ruar leir ann ran abainn d'éirig ré 'na eun ar an abainn ann ran aéir.

Nuair fuair ríad rin amac sup iméig ré ar an abainn, pinneadar dá feabac deug díob féin agus d'iméigeadar aniaig an éin—uiréog do pinne ré de féin—agus bíodar as teacó ruar leir.

Nuair fuair ré iad as teannacó leir, agus nac raib ré ionnán dul uacá, bí raicéior móir air. Bí bean as cátaó amuirg ar páiric báin. Tuirpíng ré 'nuar ar an aéir, ó beir 'na eun, i ngar do'n cóirce, agus pinne ré gána cóirce de féin.

Tuirpíng ríad féin 'na díag agus pinneadar dá ceapc-francac

his food, but he was there tied, and the day he would let the other champions out he would not let him out with them. He was like this for a long time and the Knight of the Tricks putting dishonor on him, and giving him every kind of punishment.

It fell out that on this day [of which we are going to tell] the Knight of the Tricks went from home, and left him at the window that was highest in the house, where he had nothing at all to get, and him tied there, up on high. And then when everybody was gone away and nobody left on the street (*i.e.*, about the place) but himself and a servant-girl, he asked the girl, in the name of God, for a drink of water. The girl said that if her master were to find it out he would kill her.

"Nobody shall ever hear it," says he: "don't be a bit afraid, it's not I who'll tell him." She brought up the drink of water to him then, and when he put his head into the water, drinking the water, he made an eel of himself, and he went down into the vessel. There was a little streamlet of water beside the door, that was running until it went into the river, and she cast out into the little stream all the remains that she had in the vessel. He kept going, then, and he an eel, in the river, drawing towards home.

When the Knight of the Tricks came home, he went up to see the man he had left bound, and he did not find him there before him. He asked the girl if she felt [perceived] him going, or if she perceived anything that gave him leave to go. The girl said that she perceived nothing, but that she herself brought a drop of water up to him.

"And where did you put the leavings that you had?" says he.

"I threw it out into the little stream," says she.

"He's gone as an eel into the river," says he. "Prepare yourselves," says he to the twelve champions, "till we follow him."

They made twelve water-dogs of themselves, and they followed him in the river, and when they were coming up with him in the river, he rose up as a bird, out of the river into the air.

When they found this out, that he had gone out of the river, they made twelve hawks of themselves, and pursued after the bird—it was a lark he made of himself—and they were coming up to him.

When he found them closing on him, and that he was not able to escape from them, there was great terror on him.

deus díob féin, [ašur bí an Ritipe 'na cóileac-émanac]. Toraig-eatar aš ite an cóirce ann rin ašur faoil ríad é beit ite aca, aet ní raib. Bí ríad aš ite an cóirce so raib ríad i nšar do beit rátae.

Nuair méar reiréan so raib a ráit ite aca, ašur nac raibatar ionnán móran eile do deunam, o'éirig pé ruar ašur junne pé rionnac de féin, ašur bain pé an cloisíonn de'n dá émanac deus ašur de'n cóileac.

Bí ceat aige dul a-baile o'a ašar ann rin nuair bíodar uile marb aige. Ašur rin deir Ritipe na sclear. '

There was a woman winnowing [oats] out in a bare field. He descended out of the air from being a bird, near to the oats, and he made a grain of oats of himself.

They themselves descended after him, and made twelve turkeys of themselves, and the Knight was the turkey cock. They began eating the oats, and they thought that they had him eaten, but they had not. They were eating the oats until they were near to being satiated.

When he considered that they had enough eaten and that they were not able to do much more, he rose up and made a fox of himself, and took the heads off the twelve turkeys and turkey cock.

He had leave to go home to his father then, when he had them all killed And that is the end of the Knight of Tricks

MO BHRÓN AIR AN BPAIRRE

Mo bhrón air an bpairrse
 Is é cá mór,
 Is é sábhail roir mé
 'S mo míle rtor.

O'pásgaó 'ran mbaile mé
 Deunam bhrón,
 San don trúil tar páile liom
 Coróce ná go deó.

Mo léun nac bfuil mire
 'Sur mo múnín bán
 I s-cúise laigeán
 No i s-contoacé an Chláir.

Mo bhrón nac bfuil mire
 'Sur mo míle spáó
 Air boir loingse
 Truall go 'Meiricá:

Leabur tuacra
 Bí fúm aréir,
 Agus éiré mé amac é
 Le tear an laé.

Éinig mo spáó-ra
 Le mo táeb
 Suata air suatain
 Agus beut ar beut

MY GRIEF ON THE SEA.*

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

My grief on the sea,
 How the waves of it roll!
 For they heave between me
 And the love of my soul!

Abandoned, forsaken,
 To grief and to care,
 Will the sea ever waken
 Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble!
 Would he and I were
 In the province of Leinster
 Or county of Clare.

Were I and my darling—
 Oh, heart-bitter wound!—
 On board of the ship
 For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
 All last night I lay,
 And I flung it abroad
 With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—
 He came from the South;
 His breast to my bosom.
 His mouth to my mouth.

* *Literally:* My grief on the sea, It is it that is big. It is it that is going between me And my thousand treasures. I was left at home Making grief, Without any hope of (going) over sea with me, For ever and aye. My grief that I am not, And my white moorheen, In the province of Leinster Or County of Clare. My sorrow I am not, And my thousand loves On board of a ship Voyaging to America. A bed of rushes Was under me last night And I threw it out With the heat of the day. My love came To my side, Shoulder to shoulder And mouth on mouth. ["Love Songs of Connacht."]

AN BUACAILL DO BÍ A BFAO AR A MÁTAR.*

A bfao ó foir bí lánamhain póрта uap b' ainm pátrpais agus Nuata ní áiriacáin. B'éadadap bliadain agus fíde póрта san don élanm do beir aca, agus bí brón mór orpa, mar nac raib don oirpe aca le na geuro raibbhir o' fásbáil aige. Bí dá acra talman, bó, agus péipe sabar aca, agus bí tuairm aca go raibadap raibbhir.

Don oirde amáin, bí pátrpais teacé a-baile o teacé tuine muinntirig, agus nuair táinig pé com fada leir an poitig maol, táinig sean tuine liac amac agus tuidairt: "So mbeannaisiú Dia tuic." "So mbeannaisiú Dia 'sur Muirpe tuic," ar pátrpais. "Cad atá ag cur bróin ort?" ar ran sean tuine. "Ní'l morán go deimhin," ar pátrpais, "ní béir mé a bfao beó, agus ní'l mac 'ná ingean le caoinead mo diaig nuair geobar mé báp." "B' éirip nac mbeirdeá mar rin," ar ran sean-tuine. "Paradp! béirdead," ar pátrpais, "táim bliadain agus fíde póрта, agus ní'l don éoramlacé fóp." "Slac m'focal-ra go mbéir mac ós ag to mnaoi, trí ráite ó'n oirde anoct." Cuair pátrpais a-baile, lútgáirpeac go leóp, agus o'innir an rgeul to Nuata. "Ara! ní raib ann ran trean tuine acé fogaille, a bí ag deunam magadp ort," ar Nuata. "Ir maic an rgeuluid an aimirp," ar pátrpais.

Bí go maic agus ní raib go h-olc; real má (pul) nveacáir leir-bliadain éar, éonairp pátrpais go raib Nuata tul oirpe to éadairt óó, agus bí brón mór air. Tormig pé ag cur na feilme i n-orpuad, agus ag fásbáil zac níó péir le h-áirid an oirpe óis. An lá táinig tinneap cloinne ar Nuata, bí pátrpais ag cur éirinn óis a láirp dopair an tige. Nuair táinig an rgeul éirge go raib mac ós ag Nuata, bí an oirpead rin lútgáirpe air gur tuic pé marb le tinneap éirde.

Bí brón mór air Nuata, agus tuidairt pí leir an naoréanán:

"Ní éirpíó mé tu óm' éic go mbéir tu ionánn an érann to bí o' áirp ag cur nuair fuair pé báp to éarraig ar na fréamair."

Soirpead páirpín ar an naoréanán, agus tug an máirp éic óó go raib pé peacé mbliadna o'air. Ann rin tug pí amac é le feucaint an raib pé ionánn an érann to éarraig, acé ní raib. Níor éirp rin don oroc-méirpeac ar an máirp, tug pí arpeac é,

* O fear uap b'ainm bláca, i n-áice le baile-an-róba, gCondae mui-g-eó.

THE BOY WHO WAS LONG ON HIS MOTHER.

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

THERE was long ago a married couple of the name of Patrick and Nuala O'Keerahan. They were a year and twenty married, without having any children, and there was great grief on them because they had no heir to leave their share of riches to. They had two acres of land, a cow, and a pair of goats, and they supposed that they were rich.

One night Patrick was coming home from a friend's house, and when he was come as far as the ruined churchyard, there came out a gray old man and said, "God save you."

"God and Mary save you," says Patrick.

"What's putting grief on you?" says the old man.

"There isn't much indeed putting grief on me," says Patrick, "but I won't be long alive, and I have neither son nor daughter to keen after me when I find death."

"Perhaps you won't be so," says the old man.

"Alas! I will," says Patrick, "I'm a year and twenty married, and there's no sign yet."

"Take my word that your wife will have a young son three-quarters of a year from this very night."

Patrick went home, joyous enough, and told the story to Nuala.

"Arrah, there was nothing in the old man but a dotard who was making a mock of you," says Nuala.

"Well, 'time is a good story-teller,'" said Patrick.

It was well, and it was not ill. Before half a year went by Patrick saw that Nuala was going to give him an heir, and there was great pride on him. He began putting the farm in order and leaving everything ready for the young heir. The day that sickness came on Nuala, Patrick was planting a young tree before the door of the house. When the news came to him that Nuala had a young son, there was that much joy on him that he fell dead with heart-disease.

There was great grief on Nuala, and she said to the infant, "I will not wean you from my breast until you will be able to pull up out of the roots the tree that your father was planting when he died."

The infant was called Paudyeen, or little Pat, and the mother nursed him at her breast until he was seven years old. Then she brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not. That put no discouragement on the mother: she brought him in, and nursed him for seven years

asur tug síod feaét mbliathna eile d'ó, asur ní naib don buacailt ann ran t'ir ionánn deaét ruar leir i n-obair.

Paol ceann deirid na ceirpe bliathna deus tug a mácair amac é, le feuchaint an raib ré ionánn an eirinn do earrainis, aét ní raib, mar bí an eirinn i n-éirí maic, asur as fáir go móir. Níor éirí rin don oíod-míreac ar an mácair.

Tug sí síod feaét mbliathna eile d'ó, asur paol ceann deirid an ama rin, bí ré cóim móir asur cóim láirir le faéac.

Tug an mácair amac é asur t'ubairt: "Mur (muna) b'fuit tu ionánn an eirinn rin τ o earrainis anoir, ní tiúbrat mé don b'raon eile síde d'uit." Éirí raíoin r'nuairle ar a lámhaib, asur fuair gheim ar bun an eirinn. An ceud-iarraib do tug ré, éraic ré an talam feaét b'péirpe ar gac taoib d'é, asur leir an d'aria iarraib d'ós ré an eirinn ar na f'réamhaib, asur timéioil síde tonna de éreapóis leir. "Spáó mo éiríde tu," ar ran mácair, "ir f'iu síde bliathna asur síde tu." "A mácair," ar raíoin, "o'oiris tu go eiríat le biaó asur deoé do eabairt dam-ra ó ruar mé, asur tá ré i n-am dam anoir iud éisín do deunam d'uit-re, ann do fean-laetib. Ir é reó an ceud-eirinn do earrainis mé asur deunraib mé maide lámhe dam féin d'é." Ann rin fuair ré ráb asur t'as, asur gearr an eirinn, as fáirbaíl timéioil síde t'ois de 'n bun, asur bí enap air, cóim móir le t'uir de na t'uirib eirinne do bídeac i n-éirinn an t-am rin. Bí or cionn tonna meadacain ann ran maide lámhe nuair bí ré gleurta as raíoin.

Ar maide, lá ar na márac, fuair raíoin gheim ar a maide, o'fás a beannaét as a mácair, asur o'iméis as cóirigeaét reir-bíre. Bí ré as r'ibáil go d'áinís ré go cairleán nís laigean. O'f'airruis an nís d'é cat do bí ré 'iarraib: "As iarraib oibre, má ré do t'oil," ar raíoin. "B'fuit don éiríde asao?" ar ran nís. "Ní'l," ar raíoin, "aét t'is liom obair ar bit d'á n'oeairnaib fear ariam deunam." "Deunraib mé marraó leat," ar ran nís, "má t'is leat h-uile n'ó a o'p'ócar mire d'uit a deunam ar feaó ré mí, beunraib mé do meadacain féin d'ór d'uit, asur m'ingean mar m'naoi-póirca, aét muna d'is leat gac n'ó do deunam, caillir tu do ceann." "Táim fáirca leir an marraó in," ar raíoin. "Téir arreaé 'ran r'ioiból, asur bí as bualaó oirce do na ba (buaib) go mbéir do ceud-p'ronn réir."

Éirí raíoin arreaé, asur fuair an r'uirce, aét ní raib an r'uirce aét mar eiríne i lámh fáircais, asur t'ubairt ré leir "féin," ir fearr mo maide-lámh 'n'á an gleur rin." Cóirís ré as bualaó leir an maide-lámh asur níor b'fao go raib an méac

more, and there was not a lad in the country who was able to keep up with him in his work.

At the end of fourteen years his mother brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not, for the tree was in good soil, and growing greatly. That put no discouragement on the mother.

She nursed him for seven more years, and at the end of that time he was as large and as strong as a giant.

His mother brought him out then and said, "Unless you are able to pull up that tree now, I will never nurse you again."

Paudyeen spat on his hands, and got a hold of the bottom of the tree, and the first effort he made he shook the ground for seven perches on each side of it, and at the second effort he lifted the tree from the roots, and about twenty ton of clay along with it.

"The love of my heart you are," said the mother, "you're worth nursing for one and twenty years."

"Mother," says Paudyeen, "you worked hard to give me food and drink since I was born, and it is time now for me to do something for you in your old days. This is the first tree I ever pulled up, and I'll make myself a hand-stick of it. Then he got a saw and axe, and cut the tree, leaving about twenty feet of the bottom, and there was a knob on it as big as a round tower of the round towers that used to be in Erin at that time. There was above a ton weight in the hand-stick when Paudyeen had it dressed.

On the morning of the next day, Paudyeen caught a hold of his stick, left his blessing with his mother, and went away in search of service. He was traveling till he came to the castle of the King of Leinster. The king asked him what he was looking for. "Looking for work, if you please," says Paudyeen.

"Have you e'er a trade?" says the king.

"No," says Paudyeen, "but I can do any work in life that ever man did."

"I'll make a bargain with you," says the king; "if you can do everything that I'll order you to do during six months, I'll give you your own weight in gold, and my daughter as your married wife; but if you are not able to do each thing you shall lose your head."

"I'm satisfied with that bargain," says Paudyeen.

"Go into the barn, and be threshing oats for the cows till your breakfast is ready."

Paudyeen went in and got the flail, and the flail^{een} was

do bí ann ran r'goból buailte aige. Ann rin éuaíó ré amac ann ran n'gairda agus t'oruis a's bualaó na r'áca coirce agus c'ruic-neaceta, sup éuir ré c'iteanna spáin ar feaó na tíre. Táinig an n'is amac agus t'ubairt, "Coir's do lámh, a'v'eim, no r'gmoir'faió tu mé. Téio agus beir cúpla buiceo uirge eum na fearb-fóganra ar an loé úo r'íor, agus béio an leite fuar so leór nuair t'ucfar tu ar air." O'feuc páitín t'airt, agus éonnairt ré dá báirille móir folam, le coir balla. Fuair ré g'reim o'ria, ceann aca ann gac lámh, éuaíó eum an loéa, agus t'us iao líonta so cúl o'p'air an éairleáin. Bí ionganra ar an n'is nuair éonnairt ré páitín a's teacé, agus t'ubairt ré leir: "Céio arteaé, tá an leite méio dúit." Éuaíó páitín arteaé, agus éuaíó an n'is eum Dail glic do bí aige, agus o'innir ré do an mar'gao do minne ré le páitín, agus o'f'iairuis ré óé, c'reuo do buó éóir do t'ubairt le veunam do páitín. "Abair leir dul r'íor agus an loé do t'aoimao, agus é do beir veunta aige, real má t'céio an g'rian faoi, an t'raethóna ro."

Gáir an n'is ar páitín agus t'ubairt leir: "Taoim an loé rin r'íor agus bíó ré veunta a'gao real má t'céio an g'rian faoi an t'raethóna ro." "Mair go léor," ar páitín, "acé cia an áit a éuir'fear mé an t-uirge?" "Cuir ann ran n'gleann móir atá i n'gar do'n loé é," ar ran n'is. Ní raib itoir an g'leann agus an loé acé r'gona, agus bí'ead na daoine a's veunam bó'air-coirce óé. Fuair páitín buiceo, picóio agus láiré, agus éuaíó eum an loéa. Bí bun an g'leanna co'iom le bun an loéa. Éuaíó páitín arteaé 'ran n'gleann agus minne poll arteaé so bun an loéa. Ann rin éuir ré a beir ar an b'poll, t'airraing anáí f'ada, agus níor f'ás ré b'raon uirge, iarf, ná báo, ann ran loé, ná t'airraing ré amac leir an anáí rin, agus náí éuir ré arteaé 'ra' n'gleann. Ann rin dúin ré fuar an poll.

Nuair o'feuc an n'is r'íor, éonnairt ré an loé éom tírm le boir do lámhe, agus níor b'ead so t'áinig páitín éirge agus t'ubairt: "Tá an obair rin c'rócnuighe, cao veunfar mé dúit anoir?" "Ní'l don puo eile le veunam a'gao anoir, acé béio neart a'gao le veunam amárac." An o'í'ce rin, éuir an n'is r'íor ar ar n'Dail glic, agus o'innir do an éaoi ar t'aoim páitín an loé, agus nac raib r'íor aige c'reuo do b'ar'fao ré do le veunam. "Tá r'íor a'gam-ra an n'ó nac mbéio ré ionánn a veunam, ar mairim amárac, t'abair r'gribinn do eum do b'ar'f'ácar i n'gailim, abair leir dá f'icío tonna c'ruic-neaceta do t'abairt é'gao, agus a beir ar air ann ró faoi éeann ceirpe uair ar f'icío. T'abair an t'rean-láir agus a éairt do, agus t'is leat beir éimne nac t'uc'faió ré ar air." Ar mairim, lá ar na m'árac. Gáir an n'is

only like a *traneen* in Paudyeen's hand, and he said to himself, "My hand-stick is better than that contrivance." He began threshing with the hand-stick, and it was not long till he had all that was in the barn threshed. Then he went out into the garden and began threshing the stacks of oats and wheat, so that he sent showers of grain throughout the country.

The king came out and said, "Hold your hand, or you'll destroy me. Go and bring a couple of buckets of water to the servants out of that loch down there, and the stirabout will be sufficiently cool when you come back."

Paudyeen looked round, and he saw two great empty barrels beside the wall. He caught hold of them, one in each hand, went to the lake, and brought them filled to the back of the castle door. There was wonder on the king when he saw Paudyeen arriving, and he said to him, "Go in, the stirabout's ready for you."

Paudyeen went in, but the king went to a Dall Glic, or cunning blind man that he had, and told him the bargain that he made with Paudyeen, and asked him what he ought to give Paudyeen to do.

"Tell him to go down and teem [bail out] that lake, and him to have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

The king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Teem that lake down there, and let you have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

"Very well," says Paudyeen, "but where shall I put the water."

"Put it into the great glen that is near the lake," says the king.

There was nothing but a scunce [ditch-bank] between the glen and the lake, and the people used to make a foot-road of it.

Paudyeen got a bucket, a pickaxe, and a loy [narrow spade], and he went to the lake. The bottom of the glen was even with the bottom of the lake. Paudyeen went into the glen and made a hole in the bottom of the lake. Then he put his mouth to the hole, drew a long breath, and never left boat, fish, or drop of water in the lake that he did not draw out through his body, and cast into the glen. Then he closed up the hole.

When the king looked down he saw the lake as dry as the palm of your hand, and it was not long till Paudyeen came to him and said, "That work is finished, what shall I do now?"

"You have nothing else to do to-day, but you shall have plenty to do to-morrow."

Páirín, agus éus an r'ghibinn dó, agus dubhairt leir, "Fás an láir agus an éairt agus céir go Sallim. Tabair an r'ghibinn reo dom' dearbhrátair, agus abair leir dá f'icir conna c'ruit-neacá do tabairt tuir, agus bí ar air ann ro faoi éeann ceirre uair ar f'icir."

Fuair Páirín an láir agus an éairt, agus éairt ar an mbótar. Ní raib an láir ionánn níor mó ná ceirre míle ran uair do f'ubal. Éeangail Páirín an láir ar an gcairt, éir ar a gualam é, agus ar go b'pát leir, tar enocairt agus gleannairt, go n'oeacáir pé go Sallim. Éus pé an l'icir do dearbhrátair an r'is, fuair an c'ruit-neacá agus éir ar an gcairt é. Nuair éir pé an láir faoi an gcairt, rinnead dá leir d'á r'paim. Éir Páirín an c'ruit-neacá ann ran r'gioból. Nuair éairt munntir an éairleáin 'na gcoila, éairt Páirín éum an éum, agus níor fás pé plaíra ar an loingear náir éus pé leir. Ann rin r'ómair pé faoi an r'gioból, éeangail na plaíra dá timéirle air, agus ar go b'pát leir, agus an r'gioból agus gac a raib ann ar a r'paim. Éairt pé tar enocairt agus gleannairt, agus níor r'cop gur fás pé an r'gioból i látair éairleáin an r'is. Bí lácam, ceirce, agus g'icir-eacá ann ran r'gioból. Ar maíon go moé, d'feuc an r'is amac ar a r'paim agus c'ruit d'f'icir-eacá pé acé r'gioból a dearbhrátair.

"M' anam ó'n diabal," ar ran r'is "pé rin an fear ir iongancáige 'ran domán." Táinir pé anuar agus fuair Páirín le na maíon ann a láim, 'na fearaí le coir an r'gioból.

"An r'cus tu an c'ruit-neacá éusam?" ar ran r'is.

"Éusar," ar Páirín, "acé tá an r'ean-láir maíon." Ann rin d'innir pé do'n r'is gac ní d'á n'oeamairt pé ó d'íméir pé go r'cáinir pé ar air.

Ní raib f'ior as an r'is c'ruit do deunpát pé, agus d'íméir pé éum an Uall Síle, agus dubhairt leir, "mur (muna) n-innir-eann tu dam ní d'nac mbéir an fear rin ionnán a deunam, bainir mé an ceann níot."

Smuain an Uall Síle tamall agus dubhairt, "abair leir go r'pail do dearbhrátair i n-irpionn, agus go mbur máit leac amáir do beir asat air, agus abair leir é do tabairt éusat, go mbéir amáir asat air; nuair a g'obar r'at in n-irpionn é, ní leirir r'at dó r'eacé ar air."

Sáir an r'is Páirín agus dubhairt leir, "tá dearbhrátair dam i n-irpionn agus tabair éusam é, go mbéir amáir asat air." "Cia an éair d'icir-eacá mé do dearbhrátair ó na r'oimí eile atá 'ran áit rin?" ar Páirín.

That night the king sent for the Dall Glic, and told him the way that Paudyeen teemed out the lake, and [said] that he did not know what to give him to do.

"I know the thing that he won't be able to do. To-morrow morning give him a writing to your brother in Galway, and tell him to bring you forty tons of wheat, and to be back here in twenty-four hours. Give him the old mare and the cart, and you may be sure he won't come back."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen and gave him the writing and said to him, "Get the mare and the cart, and go to Galway. Give the writing to my brother, and tell him to give you twenty tons of wheat, and be back here in twenty-four hours."

Paudyeen got the mare and the cart, and went on the road. The mare was not able to travel more than four miles in the hour. Paudyeen tied the mare to the cart, put it on his shoulder, and off and away with him over hills and hollows, till he came to Galway. He gave the letter to the king's brother, got the wheat, and put it on the cart. When he put the mare under the cart, there were two halves made of its back [the load was so heavy]. Then Paudyeen put the wheat back into the barn. When the people of the castle went to sleep, Paudyeen went to the harbor, and he never left a chain on the shipping that he did not take with him. Then he dug under the barn [slipped the chains under] and tied them round it, and off and away with him, and the barn with all that was in it on his back. He went over hills and glens, and never stopped till he left the barn in front of the king's castle. There were ducks, hens, and geese in the barn. Early in the morning the king looked out of his room, and what should he see but his brother's barn.

"My soul from the devil," said the king, "but that's the most wonderful man in the world." He came down and found Paudyeen with his stick in his hand standing beside the barn.

"Did you bring me the wheat?" says the king.

"I brought it," says Paudyeen, "but the old mare is dead." Then he told the king everything he had done from the time he went away till he came back.

The king did not know what he should do, and he went to the Dall Glic, and said to him, "Unless you tell me a thing which that man will not be able to do, I will strike the head off you."

The Dall Glic thought for a while and said, "Tell him that your brother is in hell, and that you would like to have a sight of him; and to bring him to you, until you have a

“Tá fiacail fada i gcearc-lár a éarbaio uachtaraigh,” ar ran nís.

Cuir páitín rnuagairle ar a máide, buail an bótar, agus níor bfuad go dtáinig ré go seata ipinn. Buail ré buille ar an ngeata do cuir arteac amearg na ntiabal é, agus fiúbail ré féin arteac 'na diais. Nuair éonnairc Deiribúb é ag teac, táinig faicéior air, agus o'riarruis ré dé creud do bí a' teartál uair :

“Dearbátair nís laigean acá a' teartál uaim,” ar páitín.

“Píoc amac é,” ar Deiribúb.

O'feuc páitín earc, acé fuair ré níor mó ná dá fícto fear a raib fiacail fada i gcearc-lár a gcarbaio uachtaraigh aca.

“Ar faicéior nac mbeirdeac an fear cearc agam,” ar páitín, “tiománfaid mé an tiomlán aca liom, agus eis leir an nís a dearbátair píocac arca.”

Tiomán ré dá fícto aca amac noime, agus níor rtop go dtáinig ré i látair éarpleáin an nís. Ann rin gáir ré ar an nís agus tubairc leir, “píoc amac do dearbátair ar na fir (feapair) reó.”

Nuair o'feuc an nís agus éonnairc ré na tiabail le h-adaracab orra, bí faicéior air, rgreac ré ar páitín agus tubairc, “tabair ar air iad.”

Toruis páitín 'gá mbualac le na máide, gur cuir ré ar air go h-ipinnonn iad.

Cuair an nís cum an Dail glic, agus o'innir do an nio do pinne páitín, agus tubairc leir, “ní eis leac innirint dam don nio nac bfuil ré ionánn a deunáin, agus cailleir tu do éann ar maoin amárac.”

“Tabair iarraio eile dam,” ar ran Dail glic, “agus ní beir an Connacac a bfuad beó. Ar maoin amárac, abair leir, an tobair acá i látair an éarpleáin do taotmar ; bíor fir réir agac, agus nuair a gceobair tu fíor ann ran tobair é, abair leir na fir (feapair), an éloc mullinn acá le coir an balla do éaracáin fíor 'na mullac, agus marbócair rin é.”

Ar maoin, lá ar na márac, gair an nís páitín agus tubairc leir : “téir agus taotm an tobair rin tá i látair an éarpleáin, agus nuair a beirdear ré deunta agac, beupair mé hac nuad buic, ip fuarac an cáibín é rin acá orc.”

Bí na fir réir ag an nís le páitín boec do marbad, dá bfeupac ríac é.

Cuair páitín go bfuac an tobair, luir fíor air a beul paio;

look at him. But when they got him in hell, they won't let him come back."

The king called Paudyeen and said to him, "I have a brother in hell, and bring him to me until I have a look at him."

"How shall I know your brother from the other people that are in that place?" said Paudyeen.

"He had a long tooth in the very middle of his upper gum," says the king.

Paudyeen spat on his stick, struck the road, and it was not long till he came to the gate of hell. He struck a blow upon the gate which drove it in amongst the devils, and he himself walked in after it. When Belzibub saw him coming there came a fear on him, and he asked him what he was wanting.

"A brother of the King of Leinster is what I am wanting," says he.

"Well, pick him out," says Belzibub.

Paudyeen looked round him, but he found more than forty men who had a long tooth in the very middle of their upper gums.

"For fear I shouldn't have the right man," said Paudyeen, "I'll drive the whole lot of them with me, and the king can pick his brother out from among them."

He drove forty of them out before him, and never stopped till he came to the king's castle. Then he called the king and said to him, "Pick out your brother from these men."

When the king looked and saw the devils with horns on them, there was fear on him. He screamed to Paudyeen, and said, "Bring them back."

Paudyeen began beating them with his stick, till he sent them back to hell.

The king went to the Dall Glic and told him the thing Paudyeen did, and said to him, "You cannot tell me anything that he is not able to do, and you shall lose your head to-morrow morning."

"Give me another trial," says the Dall Glic, "and the Connachtman won't be long alive. Tell him to-morrow morning to teem the well that is before the castle. Let you have men ready, and when you get him down in the well, tell the men to throw down the millstone that is beside the wall on top of him, and that will kill him."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Go and teem that well in front of the castle, and as soon as you have that done I'll give you a new hat; that's a miserable old canbeen that's on you."

asur toruis as tairmuis an uirge ardeac ann a beul, asur dá rghrtao amac uair arír so raib an tobair ionnann asur tirm aise. Bí poinn beas i mbun an tobair naé raib taoómta, asur éuair páorais ríor le na tirmuigad. Éáimis na fíir leir an gclóic mhóir mhuilinn asur éaitesodar ríor ar mullaé pároin é. Bí an poll do bí i lár na cloíce so díreac éom móir le ceann pároin, asur fáoil ré sur b' é an hata nuad do éait an ríis ríor éuise, asur glaoó ré ruar: "táim buirdeac díot, a máigirteir, ar pon an hata nuad." Ann rin éáimis ré ruar leir an gclóic mhuilinn ar a éeann. Bí bróo móir aise ar an hata nuad. Bí iongantar ar a ríis asur ar h-uile dúine eile, nuair éonnairc ríao pároin leir an gclóic mhuilinn ar a éeann.

Bí ríor as an ríis naé raib don máit dó don níó eile do tabairt do pároin le deunam, asur duhairt ré leir, "ir tu an fearb-fósanca ir fearr do bí asam ariam; ní'l don níó eile asam duit le deunam, asur tar lom-ra, so deusair mé do éuairtal duit. Ní'l m' ingean fearn so leóir le pórad, aét nuair a béirdear rí bliadain asur ríde d'aoir, tís leat i do beir asao."

"Ní'l d'ingean a' teartal uaim," ar pároin.

Tús an ríis é cum an éirte, an áit a raib so leóir óir, asur duhairt leir: "bain díot do hata nuad, asur téir ardeac 'ra' rghála."

"So deimín, ní bainfir mé mo hata díom, bponn cura orm é," ar pároin, "beirdeac ré éom máit duit mo búrte do bainc díom."

Ní raib an oirdeac óir asur a meadóóac hata pároin, aét íocruis an ríis leir as tabairt dó dá mála óir. Éuir pároin ceann aca fáoi gac ardeall, fuair greim air a máirte, an hata nuad ar a éeann, asur ar so bráé leir, tar enocair asur gleannairb, so deáimis ré a-baile.

Nuair éonnairc daoine an baile pároin as teac leir an gclóic mhuilinn ar a éeann, bí iongantar móir orm; aét nuair éonnairc an mátaire an dá mála óir, buó beas náir éuit rí marb le lúé-gáire. Toruis pároin, asur éuir ré teac breá as bun dó féin, asur d'á mátaire. Rinne ré ceirte leir (leatanna) de 'n hata nuad, asur pinne cloca éúinne díob do 'n teac. Congbuis ré a mátaire mar mnaoi uairil so bfuair rí bár le fearn-aoir, asur éait ré féin beata máit i ngráó Dé asur na g-cómanran.

The king had the men ready to kill poor Paudyeen if they were able.

Paudyeen came to the brink of the well, and lay down with his mouth under, and began drawing the water into his mouth and spouting it out behind him until he had the well all as one as dry. There was a little quantity of water on the bottom of the well that was not teemed, and Paudyeen went down to dry it. The men came then with the great millstone, and threw it down on the top of Paudyeen. The hole that was in the middle of the stone was just as big as Paudyeen's head, and he thought it was the new hat the king had thrown down to him, and called up and said, "I'm thankful to you, master, for the new hat." Then he came up with the millstone on his head. He had great pride out of the new hat. There was wonder on the king and on every one else when they saw the millstone on his head.

The king knew that it was no use for him to give Paudyeen anything else to do, so he said to him, "You're the best servant that ever I had. I've nothing else for you to do, but come with me till I give you your wages. My daughter is not old enough to marry, but when she is one and twenty years of age you can have her."

"I do not want your daughter," said Paudyeen.

The king brought him then to the treasury, where there was plenty of gold, and said, "Take off your new hat and get into the scales."

"Indeed I won't take off my new hat; you gave it to me," said Paudyeen; "you might as well take off my breeches."

There was not as much gold as would weigh Paudyeen's hat, but the king settled with him by giving him two bags of gold. Paudyeen put one of them under each oxter [arm-pit], got hold of his stick—his new hat on his head—and off and away with him over hills and hollows till he came home.

When the people of the village saw Paudyeen coming with the millstone on his head, there was great wonder on them; but when the mother saw the two bags of gold, it was little but she fell dead with joy.

Paudyeen began working, and set up a fine house for himself and his mother. He made four parts of the new hat, and made corner-stones of them for the house. He kept his mother like a lady, until she died of old age; and he spent a good life himself, in the love of God and of the neighbors.

mála néirín:

Dá mbéirínn-pe aip mála néirín
 'S mo ceuto-ghrád le mo taidib;
 Ir lághad éiríodlanna aip i n-éiríodl
 Mar an t-éirín aip an t-éiríodl.
 'Sé do b'éirín binn b'iaidíad
 Do meudaid aip mo b'ian,
 Aip corlad éirín ní feudaim;
 So n-éiríodl, f'iaidíad!

Dá mbéirínn-pe aip na cuantaid
 Mar b'iaidíad d'iaidíad, f'iaidíad f'iaidíad;
 Mo éiríodl uile f'iaidíad b'iaidíad
 Aip f'iaidíad o'iaidíad f'iaidíad.
 F'iaidíad f'iaidíad na f'iaidíad
 F'iaidíad b'iaidíad a' f'iaidíad f'iaidíad f'iaidíad,
 'S f'iaidíad b'iaidíad mo éiríodl f'iaidíad f'iaidíad f'iaidíad;
 Aip f'iaidíad mo éiríodl f'iaidíad f'iaidíad f'iaidíad.

Na éiríodl do na n-éiríodl
 A éiríodl f'iaidíad f'iaidíad,
 'S a éiríodl f'iaidíad i n-éiríodl
 Aip aip éiríodl f'iaidíad f'iaidíad;
 Ní mar f'iaidíad f'iaidíad f'iaidíad
 A' f'iaidíad mo éiríodl f'iaidíad f'iaidíad,
 Ir f'iaidíad ó na éiríodl f'iaidíad f'iaidíad
 Éiríodl f'iaidíad f'iaidíad.

Cao é do b'iaidíad f'iaidíad aip na f'iaidíad
 F'iaidíad f'iaidíad f'iaidíad aip an f'iaidíad,
 Na aip an f'iaidíad f'iaidíad f'iaidíad f'iaidíad
 Le n-éiríodl an éiríodl f'iaidíad?
 Mar f'iaidíad f'iaidíad an f'iaidíad f'iaidíad
 A f'iaidíad an-f'iaidíad do 'n f'iaidíad
 Mar éiríodl aip mála f'iaidíad
 Do éiríodl f'iaidíad f'iaidíad.

THE BROW OF NEFIN.

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

[“ Love Songs of Connacht.”]

Did I stand on the bald top of Néfin
 And my hundred-times loved one with me,
 We should nestle together as safe in
 Its shade as the birds on a tree.
 From your lips such a music is shaken,
 When you speak it awakens my pain,
 And my eyelids by sleep are forsaken,
 And I seek for my slumber in vain.

But were I on the fields of the ocean
 I should sport on its infinite room,
 I should plow through the billows' commotion
 Though my friends should look dark at my doom.
 For the flower of all maidens of magic
 Is beside me where'er I may be,
 And my heart like a coal is extinguished,
 Not a woman takes pity on me.

How well for the birds in all weather,
 They rise up on high in the air,
 And then sleep upon one bough together
 Without sorrow or trouble or care ;
 But so it is not in this world
 For myself and my thousand-times fair,
 For, away, far apart from each other,
 Each day rises barren and bare.

Say, what dost thou think of the heavens
 When the heat overmasters the day,
 Or what when the steam of the tide
 Rises up in the face of the bay ?
 Even so is the man who has given
 An inordinate love-gift away,
 Like a tree on a mountain all riven
 Without blossom or leaflet or spray.

AN LACHA DHEARG.

Sgríobh mé an sgeul so, focal ar fhocal, o bheul sean-mhná de mhuinntir Bhriain ag Cill-Aodáin, anaice le Coillte-mach i gcondaé Mhuigh-Eó.

AN CPASOIBHÍN

Bhí rígh i n-Eirinn, fad ó shoin, agus bhí dá 'r 'éag mac aige. Agus ghabh sé amach lá ag siúbhal anaice le loch, agus chonnaire sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe. Bhí sí [ag] bualadh an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi, agus ag congbbháil aoin cheann déag léithe féin.

Agus tháinig an rígh a-bhaile chuig a bhean féin, agus dubhairt sé léithe go bhfacaidh sé iongnadh mór andhiú, go bhfacaidh sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe, agus go raibh sí ag díbirt an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi. Agus dubhairt an bhean leis, “ní de thíir ná de thalamh thú, nach bhfuil fhios agad gur gheall sí ceann do'n *Deachmhaidh* agus go raibh sí chomh cineálta agus go dtug sí amach an dá cheann déag.”

“Ní de thíir ná de thalamh thú,” ar seisean, “tá dhá cheann déag de mhacaibh agam-sa, agus caithfidh ceann dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*.”

“Ní h-ionnann na daoine agus éanacha na genoc le chéile,” [ar sise].

Ghabh sé síos ann sin chuig an Sean-Dall Glic, agus dubhairt an Sean-Dall Glic nach ionnann daoine agus éanacha na genoc le chéile. Dubhairt an rígh go gcaithfidh ceann aca dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, “agus cad é an ceann,” ar seisean, “bhéarfas mé chuig an *Deachmhaidh* ?”

“Tá do dhá-déag cloinne ag dul chum sgoile, agus abair leo lámh thabhairt i lámh a-chéile, dul chum sgoile, agus an chéad fhear aca bhéidheas 'san mbaile agad go dtiúbhraidh tú dinéar maith dhó, agus cuir an fear deiridh chum bealaigh ann sin.”

Rinne sé sin. An t-oidhre do bhí ar deireadh, agus níor fhéad sé an t-oidhre chur chum bealaigh.

Chuir sé amach ag tiomáint ann sin iad, seisean ar gach taoibh agus an taobh do bhí ag gnóthughadh, bhí sé ag tarraing fear [fir] uaithi, agus dá thabhairt do'n taoibh do bhí ag cailleadh. Faoi dheireadh bhain aon fhear amháin an liathróid de'n aon fhear déag. Dubhairt an t-athair leis, ann sin, “a mhic,” ar seisean, “caithfidh tú dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*.”

“Ní rachaidh mise chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, a athair,” ar seisean

THE RED DUCK.

[Written down in Irish by Douglas Hyde at the dictation of an old woman in County Mayo, and translated from the French of G. Dottin by Charles Welsh.]

ONCE upon a time in Ireland, and a long time ago at that, there was a king who had twelve sons. He went one day to walk by the borders of a lake, and there he saw a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven of them she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

The King went home and told his wife that he had seen a very wonderful thing that day; that he had seen a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

His wife said, "You're neither of people or land. Do you know that she has promised one of her brood to the Deachmhaidh, and that the duck is of such a fine breed that she has hatched out twelve."

"*You're* neither of people or land," he replied. "I have twelve sons, and one of them must certainly go to the Deachmhaidh."

His wife answered him, "People and birds of the hillside are not the same thing."

Then he went to find the old blind diviner, and the old blind diviner told him that the people and the birds of the hillside were not the same.

The King told the old blind diviner that one out of his children must go to the Deachmhaidh. "And what I want to know," said he, "is which one shall I send to the Deachmhaidh."

"Your children are now going to school. Tell them to walk hand-in-hand as they go to school, and that you will give to him who shall be first in the house again a good dinner; and it will be the last one that you will be sending away."

He did so, but it was his son and heir who was the last one, and he couldn't think of sending his son and heir away. He then sent them to play a hurling match—six on one side and six on the other—and from the side which won he took one away and gave it to the side which lost. At last, a single one swept away the ball from the eleven others. Then he said to that one, "My son, it is you that will be going to the Deachmhaidh."

“tabhair dham costas, agus rachaidh mé ag féachain m’ fhortúin.”

D’imthigh sé ar maidin, agus bhí sé ag siúbhal go dtáinig an oidhche, agus casadh asteach i dteach beag é nach raibh ann acht sean-fhear, agus chuir sé failte roimh Réalandar mac rígh Eireann. “Ní’l mall ort” [ar seisean leis an mac rígh] “do shaidhbhreasa do dheunamh amárach má tá aon mhaith ionnat id’ fowl-éiridh, [seilgire]. Ta inghean rígh an Domhain-Shoir ag tigheacht chuig an loch beag sin shíos, amárach, agus níor tháinig sí le seacht mbliadhnaibh roimhe; agus béidh da cheann déag de mhnáibh-coimhdeacht léithe. Teirigh i bhfolach ann san tseisg go gcaithfidh siad a dá cheann déag de cochail diobh. Leagfaidh sise a cochall féin leith-thaobh, mar tá [an oiread sin] d’ onóir innti, agus nuair gheobhas tusa amuigh ann san tsámh iad, éirigh agus beir ar an gcochall. Fillfidh sise, asteach ar ais, agus déarfaidh sí, “a mhic rígh Eireann tabhair dham mo chochall.” Agus déarfaidh tusa nach dtiubhraídh [tú]. Agus déarfaidh sise leat, “muna dtugann tú ded’ dheóin go dtiubhraídh tú ded’ aimhdheóin é.” Abair léithe nach dtiubhraídh tú ded’ dheóin, na de d’ aimhdheóin dí é [muna ngeallann sí do phósadh]. Déarfaidh sí, ann sin, nach bhfuil sin le fágáil agad mur [=muna] n-aithnigheann tú í arís. Geóbhaidh siad amach uait ann san tsámh arís, agus déanfadh siad trí easconna déag díobh féin. Béidh sise ’na rubailín [ear, bailín] suarach ar uachtar: ní thig léithe bheith ar deireadh-mar tá onóir innti, agus béidh sí ag caint leat. Aithneóchaidh tú air sin í, agus abair go dtógfaidh tú í féin i gcómhnuidhe, an ceann a bhéidheas ag caint leat. Déarfaidh sise ann sin, “Caillte an sgeul, an fear thug a athair do’n Deachmhaidh aréir, geallmhain pósta ag inghin Rígh an Domhain-Shoir andhiú air’!”

[Dubhairt an mac rígh leis an sean-fhear go ndéanfaidh sé gach rud mar dubhairt sé leis. Chuaidh sé amach ar maidin chuig an loch agus thárla h-uile shórt go díreach mar dubhairt an sean-fhear.

Nuair bhí an bhean gnóthaighthe aige] d’imthigh an dá-r’eug cailín a-bhaile. Tharraing sise amach slaitín draoidheachta, agus bhuaíl sí ar dhá bhuachallán buidhe í, agus rinne sí dá chapall marcúigheachta dhíobh.

Bhí siad ag siúbhal ann sin, go dtáinig an oidhche, agus bhí sí ag teach *oncaíl* dí, ar dtuim na h-oidhche. Agus dubhairt sí le mac rígh Eireann eochair rúma na séad d’ iarraidh ar an *oncal*, agus go bhfuighfeadh sé í féin astigh ann san rúma roimhe. [Ní raibh fhios ag an *oncal*, go raibh sise ann, chor ar bith, agus shaoil sé gur ag iarraidh a inghine féin tháinig mac rígh Eireann chuige.]

"I will not be going to the Deachmhaidh," said he. "Give me some money and I will go and make my fortune." He started off the next morning, and walked until it was night, and came to a little house where there was nobody but an old man, who welcomed Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland.

"It will be no delay of you," said he, to the son of the King, "to make your fortune to-morrow morning, if you are any good as a hunter of birds. The daughter of the King of the Eastern World is coming to the little lake you see down there to-morrow morning. She will have twelve women attendants with her. Hide yourself in the rushes until they throw down their twelve hoods and cloaks. The daughter of the King will throw her hood and cloak in a separate place from the rest; and when you see them go in to swim, jump up and take her hood and cloak. The Princess will come to the edge of the lake, and she will say, "Son of the King of Ireland, give me my hood and cloak." And you will tell her then that you will not; and she will say to you, "If you don't give it to me with a good will, you will give it to me with a bad will." Tell her that you will neither give it to her with a good will or a bad will, unless she will promise to marry you. She will then say, that you shall not have her, unless you can recognise her again.

Then she and her attendants will swim away, and they will be changed into thirteen eels. She will be the smallest and the meanest one, but she will lead, because she is a person of honor, and could not follow her train, and she will speak to you. You will recognize her again by this, and you will say that you will marry the eel who has spoken to you. Then she will say, "Oh, unhappy story, he whose father sent him to the Deachmhaidh last night, has to-day received a promise of marriage from the daughter of the King of the Eastern World."

The King's son told the wise old man that he would do all that he told him to do. The next morning he went to the lake, and everything happened as the wise old man had said.

When he had gained the daughter of the King of the Eastern World, the twelve attendants started for home. The Princess drew a magic wand and struck two tufts of yellow ragwort with it, and they were at once turned into two saddle-horses. They travelled on until night was coming, and when night came, they found themselves at the home of an uncle of hers. She told the son of the King of Ireland to ask her uncle for the key of the treasure chamber, and that he would find her in that chamber. The uncle did not know that

Fuair sé an eochair ó'n oncal, agus chuaidh sé asteach, agus fuair sé mar bean bhreágh astigh ann san rúma í. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir. D'iarr sí air, a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd. Rinne sé sin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann go maidin. Nuair tharraing sí amach an biorán ar maidin, dhúisigh sé, agus dubhairt sí leis go raibh fathach mór le marbhadh aige ar son inghine a h-oncail.

Ghabh sé amach chum na coille [ag iarraidh an fhathaigh]. "Fu! fad, féasog!" ar san fathach, "mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhréagaigh bhradaigh."

"Nár ba soirmid (?) bidh ná digh ort, a fhathaigh bhróich!"

"Cad é [is] fearr leat-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga no gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?"

"Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, 'n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spága mío-stuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar."

Rug an dias gaisgidheach ar a chéile, agus dá dtéidhfíde ag amharc ar ghaisge ar bith ná ar chruadh-chómhrac, is orra rachá d'amharc. Dhéanfaid siad cruadhán de 'n bhogán agus bogán den chruadhán, agus tharróingadh siad toibreacha fíor-uisge tre lár na gcloch glas. [Bhí siad ag troid mar sin] gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chaointe ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do'n fhathach do chuir go dtí na glúna é, agus an dara fásghadh go dtí an básta, agus an tríomhadh fásghadh go meall a bhrághaid go doimhin.

"Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!"

"Is fíor sin; seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna bhéarfais mé dhuit, acht spórail m'anam dam."

"Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh!" "Bhéarfaidh mé cloidh-eamh solais a bhfuil faobhar an ghearrtha agus faobhar an bhearrtha [air agus] treas faobhar, teine 'na chúl, agus ceol ann a mhaide."

"Cia [chaoi] bhféachaidh mé mianach do chloidhimh?"

"Sin thall sean-smotán maide [ata ann sin] le bliadhain agus seacht gcéad bliadhan."

"Ni fheicim aon smota 'san gcoill is mó chuir gráin orm 'na do shean-cheann féin." Bhuaile sé i gcómhgar a chinn a bhinn agus a mhuinéill é. Bhain sé an ceann dé, gan meisge gan mearbhal. Chaith sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é.

she was there at all, but he thought it was in search of his own daughter the son of the King of Ireland had come.

He got the key from the uncle; he went in and found her in the chamber in the form of a beautiful woman. They talked together until supper time. She asked him to rest his head on her bosom; he did so, and she trust the pin of sleep into his head, until morning.

When she took out the pin he woke up, and she told him that he had a giant to kill because of her uncle's daughter.

He went out into the woods to seek the giant. "Fud fod fësög," said the giant, "I smell the smell of a lying Irish rascal."

"May you be without the food and without the drink, you dirty giant."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, and where your heavy, ill-built hoofs shall be going to the bottom."

The two warriors then attacked each other, and if you would go to see the brave and the fierce fighting, it is there that you would go to see it. They made a hard place of a soft place and a soft place of a hard place, and they made wells of fresh water run over the gray flagstones. And so they went on fighting until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that he had no one who would keene over him if he died, nor who would lay him out or wake him.

Thereupon he gave the giant a terrible grip, and buried him into the ground up to his knees, and then another which buried him up to his waist, and then another which buried him deep up as far as the lump of the throat. "Now for a green turf over your head, giant."

"It is true. The treasures of the sons of the kings and lords I will give them to you, but spare my life."

"The treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you the sword of life, which has an edge to cut and an edge to raze, and a third edge of fire in the back, and music in the handle."

"How shall I try the temper of your sword?"

"There is an old block of wood which has been there for seven hundred years."

"I see no block in the wood which is more frightful than your head." He smote it at the point where the head joins the

“Is fíor sin,” ar san ceann, “da dtéidhinn suas ar an gcolainn arís, a raibh i n-Eirinn ní bhainfeadh siad anuas mé!”

“Is dona an ghaisgidheacht do rinne tú nuair bhí tu shuas!”

Tháinig sé abhaile [agus ceann an fhathaigh ann a láimh] agus dubhairt an t-oncal go raibh trian d’á inghin gnóthaighthe aige.

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh,” ar sé.

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin go dtí a chailín mná féin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann arís go d’éirigh an la. Bhí dólás mór air nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé ar maidin dubhairt sí leis] “ta fathach eile le marbhadh agad, sin d’obair andiú ar son inghine m’ oncail arís.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille, agus tháinig an fear mór roimhe. “Fud, fad, féasóg! mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhradaigh bhréagaigh ar fud m’ fhóidín dúthaigh!”

“Ní Eireannach bradach ná bréagach mé, acht fear le ceart agus le cóir do bhaint asad-sa.”

“Cia fearr leat, caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga na gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?”

“Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, ’n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spágá míostuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar.”

Bhí siad ag troid ann sin gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chainte ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do’n fhathach go dtí na glúna, agus an dara fásghadh go dtí an basta, agus an triomhadh fásghadh go dtí meall a bhrághaid ’san talamh.

“Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!”

“Is fíor sin, is tu an gaisgidheach is fearr d’á bhfacaidh mé riamh nó d’á bhfeicfidh mé choidheche. Agus bhéarfaidh mé seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna dhuit, acht spórúil m’anam.”

“Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh!”

“Bhéarfaidh mé each caol donn duit, bhéarfais naoi n-uaire ar an ngaoith roimpi, sul mbeiridh [sul do bheir] an ghaoth na diaigh aon uair ambáin uirri.”

Thóg sé an cloidheamh agus chaith sé an ceann dé, agus chuir sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é le neart na buille sin.

“Ochón go deó?” ar san ceann, “dá bhfághainn dul suas ar an gcolainn arís, agus a bhfuil i n-Eirinn ní bhéarfadh siad anuas mé.”

neck. He cut off his head without error or mishap; he threw it nine ridges and nine furrows away from him.

"It is true," said the head, "if I could only join my body again, all that is in Ireland could never cut it off."

"It is a wretched business the feat you did perform when you were there." He went to the house with the head of the giant in his hand, and the uncle told him he had gained the third part of his daughter.

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went into the house and sat by the young girl, who again put the pin of sleep into his head until the dawn of day. He had great sorrow because he was not allowed to speak to her until the morning. When he woke up in the morning, she said to him, "You have another giant to kill; that is your task again for the daughter of my uncle."

He went to the wood to seek the giant. "Fud fod fèsòg," said the giant, "I smell the blood of a lying Irish rascal."

"I am neither lying nor a rascally Irishman, but a man who will make you do right and justice."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, where your heavy ill-built hoofs shall be going down."

They fought until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that there was no man to weep for his loss or to lay him out when he was dead. Thereupon he caught the giant in a grip, and forced him up to his knees into the earth; a second sent him in up to his waist, and a third up to the lump of his throat.

"A green turf over your head, giant!"

"It is true that you are the best fighter than I ever saw, or ever shall see, and I will give you the treasures of the sons of kings and lords, but spare my life."

"Give me the treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you my light-brown horse, which will beat the wind in swiftness nine times before the wind can beat him once."

He lifted the sword, cut off the giant's head, and by the force of the blow sent it nine ridges and nine furrows away.

"Alas, what luck," said the head: "if only I got on my body again, all that there is in Ireland could never take me down again."

“Budh bheag an ghaisgidheacht do rinne tú, nuair bhí tú shuas uirri cheana!”

Tháinig sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal amach roimhe arís: “Ta dá dtrian de m’ inghin gnóthuighthe agad anocht.”

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh.”

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin ann san rúma, agus fuair sé a chailín mná féin roimhe, agus ní raibh bean ’san domhan budh bhreágh-dha ’ná i. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir, agus dubhairt sí leis tar éis an t-suipéir a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd, agus nuair rinne sé sin chuir sí biorán suain ann go maidin. Bhí sé trioblóideach nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé dubhairt sí leis.] “Tá fathach eile le marbhadh agad ar son inghine m’ oncail arís andiú, agus tá faightios orm go bhfuighfidh tú cruaidh é seo. Acht seó coileáinín beag madaidh dhuit, agus leig amach faoi n-a chosaibh é, agus b’ éidir go dtiubhraidh sé congnamh beag duit. Agus amharc ar an meadhon-laé de’n lá, ar do ghualainn dheis, agus geobhaidh tú mise mo cholum geal, agus bhéarfaidh mé congnamh dhuit.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille agus tháinig an fathach mór chuige. “Ní mharbhochaidh tú mise le do choinín gránna mar mharbh tú mo bheirt dhearbhráthar, a raibh fear aca cúig bliadhna agus fear aca seacht mbliadhna go leith.”

“Fuair mé garbh go leór iad sin féin,” ar sa mac righ Eireann.

Ghabh siad de na sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr casnacha a-chéile, chuirfeadh siad cith teineadh d’á geroicionn arm agus éadaigh. Nuair tháinig an meadhon-laé, d’amharc sé ar a ghualainn dheis agus chonnaire sé an colum geal. Nuair chonnaire an fathach mór an colum, rinne sé seabhac dé féin, acht rinne sise trí meirliúin dí féin, de’n choileán, agus de mhac righ Eireann, agus throid siad leis an seabhac ann san aer, agus thuirling siad ar an talamh arís. Dubhairt an fathach mór ann sin, “is tú an fear gan chéill, cad é ’n sórt act-ál atá agad, thú féin agus an dá ruidín gránna sin? Ní’l aon fhear le fághail le mise do mharbhadh acht Réalandar mac righ Eireann.”

“Mise an fear sin.”

“Má’s tú é,” ar san fathach, “tarrnóchaidh [tarrongaidh] tú an cloidheamh so.” Sháith sé a chloidheamh asteach ’san gearraig, agus dubhairt, “tarraing an cloidheamh so má ’s tú Réalandar.”

"It was a pretty small good you did when you were up there before."

He went to the house then, and the uncle came out to meet him, and said, "You have gained two-thirds of my daughter."

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went indoors then, and in the room he found his young girl before him, and there was no woman in the whole world who was more beautiful than she. They talked until supper-time, and after supper she told him to lay his head upon her breast, and when he had done so, she put the pin of sleep into his head until morning. He was vexed because he was not allowed to speak to her until morning.

When he was awake again, she said to him, "You have yet another giant to kill for the daughter of my uncle to-day, but I fear that it will be hard for you; but here is a little dog for you, let him follow at your heels, and it is possible that he may be of some use to you; and in the middle of the day look over your right shoulder; you will find me there in the form of a white dove, and I will bring you help."

He went to the wood, and the great giant came to him. "You will not kill me with your horrible little dog, as you have killed my two other brothers, one of whom was five years old and the other seven and a half."

"I found them, nevertheless, fierce enough," said the son of the King of Ireland. Then each of them plunged their gray steel knives at each other's sides, and they would send a rain of fire out of their skins, their arms and their clothes.

When the middle of the day came, he looked upon his right shoulder, and he saw the white dove. When the giant saw the dove he changed himself into a falcon; but she made three hawks, one of herself, one of the little dog, and one of the son of the King of Ireland, and they fought with the falcon in the air, until they came down to earth again.

"You are a fool," the great giant said then. "What joke are you playing me, you and those two wretched little things? The man that could kill me is not to be found, except Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland."

"I am that man!"

"If you are," said the giant, "you will pull out this sword."

He plunged his sword into a rock, and said, "Pull out the sword if you are Réalander."

Tharraing sé an cloidheamh, agus bhuaill sé an fathach mór leis, agus chaith sé an ceann dé. Bhí sé féin loite. Bhí gearradh mór faoi bhonn a chích' deas [deise]. Tharraing sí amach buidheall beag iocshláinte, agus chneasaigh sí é. Chuaidh sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal roimhe.

"Tá m'inghean gnóthuighthe agad anocht."

"Ní buidheach díot-sa atá mise a bhodaigh."

Ghabh sé asteach ann a rúma féin, agus fuair sé a bhean astigh ann roimhe.

CAOMHÉAD NA TRI MUIRE.

[From Douglas Hyde's "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

RACAMAORIO CUM AN TPLEIBE
 SO MOÉ AR MAIOIN AMÁRAE,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

"A PEADAIR NA N-ABTAL
 AN BFAICIO TU MO ŠRÁD ŠEAL?"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

"MAIREAD! A MAIŠOEAN,
 CONNAIRC MÉ AR BALL É.
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)
 AŠUR BÍ RÉ ŠABTA ŠO CPUIAD
 I LÁR A NÁMAO,"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

"BÍ LUADÁR 'NA AICE
 AŠUR MUŠ RÉ ŠPEIM LÁIM' AIR,"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

"MAIREAD A LÚADÁIR BPAOAIŠ
 CPHEUT TO ŠUNNE MO ŠRÁD OPT?"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

Literally: We shall go to the mountains early in the morning to-morrow, ochone and ochone, O! Peter of the apostles, did you see my white Love. Ochone and ochone, O!

Musha, O Mother, I did see him just now, ochone and ochone, O! And he was caught firmly in the midst of his enemies, ochone and ochone, O!

Judas was near him, and he took a hold of his hand, ochone, etc. "Musha, O vile Judas, what did my love do to you, ochone," etc.

He never did anything to child or infant, ochone, etc. And he put anger on his mother never, ochone, etc.

He pulled out the sword and smote the great giant, and cut off his head. He was wounded himself; he had a great cut above his right breast; she drew out a little bottle of balsam and cured him.

He went into the house then and the uncle said to him, "You have gained my daughter this evening."

"I am not at all grateful to you for it, you churl."

He went into his room and there found his wife before him.

THE KEENING OF THE THREE MARYS.

A Traditional Folk Ballad.

Taken down from O'Kearney, a schoolmaster near Belmullet, Co. Mayo.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

Let us go to the mountain
All early on the morrow.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Hast thou seen my bright darling,
O Peter, good apostle?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)*

"Aye! truly, O Mother,
Have I seen him lately,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Caught by his foemen,
They had bound him straitly."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Judas, as in friendship
Shook hands, to disarm him."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

O Judas! vile Judas!
My love did never harm him,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

*This is nearly in the curious wild metre of the original. "Agus," = "and," is pronounced "ogus." In another version of this piece, which I heard from my friend Michael MacRuaidhrigh, the *cur-fá* ran most curiously, *öch öch agus öch üch ün*, after the first two lines, and *öch öch, agus, öch ün ö* after the next two. Thus:—

leasao ánuar i n-uéu a mátar é
(Öc, öc, agus oc üc ün)

ṡasao a leic. a óá muipe agus caoinigíoe.
(Öc öc, agus öc ün ó.)

“ Ní dearmadaí ré ariamh
 Tada ar leanb ná páirte,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)
 Ašur níor éirí ré fearas
 Ariamh ar a mátaire,”
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

Fluair fuair na deamain amad
 Šo mbuó í féin a mátaire,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)
 Tóšadar fuar
 Ar a nšualimib šo h-áirí í,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

Ašur buaireadar ríor
 Ar élocáib ná ríáiríe í
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 Éirí rí i laige
 Ašur bí a šlúna šeáiríe
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

“ Buairíó mé féin
 Ašur ná bain le mo mátaire.”
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 “ Buairíimíó tu féin.
 A’r marbócamasíó do mátaire,”
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

Šepróiceadar an bpráig leó
 An lá rin ó n-a látaire,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 Aét do lean an máišvean
 Iad ann ran bpráic
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

“ Cía an bean í rin
 ‘Nár nriais ann ran bpráic ?’”
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 “ Šo veimín má tá bean ar b’c ann
 ‘Sí mo mátaire,”
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

They tore with them the captive, that day from her presence, ochone, etc. But the Virgin followed them, into the wilderness, ochone, etc.

What woman is that after us in the wilderness, ochone, etc. Indeed, if there is any woman in it, it is my mother, ochone, etc.

No child has he injured,
Not the babe in the cradle,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
Nor angered his mother
Since his birth in the stable.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons discovered
That she was his mother,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
They raised her on their shoulders,
The one with the other ;
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

And they cast her down fiercely
On the stones all forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
And she lay and she fainted
With her knees cut and torn.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“ For myself, ye may beat me,
But, oh, touch not my mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
“ Yourself—we shall beat you,
But we’ll slaughter your mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

They dragged him off captive,
And they left her tears flowing,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
But the Virgin pursued them,
Through the wilderness going.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“ Oh, who is yon woman ?
Through the waste comes another.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
“ If there comes any woman
It is surely my mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons found out that she herself was his mother, ochone, etc., they lifted her up upon their shoulders on high, ochone, etc.

And they smote her down upon the stones of the street, ochone, etc. She went into a faint, and her knees were cut, ochone, etc.

Beat myself, but do not touch my mother, ochone, etc. We shall beat yourself, and we shall kill your mother, ochone, etc.

"A Eóin, feuch, fásaim ort
Cúram mo máthair,
(Oé ón aghur oé ón ó.)
Congbais uaim i
Go seiríochócair mé an páir reó,"
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)

Nuair éalair an máighean
An ceileabair epáirte,
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)
Tus ri léim tar an ngáirde
Aghur léim* go crann na páire
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)

Cia h-é an fear breágh rin
Ar éirinn na páire
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)
An é nac n-aithneann tu
Do mac a máthair ?
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)

An é rin mo leab
A d'iomair mé trí páire,
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)
No an é rin an leab
Do h-oileadh i n-uacht míláire ?
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)

* * * * *

Caitheadar anuair é
Na ríolair geárrta
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)
"Sin éirí anoir é
Aghur caoinisíbh búr páir aghur,"
(Oéón, aghur oé ón ó !)

Slaoth ar na tri mhíre
Go searóirinn ar ngáirde
(Oéón, aghur oé ón ó !)
Tá do éirí mná-caointe
Le breit fós a máthair
(Oéón, aghur oé ón ó !)

Is that my child that I carried for three-quarters of a year, ochone, etc. Or is that the child that was reared in the bosom of Mary, ochone, etc.

O Owen (*i.e.*, John) see, I leave to thee the care of my mother, ochone, etc. Keep her from me until I finish this passion, ochone, etc.

When the Virgin heard the sorrowful notes, ochone, etc. She gave a leap past the guard, and the second leap to the tree of the passion, ochone, etc.

"O John, care her, keep her,
Who comes in this fashion,"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
But oh, hold her from me
Till I finish this passion."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

When the Virgin had heard him
And his sorrowful saying,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
She sprang past his keepers
To the tree of his slaying.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"What fine man hangs there
In the dust and the smother?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
"And do you not know him?
He is your son, O Mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Oh, is that the child whom
I bore in this bosom,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
Or is that the child who
Was Mary's fresh blossom?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

They cast him down from them,
A mass of limbs bleeding.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"There now he is for you,
Now go and be keening."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Go call the three Marys
Till we keene him forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
O mother, thy keeners
Are yet to be born,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Who is that fine man on the tree of the passion, ochone, etc. Is it that you do not recognise your son. O mother, ochone, etc.

They threw him down [a mass of] cut limbs, ochone, etc. There he is for you now, and keene your enough over him, ochone, etc.

Call the three Marys until we keene our bright love, ochone, etc. Thy share of woman-keeners are yet to be born, ochone, etc.

Thou shalt be with me yet in the garden of Paradise, ochone, etc. Until thou be a . . . (?) woman in the bright city of the graces, ochone, and ochone, etc.

Béir tu liom-ra
 So fóil i ngsáirtoin pánntair;
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 So raið tu do bean iomráð (?)
 I gcaðair gíl na ngsára
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

TOBAR MUIRE:

A b'ead ó foin do bí tobar beannaighe i mBaile an tobair,* i gceonadé Mhuig Eó. Bí mainirtir ann ran áit a bfuil an tobar anoir, ašur ir ar lorg altóra na mainirthe do b'ur an tobar amad. Bí an mainirtir ar tadoib énuic, aét nuair táinig Críomail ašur a éuro ršmoraðóir éum na tíre reó, leašadar an mmainirtir, ašur níor fášadar cloé or cionn cloice de'n altóir náir éait-eašar ríor.

Buadain ó'n lá do leašadar an altóir, 'ré rin lá féil Mhuire 'ran eaprad, 'reath b'ur an tobar amad ar lorg na h-altóra, ašur ir iongantad an ruo le ráð nac raið b'raon uirge ann ran rpué do bí aš bun an énuic ó'n lá do b'ur an tobar amad.

Bí b'ráðair boét aš out na rliše an lá ceunna, ašur éuair ré ar a bealad le raiðir do ráð ar lorg na h-altóra beannaighe, ašur bí iongantar mór air nuair éonndair re tobar b'eadš ann a h-áit. Éuair ré ar a glúnaib ašur toraig ré aš ráð a páirpe nuair éualair ré gúé aš ráð, "cuir díot do b'róša, tá tu ar talam beannaighe, tá tu ar b'ruad Tobair Mhuire, ašur tá léigear na mílte caoé ann. Béir duine léigeara le uirge an tobair rin anašair gac uile duine o'éirt aipponn i láðair na h-altóra do bí ann ran áit ann a bfuil an tobar anoir, má bíonn riad tumta trí h-uair ann, i n-ainm an Aðair an Mhic ašur an Spioraid Naomh."

Nuair bí a páirpeada ráirde aš an mb'ráðair o'feud ré ruar

* This is not the Roscommon Ballintubber, celebrated for the ancient castle of the O'Conors, which is called in Irish "Baile-an-tobair Uí Chonchubhair," or "O'Conor's Ballintubber," but a place near the middle of the County Mayo, celebrated for its splendid abbey, founded by one of the Mac a' Mhílidhs, a name taken by the Stauntons [Mac-a-Veely, i.e., "son of the warrior," now pronounced so that no remains of any vulgar Irish sound may cling to it, as "Mac Evilly!]. The prophecy is current in Mayo that when the abbey is re-roofed Ireland shall be free. My

Thyself shall come with me
Into Paradise garden.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
To a fair place in heaven
At the side of thy darling.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

MARY'S WELL.

A Religious Folk Tale.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

[Taken down from *Próinsias O'Conchubhair*.]

LONG ago there was a blessed well in Ballintubber (*i.e.*, town of the well),* in the County Mayo. There was once a monastery in the place where the well is now, and it was on the spot where stood the altar of the monastery that the well broke out. The monastery was on the side of a hill, but when Cromwell and his band of destroyers came to this county, they overthrew the monastery, and never left stone on top of stone in the altar that they did not throw down.

A year from the day that they threw down the altar—that was Lady Day in spring—the well broke out on the site of the altar, and it is a wonderful thing to say, but there was not one drop of water in the stream that was at the foot of the hill from the day that the well broke out.

There was a poor friar going the road the same day, and he went out of his way to say a prayer upon the site of the blessed altar, and there was great wonder on him when he saw a fine well in its place. He fell on his knees and began to say his paternoster, when he heard a voice saying: "Put off your brogues, you are upon blessed ground, you are on the brink of Mary's Well, and there is the curing of thousands of blind in it; there shall be a person cured by the water of that well for every person who heard Mass in front of the altar that was in the place where the well is now, if they be dipped three times in it, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

When the friar had his prayers said, he looked up and

friend, Colonel Maurice Moore, told me that when he was a young boy he often wondered why the people did not roof the abbey and so free Ireland without any more trouble. The tomb of the notorious Shaun-na-Sagart, the priest hunter, which is not far from it, is still pointed out by the people. It is probably he who is the "spy" in this story, though his name is not mentioned.

saw a large white dove upon a fir tree near him. It was the dove who was speaking. The friar was dressed in false clothes, because there was a price on his head, as great as on the head of a wild-dog.

At any rate he proclaimed the story to the people of the little village, and it was not long till it went out through the country. It was a poor place, and the people in it had nothing [to live in] but huts, and these filled with smoke. On that account there were a great many weak-eyed people amongst them. With the dawn, on the next day, there were about forty people at Mary's Well, and there was never man nor woman of them but came back with good sight.

The fame of Mary's Well went through the country, and it was not long till there were pilgrims from every county coming to it, and nobody went back without being cured; and at the end of a little time even people from other countries used to be coming to it.

There was an unbeliever living near Mary's Well. It was a gentleman he was, and he did not believe in the cure. He said there was nothing in it but pishtrogues (charms), and to make a mock of the people he brought a blind ass, that he had, to the well, and he dipped its head under the water. The ass got its sight, but the scoffer was brought home as blind as the sole of your shoe.

At the end of a year it so happened that there was a priest working as a gardener with the gentleman who was blind. The priest was dressed like a workman, and nobody at all knew that it was a priest who was in it. One day the gentleman was sickly, and he asked his servant to take him out into the garden. When he came to the place where the priest was working he sat down. "Isn't it a great pity," says he, "that I cannot see my fine garden?"

The gardener took compassion on him, and said, "I know where there is a man who would cure you, but there is a price on his head on account of his religion."

"I give my word that I'll do no spying on him, and I'll pay him well for his trouble," said the gentleman.

"But perhaps you would not like to go through the mode-of-curing that he has," says the gardener.

"I don't care what mode he has, if he gives me my sight," said the gentleman.

Now, the gentleman had an evil character, because he

fasaartaib poime rin; Bingham an t-ainm do bí air. Ar éad ar bí sé glac an fasaar meirneac agus dubhairt, “Bíod do cóirte réir ar maidin amárac, agus tiomáiníod mife tu go dtí áit do léigir, ní tís le cóirteoir ná le aon duine eile beir i láthair ac mife, agus ná h-innir d’aon duine ar bí cá bfuil tu ag dul, nó fíor ead é do shairte (gnó).”

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, bí cóirte Bingham réir, agus éad ré féin arceac, leir an ngairthóir d’a tiomáint. “Fan, tura, ann fan mbaile an t-am ro,” ar pé leir an g-cóirteoir, “agus tiomáiníod an gairthóir mé.” Bí an cóirteoir na bíteamnac, agus bí éad air, agus glac pé rún go mbeidac ré ag faire na cóirte, le fásail amac eia an áit faib ríad le dul. Bí a g-leur beannaighe ag an fasaar, caob-arciis de’n eudac eile. Nuair éngadair go Tobar Mhuire dubhairt an fasaar leir, “Ír fasaar mife, tá mé dul le do padair d’fásail tuic ’ran áit ar éall tu é.” Ann rin eum pé tui uaire ann ran tobar é, i n-ainm an átar an mhe agus an Spioraid Naomh, agus táinig a padair euge com mair agus bí pé amam.

“Beirfáid mé ceud púnt tuic,” ar ra Bingham, “com luac agus pacfáir mé a-baile.”

Bí an cóirteoir ag faire, agus com luac agus connair pé an fasaar ann a g-leur beannaighe, éad ré go luac an t-úige agus bpaí pé an fasaar. Do gabad agus do epocad é gan bpeiteam gan bpeiteamnar. D’feudfáid an fear do bí car éir a padair d’fásail ar air, an fasaar do fadair, ac níor labair pé focal ar a fion.

Timéioll míora na d-úig ré, táinig fasaar eile go Bingham agus é g-leurca mar gairthóir, agus d’iarr pé obair ar Bingham agus fuair uair í. Ac ní faib pé a bpaí ann a fepibir go dtárla t-epoc-pud do Bingham. Éad ré amac aon lá amáin ag riúbal t-íad na páirceannair, agus do carad eallín maireac, mgean fíir boicet, air, agus junne pé marluad uirru, agus d’fás leac-mairb í. Bí t-íur deapbácar ag an g-eallín, agus eugadair mionna go marbócad ríad é com luac agus geobair t-írim air. Ní faib a bpaí le fanamaint aca. Gabadair é ran áit ceudna ar marlaig pé an eallín, agus epocadair é ar ériann, agus d’fásadair ann rin é na epocad.

Ar maidin, an lá ar na márac, bí millíuní de míolcógair epuinighe, mar énoc móir, timéioll an ériann, agus níor feud duine ar bí dul anáice leir, mar g-eall ar an mbolad bpean do bí timéioll na h-áite, agus duine ar bí do padair anáice leir, do dailfáid na míolcoga é.

betrayed a number of priests before that. Bingham was the name that was on him. However, the priest took courage, and said, "Let your coach be ready on to-morrow morning, and I will drive you to the place of the cure; neither coachman nor anyone else may be present but myself, and do not tell to anyone at all where you are going, or give anyone a knowledge of what is your business."

On the morning of the next day Bingham's coach was ready, and he himself got into it, with the gardener driving him. "Do you remain at home this time," says he to the coachman, "and the gardener will drive me." The coachman was a villain, and there was jealousy on him. He conceived the idea of watching the coach to see what way they were to go. His blessed vestments were on the priest, inside of his other clothes. When they came to Mary's Well the priest said to him, "I am going to get back your sight for you in the place where you lost it." Then he dipped him three times in the well, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and his sight came to him as well as ever it was.

"I'll give you a hundred pounds," said Bingham, "as soon as I go home."

The coachman was watching, and as soon as he saw the priest in his blessed vestments, he went to the people of the law, and betrayed the priest. He was taken and hanged, without judge, without judgment. The man who was after getting back his sight could have saved the priest, but he did not speak a word in his behalf.

About a month after this, another priest came to Bingham, and he dressed like a gardener, and he asked work of Bingham, and got it from him; but he was not long in his service until an evil thing happened to Bingham. He went out one day walking through his fields, and there met him a good-looking girl, the daughter of a poor man, and he assaulted her, and left her half dead. The girl had three brothers, and they took an oath that they would kill him as soon as they could get hold of him. They had not long to wait. They caught him in the same place where he assaulted the girl, and hanged him on a tree, and left him there hanging.

On the morning of the next day millions of flies were gathered like a great hill round about the tree, and nobody could go near it on account of the foul smell that was round the place, and, anyone who would go near it, the midges would blind him.

Tairis bean agus mac Bingham ceo púnt o'aon tuine do b'éarfaid an corp amac. Rinne eio mair daoine iarraid ar rin do deunam, aet níor feutoadair. Fuair ríad púdar le eparaid ar na míoltógaid, agus zeuga eparann le na mbualaid, aet níor feutoadair a r'garaid, ná dul eom fada leir an zeann. Bí an bpeuntar an éiríge níor meara, agus bí eagla ar na cómarpannaid go tciubraid na míoltóga agus an corp b'reun pláig orra.

Bí an tairia pasairt 'na gáiríadóirí as Bingham 'ran am ro, aet ní raib fíor as luét an tige sup pasairt do bí ann. óir da mbeirí-eaid fíor as luét an tige no as na r'píreaidóirí, do zeobaid ríad agus do éroéfaid ríad é. Cuaid na Catoileis go bean Bingham agus túbairaidar léi go raib eólar aca ar tuine do túbíreaid na míoltóga. "Tadair eugam é," ar ríre, "agus má'r f'eoir leir na míoltóga do túbíre ní h-é an tairia rin zeobair re aet a reaid n-oiríad.

"Aet," ar ríad-ran, "d'á mbeirí' fíor as luét-an-tige agus d'á n'gáiríadóirí é, do éroéfaidóirí é, mar éroé ríad an fear do fuair ríadair a fúl ar air dó." "Aet," ar ríre, "nac b'feutoaid ré na míoltóga do túbíre gan fíor as luét-an-tige?"

"Ní'l fíor asainn," ar ríad-ran, "go n'glacparaidóirí cómarple leir."

An oiríde rin glacaidar cómarple leir an pasairt, agus t'innir ríad dó ead túbairt bean Bingham.

"Ní'l asam aet beata r'agálda le cáilleamaint," ar ran pasairt, "agus b'éarfaid mé i ar ron na n'daoine boet, óir b'eirí pláig ann ran tír muna zeuiríre mé túbíre ar na míoltógaid. Ar mairín amárad, b'eirí iarraid asam i n-dinn d'é iad do túbíre, agus d'á munnígin asam agus d'óéar i n'Dia go r'áldíreid ré mé ó mo eio námad. Téir euis an bean-uairil anoir, agus abair léi go mb'eirí mé i n'gar d'o'n éparann le h-éiríge na z'éine ar mairín amárad, agus abair léi ríir do b'eirí réir d'ici leir an zeorp do eir 'ran uaid."

Cuaid ríad eum na mná-uairle, agus t'innir ríad tó an méad túbairt an pasairt.

"Má éirígeann leir," ar ríre, "b'eirí an tairia réir asam dó, agus oirídeid mé móir-feirear fear do b'eirí i ládar."

Cáit an pasairt an oiríde rin i n-urraigíre, agus leat-uair poim éiríge na z'éine cuaid ré eum na h-áite a raib a z'eup beann-aidíge i b'píad. Cuir ré rin air, agus le eoirí ann a leat-láim agus le uirge coirreagda ann ran láim eile, cuaid ré eum na h-áite a raib na míoltóga. Tóraig ré ann rin as léigaid ar a leabair agus as eparaid uirge coirreagda ar na míoltógaid, i n-

Bingham's wife and son offered a hundred pounds to anyone who would bring out the body. A good many people made an effort to do that, but they were not able. They got dust to shake on the flies, and boughs of trees to beat them with, but they were not able to scatter them, nor to go as far as the tree. The foul smell was getting worse, and the neighbours were afraid that the flies and noisome corpse would bring a plague upon them.

The second priest was at this time a gardener with Bingham, but the people of the house did not know that it was a priest who was in it, for if the people of the law or the spies knew they would take and hang him. The Catholics went to Bingham's wife and told her that they knew a man who would banish the flies. "Bring him to me," said she, "and if he is able to banish the flies, that is not the reward he'll get, but seven times as much."

"But," said they, "if the people of the law knew, they would take him and hang him, as they hung the man who got back the sight of his eyes for him before." "But," said she, "could not he banish the flies without the knowledge of the people of the law?"

"We don't know," said they, "until we take counsel with him."

That night they took counsel with the priest and told him what Bingham's wife said.

"I have only an earthly life to lose," said the priest, "and I shall give it up for the sake of the poor people, for there will be a plague in the country unless I banish the flies. On to-morrow morning I shall make an attempt to banish them in the name of God, and I have hope and confidence in God that he will save me from my enemies. Go to the lady now, and tell her that I shall be near the tree at sunrise to-morrow morning, and tell her to have men ready to put the corpse in the grave."

They went to the lady and told her all the priest said.

"If it succeeds with him," said she, "I shall have the reward ready for him, and I shall order seven men to be present."

The priest spent that night in prayer, and half an hour before sunrise he went to the place where his blessed vestments were hidden: he put these on, and with a cross in one hand, and with holy water in the other, he went to the place where were the flies. He then began reading out of his book and

ann an áchar an mhic agus an Spioraid Naomh. D'éirigh an enoc míoltóg, agus d'éitill ríad ruar 'ran aéir, agus punneadar an rpreir éom dorcha leir an oirde. Ní raib fíor as na daoimib cía an áit a nteacadar, áit faoi éeann leat-uairé ní raib ceann díob le feiceáil (feicimint).

Bí lúctáiré mhór ar na daoimib, áit níor bfaod go bfaeodar an rpríde dóir as teacé, agus glaoth ríad ar an ragarit ríe leir éom tapa a' rí ann. Agus an ragarit do na boinn agus lean an rprídeadóir é, agus rígan ann gac láim aise. Nuair nár feut ré teacé ruar leir, éat ré an rígan 'na díais. Nuair bí an rígan as tul éar gualaim an rragairit, éuir ré a láim éiré ruar, agus gab ré an rígan, agus éat ré an rígan ar air gan féacaint taob ríar dé. Bual rí an fear, agus éuair rí ríu a éroirde, gur éuit ré marb, agus d'iméigh an ragarit raor.

Fuair na ríir corp bingam, agus éuiradar ann ran uais é, áit nuair éuadar corp an rprídeadóir do éuir, fuairadar na mílte de lúctáiré mhóra timéioil air, agus ní raib gheim feóla ar a éndáiré naé raib ite aca. Ní éorpróacó ríad de'n éorpr agus níor feut na daoine iad do ruagad, agus b'éigin dóib na éndáiré d'fágáil of éionn talman.

Éuir an ragarit a gleur beannaiséte i bpolac, agus do bí as obair 'ran ngartha nuair éuir bean bingam fíor air, agus d'íair air an uair do glacó ar ron na míoltóga do díbiré, agus i do éabairt do'n fear do díbiré iad má bí eólar aise air.

“Tá eólar asam air, agus duibairt ré liom an uair do éabairt éuiré anoét, mar tá mún aise an tír d'fágáil ríe má geroéfairé luét an olíge é.”

“Seó éuit í,” ar ríre, agus féacáir rí rporán óir do.

Ar maroin, lá ar na márac, d'iméigh an ragarit go coir na fairrge; fuair ré long do bí as tul éum na fíance, éuair ré ar boro, agus éom luac agus d'fág ré an éuan éuir ré air a eutais ragarit, agus agus buirdeacó do díra faoi n-a éabairt raor. Níl fíor asam ead éarla do 'na díais ríe.

Tar éir ríe do bídeat daoine daila agus caoča as tígeacé go Tobar Mhuir, agus níor fill don tuine aca aríam ar air gan a beir léigearca. Áit ní raib ruo maré ar bíe aríam ann ran tír reo, nár míleat le tuine éigin, agus míleat an tobar, mar ro.

scattering holy-water on the flies, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The hill of flies rose, and flew up into the air, and made the heaven as dark as night. The people did not know where they went, but at the end of half an hour there was not one of them to be seen.

There was great joy on the people, but it was not long till they saw the spy coming, and they called to the priest to run away as quick as it was in him to run. The priest gave to the butts* (took to his heels), and the spy followed him, and a knife in each hand with him. When he was not able to come up with the priest he flung the knife after him. As the knife was flying out past the priest's shoulder he put up his left hand and caught it, and without ever looking behind him he flung it back. It struck the man and went through his heart, so that he fell dead and the priest went free.

The people got the body of Bingham and buried it in the grave, but when they went to bury the body of the spy they found thousands of rats round about it, and there was not a morsel of flesh on his bones that they had not eaten. The rats would not stir from the body, and the people were not able to hunt them away, so that they had to leave the bones overground.

The priest hid away his blessed vestments and was working in the garden when Bingham's wife sent for him, and told him to take the reward that was for banishing the flies, and to give it to the man who banished them, if he knew him.

"I do know him, and he told me to bring him the reward to-night, because he has the intention of leaving the country before the law-people hang him."

"Here it is for you," said she, and she handed him a purse of gold.

On the morning of the next day the priest went to the brink of the sea, and found a ship that was going to France. He went on board, and as soon as he had left the harbor he put his priest's clothes on him, and gave thanks to God for bringing him safe. We do not know what happened to him from that out.

After that, blind and sore-eyed people used to be coming to Mary's Well, and not a person of them ever returned without being cured. But there never yet was anything good in this country that was not spoilt by somebody, and the well was spoilt in this way.

* This is the absurd way the people of Connacht translate it when talking English. "Bonn" means both "sole" (of foot) and "butt."

Bí eailín i mBaile-an-tobair, agus bí sí ar tí beir póirta, nuair éáinig sean-bean éadó éuici as iarraidh déirce i n-onóir do Uia agus do Ínniúipe.

“Ní’l don ruo asam le tabairt do sean-éadóirán eailiúge, tá mé boðaraiúgte aca,” ar fan eailín.

“Ná raib fáinne an póirta ort a-éoiréce go mbéir tu éom éadó a’r tá mife,” ar fan trean-bean.

Ar maidin, lá ar na márad, bí rúile an éailín óis ninnéac, agus ar maidin ’na uiaúg rin bí sí beas-naé uall, agus tuidairt na cómarpanna go mbuó éoirí uí uul go Tobar Ínniúipe.

Ar maidin go moé, d’éiríúg í, agus éuair sí éum an tobair, aét éiréu d’féiréacó sí ann aét an trean-bean d’iarra an déirce uirru ’na rúile as bruaé an tobair, as éiarad a éinn or éionn an tobair beannaiúgte.

“Léir-ísguor ort, a éailéac éránná, an as palacó Tobar Ínniúipe aca tu?” ar fan eailín; “múis leat no búrriú mé do múineul.”

“Ní’l don onóir ná meaf asao ar Uia ná ar Ínniúipe, d’éiríúg tu déirce do éadairt i n-onóir uóib, ar an áóbar rin ni éumfaiú tu éu féin ’fan tobair.”

Fuair an eailín éreim ar an éeailiúg, as féuáint í do íreacáilte ó’n tobair, aét leir an íreacáilte do bí eatorra do éuit an beirte aréacé ’fan tobair agus báitéacó íao.

O’n lá rin go uici an lá ro ni raib don léiréar ann fan tobair.

* * * *

There was a girl in Ballintubber and she was about to be married, when there came a half-blind old woman to her asking alms in the honor of God and Mary.

"I've nothing to give to an old blind-thing of a hag, it's bothered with them I am," said the girl.

"That the wedding ring may never go on you until you are as blind as I am," said the old woman.

Next day, in the morning, the young girl's eyes were sore, and the morning after that she was nearly blind, and the neighbours said to her that she ought to go to Mary's Well.

In the morning, early, she rose up and went to the well, but what should she see at it but the old woman who asked the alms of her, sitting on the brink, combing her head over the blessed well.

"Destruction on you, you nasty hag, is it dirtying Mary's Well you are?" said the girl; "get out of that or I'll break your neck."

"You have no honor nor regard for God or Mary, you refused to give alms in honor of them, and for that reason you shall not dip yourself in the well."

The girl caught a hold of the hag, trying to pull her from the well, and with the dragging that was between them, the two of them fell into the well and were drowned.

From that day to this there has been no cure in the well.

* * * * *

muire aḡus naoim ioseph:

llaḡ naoimḡa do bī llaom iōrep
 'lluair pōr pé Muire mḡḡair?
 llaḡ é do fuair an tabairtar
 'Do b' fearr 'nā an raḡḡal āirde [āḡam]?

Thiḡltaḡ pé do'n ōr buirde
 aḡur do'n ērōm do bī aḡ ḡāibi,
 aḡur b' fearr leir beir aḡ tpeōruḡaḡ
 aḡur aḡ mūnaḡ an eḡair do mhuire mḡḡair:

Lā amāin ḡā raib an cūpla
 aḡ riḡbal ann ran nḡāirōin,
 mearḡ na reirōirō cūbarḡa,
 blāḡ ūbia, aḡur āirōirde.

Do cuir Muire ḡūil ionnta
 aḡur tnuḡ rī leḡ, i lḡair,
 O ḡolāḡ bpeḡḡ na n-ūball
 bhī ḡo cūbarḡa deap ḡ'n āirō-ruḡḡ

Ann rin do labair an mhuirḡeān
 'De'n cōmḡāḡ bī rann,
 "ḡain ḡam na reḡirō rin
 Tā aḡ fār ar an ḡrann:

* Now ill-called "Caldwell" in English.

† *Literally*: Is it not holy that St. Joseph was when he married Mary Mother; is it not that he got the gift that was better than Adam's world? He refused the yellow gold and the crown that David had had, and he preferred to be guiding and showing the way to Mary Mother. One day that the couple were walking in the garden among the fragrant cherries, apple-blossoms and sloes, Mary conceived a desire for them, and fancied them at once, [enticed] by the fine scent of the apples that were fragrant and nice from the High King [*i.e.*, God]. Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was feeble, "Pluck for me yon jewels which are growing on the tree. Pluck me enough of them, for I am weak and faint, and the works of the King of the graces are growing beneath my bosom." Then spake St. Joseph with utterance that was stout, "I shall not pluck thee the jewels, and I like not thy child. Call upon his father, it is he you may be stiff with." Then stirred Jesus blessedly beneath her bosom. Then spake Jesus holily, "Bend low in her presence, O tree." The tree bowed down to her in their

MARY AND ST. JOSEPH.

From Michael Rogers and Martin O'Calally,* in Erris Co. Mayo.—
DOUGLAS HYDE.

Holy was good St. Joseph
When marrying Mary Mother,
Surely his lot was happy,
Happy beyond all other.†

Refusing red gold laid down,
And the crown by David worn,
With Mary to be abiding
And guiding her steps forlorn.

One day that the twain were talking,
And walking through gardens early,
Where cherries were redly growing,
And blossoms were growing rarely,

Mary the fruit desired,
For faint and tired she panted,
At the scent on the breezes' wing
Of the fruit that the King had planted.

Then spake to Joseph the Virgin,
All weary and faint and low,
"O pull me yon smiling cherries
That fair on the tree do grow,

presence, without delay, and she got the desire of her inner-heart quite directly off the tree. Then spake St. Joseph, and cast himself upon the ground, "Go home, O Mary, and lie upon thy couch, until I go to Jerusalem doing penance for my sin." Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was blessed. "I shall not go home, and I shall not lie upon my couch, but you have forgiveness to find from the King of the graces for your sins."

Three months from that day, the blessed child was born, there came three kings making adoration before the child. Three months from that night the blessed child was born in their cold bleak stable between a bullock and an ass.

Then spake the Virgin softly and sensibly, "O Son of the King of the friends, in what way shalt thou be on the world?"

"I shall be on Thursday, and I sold to my enemy, and I shall be on Friday a sieve [full] of holes with the nails. My head shall be on the top of a spike, and the blood of my heart on the middle of the street, and a spear of venom going through my heart with contempt upon that day."

“Bain dam mo fáil dea
Oir tá me las fann,*
A’r tó oibheada mi na ngráda
As fáir faoi mo bpoim.”

Ann rin do labhair Naomh Ioseph
De’n cómhád bí teann,
“Ni bairfid mé duit na reóda
A’r ni h-áil liom do éilann:

“Slao do ar léair ó do leinb
Ir air ir cóir duit beir teann”²⁰
Ann rin do éirpuid íora
So beannaighe faoi na bpoim:

Ann rin do labhair íora
So naomha faoi na bpoim
“Írtig so h-írioll
Ann a fiaðnuire a éirinn.”

D’úmlaig an éirinn ríor tó
Ann a fiaðnuire san máill,
Agus fuair í mian a éiríre-rtig
Slain-tíreac ó’n gcrann.

Ann rin do labhair Naomh Ioseph
Agus éir é réin ar an talam;
“Sab a-baile a mhaire
Agus luir ar do leabuir.
So tóiré mé so h-laruralem
As deunam aicpige ann mo péacair.”

Ann rin do labhair an Mhaighean
De’n cómhád bí beannuighe,
“Ni péacair mé a-baile
A’r ni luirfid mé ar mo leabuir;
Aéir tá maiteamhar le fáil as do
Ó mi na ngráda ann do péacair.”

* * * * *

* “Ann a g-caill” duairt mac na Ruairí, aéir duairt an Gallaoileac
“las fann” tá me ann a g-caill = “ceaptuigheann uaim iac.”

"For feeble I am and weary,
And my steps are but faint and slow,
And the works of the King of the graces
I feel within me grow."

Then out spake the good St. Joseph,
And stoutly indeed spake he,
"I shall not pluck thee one cherry.
Who art unfaithful to me.

"Let him come fetch you the cherries,
Who is dearer than I to thee."
Then Jesus hearing St. Joseph,
Thus spake to the stately tree,

"Bend low in her gracious presence,
Stoop down to herself, O tree,
That my mother herself may pluck thee,
And take thy burden from thee."

Then the great tree lowered her branches
At hearing the high command,
And she plucked the fruit that it offered,
Herself with her gentle hand.

Loud shouted the good St. Joseph,
He cast himself on the ground,
"Go home and forgive me, Mary,
To Jerusalem I am bound;
I must go to the holy city,
And confess my sin profound."*

Then out spake the gentle Mary,
She spake with a gentle voice,
"I shall not go home, O Joseph,
But I bid thee at heart rejoice,
For the King of Heaven shall pardon
The sin that was not of choice."

* * * * *

* *These six-line verses are alien to the spirit of the Irish Language, and probably arise from the first half of the next quatrain being forgotten.*

Trí mí ó'n lá rin
 Rugadh an leann beannuighe,
 Thainig na trí muighe
 As deunam adraighe do'n leann.

Trí mí ó'n oide rin
 Rugadh an leann beannuighe,
 Ann a rtabla fuar feannta
 Cioir bulán agus aral.

Ann rin do labair an maighean
 So ciún agus so céillirde,
 “A mic muighe na searad
 Cía 'n nór mbéir tu ar an traoḡal?”

“Béir mé Diairdoin
 Agus mé violta as mo námaid,
 Agus béir me Dia hdoine
 Mo éirídar poll as na táirrimh.

Béir mo ceann i mbárr ríce
 'S fuil mo éiríde i lár na ríride,
 'S an trleig nime dul tre mo éiríde
 Le ríreatac an lá rin.

Three months from that self-same morning,
The blessed child was born,
Three kings did journey to worship
That babe from the land of the morn.

Three months from that very evening,
He was born there in a manger,
With asses, and kine and bullocks,
In the strange, cold place of a stranger.

To her child said the Virgin softly,
Softly she spake and wisely,
"Dear Son of the King of Heaven,
Say what may in life betide Thee."

[THE BABE.]

"I shall be upon Thursday, Mother,
Betrayed and sold to the foeman,
And pierced like a sieve on Friday,
With nails by the Jew and Roman.

On the streets shall my heart's blood flow,
And my head on a spike be planted,
And a spear through my side shall go,
Till death at the last be granted.

Then thunders shall roar with lightnings,
And a storm over earth come sweeping,
The lights shall be quenched in the heavens
And the sun and the moon be weeping.
While angels shall stand around me,
With music and joy and gladness,
As I open the road to Heaven,
That was lost by the first man's madness."

* * * * *

Christ built that road into heaven,
In spite of the Death and Devil,
Let us when we leave the world
Be ready by it to travel.

NAOMH PEADAR.

Chualairé pphoinriar O Concéubair, i m' Uáé-Luain, an rgeul ro ó fean-
mnaoi oar b' ainn bhuigro ni chaáparais ó bhaile-róá-bain i gconaoé
Shligis, agus fuair mife uairó-pean é.

Ann ran am a raib Naomh Peadar agus ár Slánuigheóir as
riubál na tíre, ir iomda iongantar do éirbeán a Mháigirtir úd,
agus dá mbuio tuine eile do bí ann, o'feicfead leat an oirio, ir
uóis go mbeirdeat a uóécar ar a Mháigirtir níor láirpe 'ná bí
uóécar pheadair.

Aon lá amáin do bíodan as teacé arcead go baile-mór agus
do bí fear-ceóil leat ar meirge 'na fuirde ar éaoib an uóéair
agus é as iarrair uéirce. Thuas ár Slánuigheóir píora airisio
uó ar ngabail éarce uó. Bhí iongantar ar pheadair faoi rin, óir
tubairt ré leir féin "Ir iomda tuine uóé do bí i n-eapuir mór,
o'eicis mo máigirtir, acé anoir eus ré uéirce uó'n fear-ceóil reó
adá an meirge. Acé b' éirir," ar ré leir féin, "b'éirir go bfuil
uóil aise ran gceóil."

Do bí fíor as ár Slánuigheóir créad do bí i n-inntinn
pheadair, acé níor labairt ré focal u'á éaoib.

An lá ar n-a márac do bíodan as riubál ariir, agus do carad
bráéair uóé orra, agus é cnom leir an doir, agus beas-nac
uóéca. U'airi ré uéirce ar ár Slánuigheóir, acé ni eus Seircan
aon áirio ain, agus níor fpeasair Sé a imirde.

"Sin nio eile nac bfuil ceart," ar ra Naomh Peadar ann a
inntinn féin; bí easla air labairt leir an Máigirtir u'á éaoib,
acé bí ré as cailleamaint a uóééair gac uile lá.

An trachtóna ceurona bíodan as teacé go baile eile nuair
carad fear uall orra, agus é as iarrair uéirce. Chuir ár
Slánuigheóir caint air agus tubairt "creuo tá uair?"

"Luac lóirtin oirde, luac fuio le n'ite, agus an oiréad agus
beirdear as ceartál uaim amárac; má eus leat-ra a tabairt dam,
geobair tu cúitiugad mór, agus cúitiugad nac bfuil le fágal
ar an traozal brónac ro."

"Ir maic i do caint," ar ran Tigearna, "acé ní'l tu acé as
iarrair mo meallad, ní'l eapuir luac-lóirtin ná fuio le n'ite
oré, tá ár agus airisio ann do póca, agus buó éoir uuit do
buirdear do tabairt do Oha faoi do uíol go lá do beir asao."

Ni raib fíor as an Dall gur b'é ár Slánuigheóir do bí as caint
leir, agus tubairt ré leir: "Ni reanmóra acé uéirce adá mé
'iarrair, ir cuinte mé uá mbeirdeat fíor asao go raib óir ná

SAINT PETER.

A Folk Story.

An old woman named Biddy Casey, from near Riverstown, in the Co. Sligo, told this story to O'Connor in Athlone, from whom I got it.—
DOUGLAS HYDE [in *Religious Songs of Connacht*.]

AT the time that Saint Peter and our Saviour were walking the country, many was the marvel that his Master showed him, and if it had been another person who was in it, and who had seen half as much, no doubt his confidence in his Master would have been stronger than that of Peter.

One day they were entering a town, and there was a musician sitting half drunk on the side of the road and he asking for alms. Our Saviour gave him a piece of money, going by of him. There came wonder on Peter at that, for he said to himself, "Many's the poor man in great want that my Master refused, but now He has given alms to this drunken musician; but perhaps," says he to himself, "perhaps He likes music."

Our Saviour knew what was in Peter's mind, but He did not speak a word about it.

On the next day they were journeying again and a poor friar (*sic*) met them, and he bowed down with age and almost naked. He asked our Saviour for alms, but He took no notice of him, and did not answer his request.

"There's another thing that's not right," said Peter in his own mind. He was afraid to speak to his Master about it, but he was losing his confidence in Him every day.

The same evening they were approaching another village when a blind man met them and he asking alms. Our Saviour talked with him and said, "What do you want?" "The price of a night's lodging, the price of something to eat, and as much as I shall want to-morrow; if you can give it to me you shall get great recompense, and recompense that is not to be found in this sorrowful world."

"Good is your talk," said the Lord, "but you are only seeking to deceive me? you are in no want of the price of a lodging or of anything to eat; you have gold and silver in your pocket; and you ought to give thanks to God for your having enough (to do you) till (next) day."

The blind man did not know that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, and he said to him, "It is not sermons,

ἀριστοῦ ἀγᾶμ σο μβαίπεά ὅσιον ἐ, 'εὐσα' λεατ* ἀνοίρ, νι τεαρ-
τῆγεανν το εἰντ ναιμ."

"Σο δεῖνν ἱρ δι-εἰλλῖθε ἀν φεαρ ἐν," ἀρ παν Τίγεαρνα, "νι
βεῖρ ὅρ νά ἀριστοῦ ἀγᾶμ ἰ βφα," ἀγῡρ λειρ ριν ὁ'φᾶς ρέ ἀν ὅαλλ.

Ὀνί πρωτοῦ ἀς εἰρτεαέτ λειρ ἀν ἡσὸμπᾶθ, ἀγῡρ βί ὅαλλ ἀγε ἀ
ινῖρεαέτ ὁ'ν ὅαλλ ἡγῡρ μβυθ ἐ ἀρ Σλάννιγτεόρ το βί ἀς εἰντ
λειρ, ἀέτ νι βφῡαρ ρέ ἀον φαλλ. ἀέτ το βί φεαρ εἰλε ἀς εἰρτεαέτ
νῡαρ τοῦβαρτ ἀρ Σλάννιγτεόρ σο ραῖβ ὅρ ἀγῡρ ἀριστοῦ ἀς ἀν
ὅαλλ. Ὀυθ ῥῡμορᾶθόρ μιλτεαέ το βί ἀν, ἀέτ το βί φιορ ἀγε
νάρ ἱνῡρ ἀρ Σλάννιγτεόρ ἀον βρεῡς ἡγᾶμ. Ἦομ λῡαέ ἀγῡρ βί
Seirpan ἀγῡρ Ἰλαοὺν Πρωτοῦ ἱμῆγτε, εἰντ ἀν ῥῡμορᾶθόρ ἐμ
ἀν ὅαλλ ἀγῡρ τοῦβαρτ λειρ, "Τᾶβαρ ὅαμ το ἐντ ὅρ ἀγῡρ
ἀριστο, νο εἰρτεαθ ῥῡαν τῆε το ἐμοῖε."

"Ἠί' ὅρ νά ἀριστοῦ ἀγᾶμ" ἀρ παν ὅαλλ, "ὅᾶ μβεῖθεαθ, νι
βεῖρῖνν ἀς ἱαρῖαθ ὅεῖρεε."

ἀέτ λειρ ριν το ρῡαρ ἀν ῥῡμορᾶθόρ ἡρῖν ἀρ, το ἐντ ρᾶοι
ἐ, ἀγῡρ το βᾶν ὅε ἀν μέαθ το βί ἀγε. Ὁ ἡῡρ ἀγῡρ το ῥῡρεαθ
ἀν ὅαλλ ἐομ ἡ-ἡρ ἀγῡρ ὁ'φῡο ρέ, ἀγῡρ ἐῡαλαῖθ ἀρ Σλάννιγ-
τεόρ ἀγῡρ Πρωτοῦ ἐ.

"Τᾶ εἰγεόρ ὁ'ᾶ δεῖνᾶμ ἀρ ἀν ὅαλλ," ἀρρα Πρωτοῦ.

"ῤᾶς σο ρεαλλτεα, ἀγῡρ ἱμτεόαῖρ ρέ ἀν ἐαοι ἐεῡθνα, ἡᾶν
εἰντ ἀρ λᾶ ἀν βρεῖτεᾶμναιρ," ἀρ ἀρ Σλάννιγτεόρ.

"Τῡγῖμ ἐν, Ἠί' ἀον ρῡο ἰ βροῖαέ ῡαῖτ ἀ Ἰλᾶῡγῖρτῖρ," ἀρρα
Πρωτοῦ.

ἀν λᾶ 'ἡᾶ ὅαῡς ριν το βῖθεαθ ἀς ρῡῖβαλ κοῖρ ῤᾶρᾶῡς, ἀγῡρ
εἰντ λεόμᾶν εἰορᾶέ ἀμαέ. "ἀνοίρ ἀ ρῡεαθᾶρ," ἀρ ἀρ
Σλάννιγτεόρ, "ἱρ ἱνῖε ἀτοῦβαρτ τῡ σο ἡεαλλῤᾶ ὅο βεαῖ ἀρ
μο ῥον, ἀνοίρ τειρῡς ἀγῡρ τᾶβαρ ἐν ρέῖν ὁ'ν λεόμᾶν ἀγῡρ
ἱμτεόαῖρ μῖρε ρᾶορ."

Ὁ ρῡῡᾶῖν Πρωτοῦ ἀγε ρέῖν ἀγῡρ τοῦβαρτ, "β'φῡαρ ἡομ βᾶρ
ἀρ βῖε εἰλε ὁ'φᾶῡἱ 'ἡᾶ λειγῖντ το λεόμᾶν μ'ῖτε; τᾶμαοῖο κορ-
λῡαέ ἀγῡρ τῡς ἡνν ρῡε ῡαῖθ, ἀγῡρ μᾶ ρεῖοῖμ ἐ ἀς τεαέτ ρῡαρ
ἡνν ρᾶνῤᾶῖθ μέ ἀρ βειρεαθ, ἀγῡρ τῡς λεατ-ρα ἱμτεαέτ ρᾶορ."

"Ὀῖοθ μαρ ριν," ἀρ ἀρ Σλάννιγτεόρ.

Ὁ λειγ ἀν λεόμᾶν ῥῡρεαθ, ἀγῡρ ἀρ σο βῤᾶέ λειρ 'ἡᾶ νῡᾶῡς,
ἀγῡρ ἡοῖρ βφαῖα σο ραῖβ ρε ἀς βρεῖθ οῖρρα, ἀγῡρ ἰ βροῡαρ ὅοῖβ.

"ῤᾶν ρῡαρ ἀ ρῡεαθᾶρ," ἀρ ἀν Σλάννιγτεόρ, ἀέτ λειγ Πρωτοῦ
ἀν ρέῖν νᾶέ ἡεαλαῖθ ρέ ροαλ, ἀγῡρ ὁ'ἱμῡς ρέ ἀμαέ ροῖμ ἀ
Ἰλᾶῡγῖρτῖρ. Ὁ'ἱομρᾶῡς ἀν Τίγεαρνα ἀρ ἀ ἐῡλ ἀγῡρ τοῦβαρτ ρέ
λειρ ἀν λεόμᾶν, "Τειρῡς ἀρ ἀρ σο ὅεῖ ἀν ῤᾶρᾶέ," ἀγῡρ ρῖννε
ῤᾶ ἡμῡαῖθ.

* "εὐσα λεατ" = "ἱμῡς λεατ," "ἀμαέ λεατ," νο ρῡο δε'ἡ ἡρῡορ ριν. β'εῖοῖρ
ἡγῡρ "ᾶῡγε λεατ" βῡθ ἐόρ το βεῖ ἀν, 7 ἐῡῡς ἀν ὅεᾶμᾶν!"

but alms, I am looking for. I am certain that if you did know that there was gold or silver about me, you would take it from me. Get off now; I don't want your talk.

"Indeed, you are a senseless man," said the Lord; "you will not have gold or silver long," and with that He left him.

Saint Peter was listening to the discourse, and he had a wish to tell the blind man that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, but he got no opportunity. But there was another man listening when our Saviour said that the blind man had gold and silver. It was a wicked robber who was in it; but he knew that our Saviour never told a lie. As soon as He and Saint Peter were gone, this robber came to the blind man, and said to him, "Give me your gold and silver, or I'll put a knife through your heart."

"I have no gold or silver," said the blind man; "if I had I wouldn't be looking for alms." But with that the robber caught hold of him, put him under him, and took from him all he had. The blind man shouted and screamed as loud as he was able, and our Saviour and Peter heard him.

"There's wrong being done to the blind man," said Peter.

"Get treacherously and it will go the same way," said our Saviour. "not to speak of the Day of Judgment."

"I understand you; there is nothing hid from you, Master," said Peter.

The day after that they were journeying by a desert, and a greedy lion came out. "Now, Peter," said our Saviour, "you often said that you would lose your life for Me; go now and give yourself to the lion, and I shall escape safe."

Peter thought to himself and said, "I would sooner meet any other death than let a lion eat me; we are swift-footed and we can run from him, and if I see him coming up with us I will remain behind, and you can escape safe."

"Let it be so," said our Saviour.

The lion gave a roar, and off and away with him after them, and it was not long till he was gaining on them, and close up to them.

"Remain behind, Peter," said our Saviour; but Peter let on that he never heard a word, and went running out before his Master. The Lord turned round and said to the lion, "Go back to the desert," and so he did.

Peter looked behind him, and when he saw the lion going back, he stood till our Saviour came up with him.

"O'feuc Peatdair taobh-riar d'é, agus nuair éonnaire pé an leóman as tuit ar air do fear pé go dtáinig ar Slánuigheóir ruar leir. "A Peatdair," ar Sé, "o'fás tu mé i mbaozal, agus —muo buó méara 'nā rin,—o'innir tu breusā."

"Rinne mé rin," ar Peatdair, "mar bí fíor ašam go bfuil eúmháct ašao of cionn šac nř, ni h-é amāin ar leóman an fār-aiš."

"Coirš do beul, agus nā bí aš innreáct breus, ni raib fíor ašao agus dā breicreā mé i mbaozal amāmač do éreigreā mé ariř, tā fíor ašam ar rmuáintib do éporě."

"Níor rmuáin mé ariam go nreapnair do don nř nac raib ceart," ar-ra Peatdair.

"Sin breus eile," ar ar Slánuigheóir. "Nāc cuimin leat an lá do tuis mé d'éire do'n fear-ceóil do bí leat ar meirge, bí ionšantar oir agus dubairt tu leat péin šuri iomāa tuinne boct do bí i n-eapbair mōir o'eicis mé, agus go dtuis mé d'éire do fear do bí ar meirge mar bí dūil ašam i šceól. An lá 'na d'iais rin o'eicis mé an fear-bpáctair, agus dubairt tu nāc raib an nř rin ceart. An tšacēhōna ceurōna ir cuimin leat eireu tārā i tšacōib an dail. Míneóšair mé anoir tuit cat pāt šunnear mar rin. Rinne an fear-ceóil níor mó de māit 'nā šunne fíce bpáctar d'ā řōir ó rušāo iao. Šhābāil pé anam cailin ó řian-taib iršinn. Bhí eapbair boinn arišio uirri agus bí ři aš tuit peacāo marbāč do d'eunam le na řāšail, áct cōirniř an fear-ceóil i, tuis pé an bonn ři, eir go raib eapbair tuis ari péin an t-am ceurōna. Mairir leir an mbpáctair, ni raib don eapbair ari-fear, eir go bfuair pé ainn bpáctar buó dail de'n d'iaib é, agus rin é an řāt nāc dtuis mé don āirō ari. Mairir leir an dail, do bí a d'ia ann a řōca, óir ir fíor an fear-řocal, "an āit a bfuil do éirte bēir do éporě lēi."

Seal šearr 'na d'iais rin dubairt Peatdair, "A Mhāiřirir, tā eólar ašao ar na rmuáintib ir uaiřniře i šeporě an tuinne, agus o'n nōimio řeó amāc šéillim tuit anir šac nř."

Timéioll řeáctmāine 'na d'iais-rin do bšodar aš řiubal tre énocāib agus řléibtib. agus caillešdair an beatač. Le tuitim na h-oirěe tāinš teinnceāc agus cōirneāc agus řearpēain tšom. Bhí an oirěe eom uorēa rin nāř řeudšdair eorān eāorāč o'řeiceā. Thuit Peatdair anašair eapraire agus loit pé a eor eom tōna rin nāř řeud řé cōirēim do řiubal.

Čonnaire ar Slánuigheóir řolur beas řaol bun euire, agus dubairt Sé le Peatdair, "řan mar tā tu agus řāčair mife aš tōřuiřeāct cōřnāim le o'iomēā."

"Peter," said He, "you left me in danger, and, what was worse than that, you told lies."

"I did that," said Peter, "because I knew that you have power over everything, not alone over the lion of the wilderness."

"Silence your mouth, and do not be telling lies; you did *not* know, and if you were to see Me in danger to-morrow you would forsake Me again. I know the thoughts of your heart."

"I never thought that you did anything that was not right," said Peter.

"That is another lie," said our Saviour; "do you not remember the day that I gave alms to the musician who was half drunk, there was wonder on you, and you said to yourself that many's the poor man in great want whom I refused, and that I gave alms to a drunken man because I liked music. The day after that I refused the old friar, and you said that that was not right; and the same evening you remember what happened about the blind man. I will explain to you now why I acted like that. That musician did more good than twenty friars of his sort since ever they were born. He saved a girl's soul from the pain of hell. She wanted a piece of money and was going to commit a deadly sin to get it, but the musician prevented her, and gave her the piece of money, though he himself was in want of a drink at the same time. As for the friar, he was not in want at all; although he had the name of friar, he was a limb of the devil, and that was why I paid him no heed. As for the blind man, his God was in his pocket, for the old word is true, "Where your store is, your heart will be with it.'"

A short time after that Peter said, "Master, you have a knowledge of the most lonesome thoughts in the heart of man, and from this moment out I submit to you in everything."

About a week after that they were traveling through hills and mountains, and they lost their way. With the fall of night there came lightning, thunder, and heavy rain. The night was so dark they could not see a sheep's path. Peter fell against a rock and hurt his foot so badly that he was not able to walk a step.

Our Saviour saw a little light under the foot of a hill, and He said to Peter, "Remain where you are, and I will go to seek help to carry you."

"There is no help to be found in this wild place," said Peter, "and don't leave me here in danger by myself."

"Be it so," said our Saviour, and with that He gave a whistle,

"Ni'l aon congnam le fágáil ann ran áit fíadán reo," ar Peatdair, "agus ná leis ann ro mé i mbaozal liom féin."

"Díod mar rin," ar ár Slánuigíteoir, agus le.r rin do leis ré peato, agus éainis ceathrar fear, agus cia bí 'na éairtín orra aet an fear do rghior an dall real noime rin. D'aithnis ré ar Slánuigíteoir agus Peatdair, agus dubairt ré le n-a éuro fear Peatdair o'ioméar go cúramac go tci an áit-éomhuirde do bí aca amearg na genoc. "Chuir an beirt reo," ar ré, "ór agus air-siud ann mo beatac-ra real gearr ó roin."

O'ioméar ríad Peatdair go tci reomra faoi éalam; bí teine bpeásg ann, agus éuireadar an fear loitce i ngar oí, agus tug-sar deoc do. Thuit ré ann a éotlad agus do rinne ár Slánuigíteoir loig na cpoire le n-a méar, or cionn na loite, agus nuair d'uiris ré o'feut ré riúbal éom maic agus o'feut ré riam. Bhí iongantar air, nuair d'uiris ré, agus o'fiarpuis ré creut do bain do. O'innir ár Slánuigíteoir do gac nio mar éarla.

"Shaoil mé," ar ra Peatdair, "go raib mé marib agus go raib mé ruar as doirur flaitir, aet nior feut mé dul arteaé mar bí an doirur oiruite, agus ni raib doirpeoir le fágáil."

"Airlis do bí agao" ar ár Slánuigíteoir, "aet ir fíor i; tá an flaitéar oiruite agus ni'l ré le beic forgailte go bpeásg' mire báp ar fon peacair an éine daonna, do éuir fearg ar m'áir. Ni báp coitcinnnta aet báp náireac geobar mé, aet éireócair mé aip go slóimair agus foirgeólair mé an flaitéar do bí oiruite, agus beir tura do doirpeoir!"

"Óra, a Mháirtir," ar ra Peatdair, "ni féidir go bfuigtea báp náireac, nac leigfeá dam-ra báp fágáil ar do fon-ra, tá mé piéir agus coitceannac."

"Saoileann tu rin," ar ár Slánuigíteoir.

Thainis an t-am a raib ár Slánuigíteoir le báp fágáil. An trathóna noime rin bí ré féin agus an dá abrtal deus as reire, nuair dubairt ré, "tá fear azaib as dul mo bpaé." Bhí triob-lóir mór orra agus dubairt gac aon aca "an mire é?" aet dubairt Seirean, "an té éumar le n-a láim ann ran méir liom, ir é rin an fear bpaitefear mé."

Dubairt Peatdair ann rin, "dá mbeirdear an doiman iomlán i o'asair," ar reirean, "ni beir mire i o'asair," aet dubairt ár Slánuigíteoir leir, "rul má foireann an Coileac anocht ceilfir (reunfar) tu mé tri h-uair."

"Do geobainn báp rul má ceilfinn tu," ar ra Peatdair, "go veimni ni ceilfeao tu."

and there came four men; and who was captain of them but the person who robbed the blind man a while before that! He recognised our Saviour and Peter, and told his men to carry Peter carefully to the dwelling-place they had among the hills; "these two put gold and silver in my way a short time ago," said he.

They carried Peter into a chamber under the ground. There was a fine fire in it, and they put the wounded man near it, and gave him a drink. He fell asleep, and our Saviour made the sign of the cross with his finger above the wound, and when he awoke he was able to walk as well as ever. There was wonder on him when he awoke, and he asked "what happened to him." Our Saviour told him each thing, and how it occurred.

"I thought," said Peter, "that I was dead, and that I was up at the gate of heaven; but I could not get in, for the door was shut, and there was no doorkeeper to be found."

"It was a vision you had," said our Saviour, "but it is true. Heaven is shut, and is not to be opened until I die for the sin of the human race, who put anger on My Father. It is not a common, but a shameful, death I shall get; but I shall rise again gloriously, and open the heaven that was shut, and you shall be doorkeeper."

"Ora! Master," said Peter, "it cannot be that you would get a shameful death; would you not allow me to die for you; I am ready and willing."

"You think that," said our Saviour.

The time came when our Saviour was to get death. The evening before that He himself and His twelve disciples were at supper, when He said, "There is a man of you going to betray me." There was great trouble on them, and each of them said, "Am I he?" But He said, "He who dips with his hand in the dish with Me, he is the man who shall betray Me."

Peter then said, "If the whole world were against you, I will not be against you." But our Saviour said to him, "Before the cock crows to-night you will reneague (deny) Me three times."

"I would die before I would reneague you," said Peter; "indeed I shall not reneague you."

When death-judgment was passed upon our Saviour, His enemies were beating Him and spitting on Him. Peter was

Nuair tugadh breiteamhar báir ar ár Slánuigheóir, bí a cuio náimh d'á bualaó agus as caíad rnuigairle air. Bhí Peadar amuig ann san gcúirt, nuair táinig cailín-aimpíre euiqe agus dubairt leir “bí tuíra le hÍora.” “Ní’l fíor agam,” ar ía Peadar, “caó é tá tu íad.”

Nuair bí ré as dul amac an geata, ann rin, dubairt cailín eile, “rin fear do bí le hÍora,” áit eus peirean a mionna nac raib eólar ar bit aige air. Ann rin dubairt cuio de na daoinib do bí as éirteáit, “ní’l amhar ar bit nac raib tu leir, áitnigim ar do éaint é.” Thug ré na mionnaib móra ann rin, náir leir é, agus ar ball do glaoó an coileac, agus éuimig ré ann rin ar na foelaib dubairt ár Slánuigheóir, agus do íil ré na deóra áitpige, agus fuair íe maiteamhar ó’n té do ceil ré. Tá eóiraca flaitir aige anoir, agus má íleann rinne na deóra áitpige faoi n ár loctaid mar do íil peirean iad, geobamair maiteamhar mar tuair peirean é, agus cuipir ré ceuo mite fáilte íóimainn. Nuair padar rinne so doper flaitir.

outside in the court, when there came a servant-girl to him and said to him, "You were with Jesus." "I don't know," says Peter, "what you are saying."

Then when he was going out the gate another girl said, "There's the man who was with Jesus," but he took his oath that he had no knowledge at all of Him. Then some of the people who were listening said, "There is no doubt at all but you were with Him; we know it by your talk." He took the great oaths then that he was not with Him. And on the spot the cock crew, and then he remembered the words our Saviour said, and he wept the tears of repentance, and he found forgiveness from Him whom he denied. He has the keys of heaven now, and if we shed the tears of repentance for our faults, as he shed them, we shall find forgiveness as he found it, and he will welcome us with a hundred thousand welcomes when we go to the door of heaven.

MAR ÉÁINIS AN T-SAINTE ANNSAN EAGLAIS.*

Uthi ár Slánuigheóir agus Naomh Peadar as rparirveópaet epacthóna, agus do eapad rean-feap oirpa: Uthi an duine boet rin go dona, ni raib air aet ceipteada agus rean-cóta rcpócte, agus san piú na mbpós paol n-a éopaib. O'iaip ré véipe ar ár oTigearna agus ar Naomh Peadar. Uthi truaig as Peadar do an donán boet agus paol ré go vtiúbrad an Tigearna ruo éigin do. Aet níor éur an Tigearna don trua ann, aet o'imtíg re éairp san ppeasairt éabairt do: Uthi iongantap ar pheadar paol rin, óir paol ré go vtiúbrad an Tigearna do sad aintheir-éoir a raib ocpap air, aet bi paictéoir air don nuó do ráb.

An lá ar na mápac bi an Tigearna agus Peadar as rparir-veópaet apir ar an mbótar ceutona, agus cia o'feicefad riad as teadé 'na scoinne ann ran sceart-ait ann a raib an rean-feap boet an lá poiúe rin aet pobáilíde agus cloirdeam nocta aige ann a láim. Tháinig ré éuca agus o'iaip ré airgíod oirpa. Thus an Tigearna an t-airgíod do san focail do ráb, agus o'imtíg an pobáilíde. Uthi iongantap oúbalta ar pheadar ann rin, óir paol ré go raib an iomarcuio meirnis as ár oTigearna airgíod do éabairt do saduio ar paictéoir. Nuair bi an Tigearna agus Peadar imtígte tamall beas ar an mbótar níor feuo Peadar san ceirt do éur air. “Nac móp an rgeul a Thigearna” ar ré “nac vtuig tu vavam do'n donán boet o'iaip véipe oir anvé, aet go vtuig tu airgíod do'n víceamnac saduio do éáinig éusao le cloirdeam ann a láim: nac raib rinn-ne 'n ár mbeirt agus ni raib ann aet feap amáin; tá cloirdeam asam-ra” veip ré, “agus b' feapir an feap mire 'ná eipean!” “A pheadair” ar ran Tigearna “ni feiceann tupa aet an taob amuis, aet éiúim-

* Puar mé an rgeul ro. o feap-oibpe do bi as Redington De Róirte, Omuim an t reasail, aet éualor go minic é. Ni h-iao ro na ceart-focail ann a bfuairfeap é.

HOW COVETOUSNESS CAME INTO THE CHURCH.

This is a story I have often heard. The above version I got from a man near Monivea, in Galway, though I do not give his exact words. I heard one nearly identical, only told in English, in the Co. Tipperary. The story reminded me so strongly of those strange semi-comic mediæval moralities, common at an early date to most European languages—such pieces as Goethe has imitated in his story of “St. Peter and the Horse-shoe”—that I could not resist the temptation to turn it into rhyme, though it is not rhymed in the original. More than one celebrated piece of both English and French literature founded upon the same *motif* as this story will occur to the student.—DOUGLAS HYDE.
[*Religious Songs of Connacht.*]

As once our Saviour and St. Peter
Were walking over the hills together,
In a lonesome place that was by the sea,
Beside the border of Galilee,
Just as the sun to set began
Whom should they meet but a poor old man!
His coat was ragged, his hat was torn,
He seemed most wretched and forlorn,
Fenury stared in his haggard eye,
And he asked an alms as they passed him by.

Peter had only a copper or two,
So he looked to see what the Lord would do.
The man was trembling—it seemed to him—
With hunger and cold in every limb.
But, nevertheless, our Lord looked grave,
He turned away and He nothing gave.
And Peter was vexed awhile at that
And wondered what our Lord was at,
Because he had thought Him much too good
To ever refuse a man for food.
But though he wondered he nothing said,
Nor asked the cause, for he was afraid.

It happened that the following day
They both returned that very way,
And whom should they meet where the man had been,
But a highway robber, gaunt and lean!
And in his belt a naked sword—
For an alms he, too, besought the Lord.
“He’s an ass,” thought Peter, “to meet us thus;
He won’t get anything from us.”
But Peter was seized with such surprise,
He scarcely could believe his eyes
When he saw the Master, without a word.
Give to the man who had the sword.

After the man was gone again
His wonder Peter could not restrain,
But turning to our Saviour, said:
“Master, the man who asked for bread,

re an t-aob-artiḡ: ní feiceann túra aét corp na n-daoine nuair feicim-re an cpoirde. Aét béirḡ fíor aḡao ḡo fól ” ar Lé “cfeud fáct do pinne mé rin.”

Thuit ré amad don lá amáin ’na d-iaḡ rin ḡo n-déadairḡ ar t-Tiḡearna aḡur p-eatari amúḡa ar na r-léibteib. Bhí teinntead aḡur toirnead aḡur fearrḡain mór ann, aḡur bí r-iaḡo báirḡte, aḡur an bótar eallite aca. Cia d’fheicead r-iaḡo éuca ann rin aét an pobáilíde ceudna a t-uis an Tiḡearna airtḡioḡ dó an lá rin, Nuair táinig ré éuca bí t-ruaḡ aḡe dóib, aḡur ruḡ ré leir iad ḡo t-ai uaiḡ do bí aḡe faoi bun cairrḡse, amearḡ na r-léibtead, aḡur bain ré an t-eudad r-luac dóib aḡur éuir éudaiḡ t-irne orra, aḡur t-uis nearḡ le n’ite aḡur le n’ól dóib aḡur leabuirḡ le luirde air, aḡur ḡad uile fóirt d’f-eud ré d-eunam dóib do pinne ré é. An lá ar na m-áirac nuair bí an r-toirḡm earḡ, t-uis ré amad iad aḡur níor f-áḡ ré iad ḡur éuir ré ar an mbótar earḡ iad, aḡur t-uis lón dóib le h-aḡair an airtir. “Mo éóiriar!” ar p-eatari leir féin ann rin, “bí an earḡ aḡ Tiḡearna, ir maiḡ an fear an ḡaduirde; ir iomḡa fear éóir,” ar r-eir-ean, “nac n-déarnairḡ an oir-eat rin d-am-ra!”

Ní r-iaib r-iaḡo a b-fao imḡiḡḡe ar an mbótar ann rin ḡo b-fuar r-iaḡo fear marb aḡur é r-inte ar éndaim a d-rioma ar láir an bótar, aḡur d’airḡiḡ p-eatari é ḡur ab é an r-ean-fear ceudna do d-iultaiḡ an Tiḡearna an d-éirḡ dó. “D’olc do pinneamar” ar p-eatari leir féin, “airḡioḡ do d-iultuḡad d’o’n duine boct rin, aḡur r-eud é marb anoir le donar aḡur anró.” “A p-heatari” ar ran Tiḡearna “téirḡ t-ail éuir an b-fear rin aḡur r-eud éreao t-á aḡe ann a r-óca.” Éuir p-eatari anonn éuirse aḡur t-oraḡ ré aḡ l-áirḡuḡad a r-ean-éóta aḡur cfeud do fuair ré ann aét a lán airtḡioḡ ḡeal, aḡur t-iméioll cúpla r-icirḡ bonn óir. “A Thiḡearna,” ar ra p-eatari, “Bhí an earḡ aḡao-ra, aḡur cia bé ruo d-eunfar tu no d-éarf-far tu arír, ní r-áirḡ mé i d’ aḡair.” “D-eunfairḡ rin a p-heatari,” ar ran Tiḡearna. “ḡlac an t-airḡioḡ rin anoir aḡur eairḡ arḡeac é ann ran b-poll

The poor old man of yesterday,
Why did you turn from him away?
But to this robber, this shameless thief,
Give, when he asked you for relief.
I thought it most strange for *you* to do;
We needn't have feared him, we were two.
I have a sword here, as you see,
And could have used it as well as he;
And I am taller by a span,
For he was only a little man."

"Peter," said our Lord, "you see
Things but as they seem to be.
Look within and see behind,
Know the heart and read the mind,
'Tis not long before you know
Why it was I acted so."

After this it chanced one day
Our Lord and Peter went astray,
Wandering on a mountain wide,
Nothing but waste on every side.
Worn with hunger, faint with thirst,
Peter followed, the Lord went first.
Then began a heavy rain,
Lightning gleamed and flashed again,
Another deluge poured from heaven,
The slanting hail swept tempest-driven.
Then, when fainting, frozen, spent,
A man came towards them through the bent,
And Peter trembled with cold and fright,
When he knew again the robber wight.
But the robber brought them to his cave,
And what he had he freely gave.
He gave them wine, he gave them bread,
He strewed them rushes for a bed,
He lent them both a clean attire
And dried their clothes before the fire,
And when they rose the following day
He gave them victuals for the way,
And never left them till he showed
The road he thought the straightest road.
"The Master was right," thought Peter then,
"The robber is better than better men,
There's many an honest man," thought he,
"Who never did as much for me."

They had not left the robber's ground
Above an hour, when lo, they found
A man upon the mountain track
Lying dead upon his back.
And Peter soon, with much surprise,
The beggarman did recognize.

móna ṭall, ni bíonn ann ran aṛḡiō ḡo minic aṭt mallaṭt mórú Chruinnisḡ Ṗeaṭar an ṭ-aṛḡiō le céile, aḡur éuaṛó ré ḡo ṭṭ an poll-móna leir; aṭt nuair bí ré uul ṭ'á cáiteam aṛṭeac, “oṭón,” ar ré leir féin, “nac áibbéul an ṭruaḡ an ṭ-aṛḡiō bṛeḡ ṛo ṭo éur amúḡa, aḡur ir minic bíonn oṭar aḡur ṭaṛt aḡur fuaṭt ar an Máḡirṭir, óir ni ṭuḡann ré don aṛe ṭó féin, aṭt congṭócaṛó mire curó ṭe 'n aṛḡiō ṛo ar ṛon a leaṛa féin, a ḡan fíor ṭó, aḡur b'feairṭe é.” leir ṛin ṭo cáit ré an ṭ-aṛḡiō ḡeal uile, aṛṭeac ann ran bṛoll, i mōṭt ḡo ḡclunṛeac an Ṭiḡearna an ṭoran, aḡur ḡo ṛaolṛeacó ré ḡo ṛaib ré uile cáitṭe aṛṭeac. Nuair ṭāniṣ ré ar airann ṛin ṭ'fiaṛruis an Ṭiḡearna, ṭé “A ṛheṭair,” ar ré, “ar cáit tu an ṭ-aṛḡiō ṛin uile aṛṭeac.” “Chaitṭar” ar ṛeaṭar, “aṭt amáin ṛíora óir no ṭó, ṭo congṭaiḡ mé le biaṭ aḡur ṭeoc ṭo éeannaṭ ṭuit-ṛe.”

“O! a ṛheṭair,” ar ran Ṭiḡearna, “cṛeṭo ṛát nac nṭear-naṛó tu maṛ ṭubairṭ mire leat. fṛar ṛannṭac ṭu, aḡur béiró an ṭṛaint ṛin oṛṭ ḡo bṛáṭ.”

Sin é an ṛát ṛaol a bṛuil an Caḡlair ṛannṭac ó ṛoin.

"Ochone!" thought Peter, "we had no right
To refuse him alms the other night.

He's dead from the cold and want of food,
And we're partly guilty of his blood."

"Peter," said our Lord, "go now
Feel his pockets and let us know
What he has within his coat."

Then Peter turned them inside out,
And found within the lining plenty
Of silver coins, and gold ones twenty.

"My Lord," said Peter, "now I know
Why it was you acted so.

Whatever you say or do with men,
I never will think you wrong again."

"Peter," said our Saviour, "take
And throw those coins in yonder lake,
That none may fish them up again,
For money is often the curse of men."

Peter gathered the coins together,
And crossed to the lake through bog and heather.

But he thought in his mind: "It's a real sin
To be flinging this lovely money in.

We're often hungry, we're often cold,
And money is money—I'll keep the gold

To spend on the Master; He needs the pelf,
For He's very neglectful of Himself."

Then down with a splash does Peter throw
The *silver* coins to the lake below,

And hopes our Lord from the splash would think
He had thrown the whole from off the brink.

And then before our Lord he stood
And looked as innocent as he could.

Our Lord said: "Peter, regard your soul;
Are you sure you have thrown in the whole?"

"Yes, all," said Peter, "is gone below,
But a few gold pieces I wouldn't throw,

Since I thought we might find them very good
For bed, or for drink, or a bite of food.

Because our own are nearly out,
And they are inconvenient to do without.

But, if you wish it, of course I'll go
And fling the rest of the lot below."

"Ah, Peter, Peter," said our Lord,

"You should have obeyed me at my word,
For a greedy man you are, I see;

And a greedy man you will ever be;
A covetous man you are of gain,

And a covetous man you will remain."

And that's the reason, as I've been told,
The clergy are since so fond of gold.

FIGAIR NA CROISE NAOMHA.

O námao mo éireoinn, námao mo tír,
 Námao mo cloinne 'r mo céile,
 A tigeanna deun mo comairce
 Le figair na Croise naomha:

Le báir na Croise beannais tu
 Slíocht [mí-] foirtúnae éada,
 Ó roin anuas ir beannaisge
 An comairce ro árd-naomha.

Do pleurg an capraig, do thúib an srian;
 Do éiríe an domhan go h-éadae,
 Nuair d'árdaisgead ruar an slánaisgeoir
 Ar thruim na Croise naomha.

Fánaor! dá bítin rin, an té
 Nac mbéir a éiríe d'á reubad;
 A'r deoir aitéirge as ríleat uair,
 Or comair na Croise naomha!

Ir gearr é réim an thúine laig
 Síor le fán an t-foigail-re,
 Ni taomann (?) an spiorad malluisge
 Luét figair na Croise naomha:

Sgannrócar gac don faoi sheim an báir
 D'á taétao ruar, as eugad,
 —Ir doét béir lá an anara
 San ríad na Croise naomha:

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS FOR EVER.

[I came across this religious poem in Irish among the MSS. of William Smith O'Brien, the Irish Leader, at Cahermoyle. It was attributed to a Father O'Meehan.—DOUGLAS HYDE, in "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

From the foes of my land, from the foes of my faith,
 From the foes who would us dissever,
 O Lord, preserve me in life, in death,
 With the Sign of the Cross for ever.

By death on the Cross was the race restored,
 For vain was our endeavor;
 Henceforward blessed, O blessed Lord,
 Be the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Rent were the rocks, the sun did fade
 The darkening world did quiver,
 When on the tree our Saviour made
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

Therefore I mourn for him whose heart
 Shall neither shrink nor shiver,
 Whose tears of sorrow refuse to start
 At the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Swiftly we pass to the unknown land,
 Down like an ebbing river,
 But the devils themselves cannot withstand
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

When the hour shall come that shall make us dust,
 When the soul and the body sever,
 Fearful the fear if we may not trust
 In the Sign of the Cross for ever.

bea a tcrí mbó.

nn

So péir, bean na tcrí mbó !
 Ar do bólaét na bí teann :
 Do éannaire meirí san sgo,
 Bean ir ba dá mío a beann.

Ní mairceann rairbhear do gnaé,
 Do neac ná tabair tairí so móir :
 Cúgac an t-éas ar gac tairí ;
 So péir, a bean na tcrí mbó

Súoét eogain míoir 'ra mómáin;
 A n-iméacé toghní clú dóir,
 A reolta sup léigeadar ríor ;
 So péir, a bean na tcrí mbó !

Clann gairge tigeapna an élaip,
 A n-iméacé-ran, ba lá leoin,
 San rúil je n-a tceacé so bráé
 So péir, a bean na tcrí mbó !

Dóinnall ó Ún baor na long,
 Ua Súilleabáin ná'r t'im glór ;
 Féac sup tuit 'ran Spáin je clairéam :
 So péir, a bean na tcrí mbó !

Ua Ruairc ir Maglioir, do bí
 Lá i n-éirinn 'na lán beor ;
 Féac féin sup iméig an oir :—
 So péir, a bean na tcrí mbó !

Síot gCeapbail do bí teann;
 le mbeirí gac geall i ngleó ;
 Ní mairceann don dóir, mo díe !
 So péir, a bean na tcrí mbó !

Ó don boin amáin do bpeir
 Ar mnaoi eile, ir i a dó,
 Do sunnir-pe iomorca a péir :
 So péir, a bean na tcrí mbó !

An Ceangal:

Bíod ar m'falluing, a ainoir ir uairceac gnáir,
 Do bíor san deapmao rearmac buan 'ra tnué :
 Trí an raémar do glacair peo' bbaib ar tóir,
 Dá bpaéainn-re reab a ceacair do buailpinn tú.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

(FROM THE IRISH, BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.)

O Woman of Three Cows, *agra!* don't let your tongue thus rattle!
 Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
 I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
 A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser;
 For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;
 And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows—
 Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows.

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen Mór's descendants.
 'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants;
 If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
 Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
Mavrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning.
 Who knows in what abodes of woe those youths were driven to house?
 Yet you can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows.

Oh, think of Donnel of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted,
 See how he fell in distant Spain unchronicled, unchanted;
 He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
 Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of Three Cows?

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story:
 Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory.
 Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs—
 And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows.

Th' O'Carrols, also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
 Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;
 Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
 Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows.

Your neighbour's poor; and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,
 Because, *inagh!* you've got three cows—one more, I see, than she has;
 That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows;
 But if you're strong, be merciful—great Woman of Three Cows.

AVRAN.

Now, there you go; you still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
 And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
 If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
 I'd thwack you well, to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows.

First published by O'Curry in the 'Irish Penny Journal' (Gunn & Cameron's)
 No. 9, 29th August, 1840, with an introductory note and Mangan's famous metrical
 version (pp. 68, 69).

AN RANN SAEÚEALAC:

Δε ρο ρανν λεατ-πάσαντα εϊτε το εualar é θuine o Contae
 Dúin-na-ngall; buð mí-fuamíneac rídío na h-Éireann, mar ip
 corríúil, nuair rinneadh é—

Nár marbhad mife θuine ar bit
 A'p nár marbhad don θuine mé,
 Δετ má τά don θuine ar τi mo marbta
 So mbuð mife marbpar é!

Δε ρο ρανν εϊτε an an gcléir, do bí aca i gCúige Muman, asur
 do beir O Dálais θúinn—

Seacáin feaðmanar eille,
 Le buíðin na cléipe ná veun coingir,
 No ip baogal do o'cuio uile
 imteacτ mar θuileadh ar bári tuile!

Δε ρο ρανν ar an meirge, do eualaró mé ó m' éaparo Tomár
 Dárclais. Ip beasnac i n "Deibíde é"—

Ni meirge ip mipe liom,
 Δετ leirg a feicint oim,
 San ois na meirge ip mipe an greann,
 Δετ ni gnátae meirge san mi-greann.

Δε ρο ρανν do eualar ó'n bfeap ceuthna, ar mnaoi boirb; aτá
 ré aca i gCúige Muman mar an sceuthna—

Fadóó teine faoi loe
 No caiteam cloe le euan,
 Cómaipre do tabairt do mnaoi boirb
 Ip buille o'oró* ar iarann fuar:

Δε ρο ρανν mi-lágaε eϊte ar na mnáib, do eualar i gConnac-
 caib—

Tri nio ip doilg a múnadh
 Dean, muc, asur múile!

*Aliter, "boirb," mar. eualar é ó feap eila.

IRISH RANNS.

[From "Songs of Connacht," by DOUGLAS HYDE.]

Here is a half-Pagan rann which I heard from a man in Donegal. The state of Ireland seems to have been unsettled at the time it was made—

I hope and pray that none may kill me,
Nor I kill any, with woundings grim,
But if ever any should think to kill me
I pray thee, God, let me kill him.*

Here is another rann about the clerics which O'Daly gives us—

Avoid all stewardship of church or Kill,
It is ill to be much in the clerics' way,
Lest you live to see that which with pains you save,
Like foam on the wave float far away.†

Here is a rann on drunkenness which I got from my friend Thomas Barclay. It is almost in *Deibhidh* metre—

I mind not being drunk, but then
Much mind to be seen drunken.
Drink only perfects all our play,
Yet breeds it discord alway.‡

Here is another rann on the fierce or wayward woman, which I heard from the same; it is also current in Munster—

Like a fire kindled beneath a lake,
Like a stone to break an advancing sea,
Like a blow that is struck upon iron cold,
To the wayward woman thy counsels be.§

Here is another discourteous rann on women that I heard in Connacht—

If you hope to teach, you must be a fool,
A woman, a porker, or a mule.||

* *Literally*: That I may kill no man at all, and that no man may kill me! But if there is anyone bent on killing me, that it may be I who shall kill him!

† *Literally*: Avoid the stewardship of a Kill (or church). With the band of the clerics do not make agreement, or there is a danger of all your portion departing like leaves on the top of the tide.

‡ *Literally*: It is not intoxication I think the worse of, but [am] loath it to be seen on me. Without the drink of intoxication fun is the worse, but intoxication is not usual without dis-fun [*i.e.*, something the opposite of fun].

§ *Literally*: The kindling of a fire beneath a lake or the throwing of stones against the harbor, to give advice to a wayward (or fierce) woman, it is a blow of a fist upon cold iron.

|| *Literally*: Three things difficult to teach [are] a woman, a pig, and a mule!

As ro rann ar an bfeap boib, do éalair i scondáe
Rorcomáin—

Cómaire do tábairt do tuine boib
Ní bfuil ann áct mór san céill,
So gclaoirítear é 'na loct
S so mǵtear é 'na am-leap féin.

As so cómaire do tug rásair i scondáe mhuig Eó do éalín
do bí ró gail-beurac gleurta, do éalair mé ó'n bfeap
ceutna—

A éalín deap ná meap sur mór i do éall,
'S so bfuil "nótion" asao náir éleáct do póir aruáin,
Bólaáct-bleaáct do b'áite leó ar rliab,
'S ní cóta bpeac ar pleac (?) do éóna riar.

As ro focal bríoǵmar ar éontáe mhuig Eó—

"Saoilim," "ir dóig liom," a'r "uar liom féin,"
Sin tri fíadhuire atá as an mbreig.

Asur tubairt fear ó'n scondáe ceutna so cruinn éallmar le
tuine a paid an-éaint asur toga an béarla aise, áct do rinne
upoc-uirgebeata—

Ní béarla gnró bpaic
Áct a ruataó so maic!

As ro rann maic ar an trior-époir rin atá ar bun ior an
toil asur an tuirint, air ar tabair an Rómánae, nuair tubairt
ré, video meliora probo-que—deteriora sequor—

Náe boct an toirg a'r an cor ann a bfuilim i bpéin!
Mo tuirint óm' toil, a'r mo toil as upuirim óm' céill,
Ní tuigtear dom' toil gae loct dom' tuirint ir léir,
No má tuigtear, ní toil léi, áct toil a tuiriona féin.

* *Literally*: To give advice to a wayward [or fierce] man, there is nothing in it but an act devoid of sense, until he be overthrown in his fault, and until he is washed [*i.e.*, laid out dead] in his own misfortune.

† *Literally*. My pretty girl, do not think that great is your sense, and sure you have a notion that your people [*literally*, "seed"] never practised, milk-kine on a mountain they liked better, and not a speckled coat behind.

Here is a rann on the fierce or wayward man, which I heard in the County Roscommon—

To a wayward man thine advice to bring
Is a foolish thing, and a loss of time,
His fault must find him, he must be crost,
Till death be the cost of his frantic crime.*

Here is an advice which a priest in the County Mayo gave to a girl who was too foreign-mannered and dressy; I heard it from the same—

My girl, I *fear* your sense is not *great* at all,
Your fathers, my *dear*, would *rate* such sense as small,
They loved good *cheer* and not *state*, and a well-filled stall,
Not garments *qucer* to *inflate* like the purse-proud Gall.†

Here is a forcible saying from the County Mayo—

“No doubt sure,” “Myself believes,” “Thinks I,”
Three witnesses these of the common lie!‡

A man from the same county said pithily to someone who had fine talk and choice English, but who made bad whiskey—

It's to mix-without-fault,
And not English, makes malt!§

Here is a good rann on that constant combat which is ever on foot between the will and the reason, of which the Latin spoke when he said, “I see the better things and approve of them, but I follow the worse”—

How sad is my case, I am surely in *plight* most ill,
My will with my reason, my reason *fights* with my will,
My reason sees faults that my will remains *blind* to still,
Or should my will see them, my reason *strikes* to my will.||

† *Literally*: “I think,” “I'm near-sure,” and “it seems to me,” those are three witnesses that the lie has.

§ *Literally*: It is not English makes malt, but to mix it well.

|| *Literally*: Is it not poor, the way and the condition in which I am in pain, my understanding [moving away] from my will, and my will moving away from my understanding. Each fault which is plain to my understanding is not understood by my will, or if it is understood she wills it not, but [wills] the will of her own understanding.

“Ais ro rann eile; is sean-focal coiticiunn ‘ni tuisgeann an
rátaic an reang’—

líor aipis an rátaic ráim an t-ocraic ruam,
S ni táinig ruam tráigad san lán-muir obann ‘na díais,
lí bíonn ráit aig muid le gíogaire liat,
S ni tuis an báir rpar do duine ar bit ariaidh.

Ais ro rann eile ar céill agus ar mí-céill—

Ciall agus mí-ciall
Diar nac ngabann le céille!
Is dóig le fear san céill
Sur ‘bé féin úsodar na céille!

Ais ro rann eile ar an duine a bfuil a aipe agus a inntinn
ar fán uaid—

Crann toraid an t-iúdar,
lí bíonn coitice san báir gíar,
Ionann a’r san a beic ‘ran mbaile
Neac ann a’r a aipe ar!

Tá morán rann ann, aig inniint deirid neitcad an traoigail.
Círeim go bfuil an euid is mó aca coiticiunn do’n oileán ar
fao. lí tuidrad anoir aet ceann aca mar fompia, do péir mar
aet ré i gceonadé Mhuig-Có—

Deirad loingse, bácad,
Deirad áite, loigad,
Deirad cuirm, cáinead,
Deirad pláinte, orna.

Aet mar an gceonad a lán de rannad aig toruigad leir an
bfoal “Mairis” aig ceunam truaige faoi neitib eugraimla. Ais

* *Literally*: The mild satisfied one never felt [for] the hungry one, and there never came an ebb without a full tide close behind it. No woman has any part with a gray-haired dotard (?), and death has never given respite to anyone.

† *Literally*: Sense and un-sense, two who do not go together. The man without sense is certain that he himself is the author of sense.

Here is another rann : "The satiated does not understand the lean" is a common proverb—

The satisfied man for the hungry one never feels,
There never comes ebb without full tide close at its heels,
To the gray-haired dotard no woman her heart reveals,
From death when he comes no praying a respite steals.*

Here is another rann on sense and folly—

Though the senseless and sensible
Never foregather,
Yet the senseless one thinks
He is Sense's own father.†

Here is another rann on the man whose attention and mind are astray—

A constant tree is the yew to me,
It is green to see, and grows never gray,
'T were as good for a man through the world to roam
As to live at home with his mind away.‡

There exist many ranns telling the end of the things of the world. I believe the most of these are common to the entire island. I shall only give one of them here as a specimen, in the form it has in the County Mayo—

The end of a ship is drowning,
The end of a kiln is burning,
The end of a feast is frowning,
The end of man's health—is mourning.§

There are also a great number of ranns beginning with the word "alas," or "woe," lamenting over various things. Here

† A tree of fruit is the yewtree, it is never without a green top. It is the same thing for a man not to be at home as for him to be there with his attention away. [The idea seems to be that wherever a man is planted, he should remain there with his mind fresh and green like the yew and not grow withered by wishing to be where he cannot be.]

§ *Literally*: The end of a ship—drowning; the end of a kiln—burning; the end of a feast—reviling; the end of health—a sigh.

ro cūpla rompla vīoð ro, ar an sconsuðe Rorcomāin, mar vo
cualar iðo—

1r mairis vo snið bñannra san rīol,
1r mairis vīor i vīrī san veit tpeun, (a)
1r mairis vo snið cōmīað san rīaðt,
Aður vā mairis nāc sçuirpeann rīmaðt ar a beula

Aður arīr—

1r mairis a mbionn a çarvāð rann,
1r mairis a mbionn a çlann san rað;
1r mairis a vīðear i mboðān boðt,
A'r vā mairis a vīðear san oic nā maist.

1r iomða rann ann, mar an s-çeuona, çoraiðear le "1r fuat
liom."

1r fuat liom çarpleān ar mōin,
1r fuat liom rōðmār veit bāiðte,
1r fuat liom bean buinneað (?) ar vīrōn,
'Súr 1r fuat liom rīaða ar rāðar:

Arīr—

1r fuat liom cū tpuas
Að peat (put) ar fuo tige,
1r fuat liom vūme-uapal
Að rpeartat v'ā mnaoi!

Tā rann cōrñūit leir reð i vīaovīð fñinn Mhic Churhail—

Çeitpe nīð v'ā vīuð rionn fuat—
Cū tpuas, a'r ead mall,
Tigeapna tīpe san veit glic,
Aður bean rīr nāc mbēapvāð çlann:

Buð gñāðæc leir na vāovīð beitvīðæc éigīn vo mārþað aður
v'ite oivēe fñeile Mhārtain. Thāpla, an oivēe reð, nāc raiv
le mārþað að mnaoi an tige aðt muc vpeac, aður nīor mait lēi
rīn vo vūeunā. Aðt buð mian leir an mac bēile mait vo veit

(a) Aliter, tpeivēæc.

Literally: Alas for who makes land fallow without seed [to put in it],
alas for him who is in a land without being strong, alas for who makes
conversation without elegance, and twice alas for him who places no
control over his mouth.

are a couple of examples of them just as I heard them in the County Roscommon—

Alas for who plow without seed to sow,
For the weak who go through a foreign land,
For the man who speaks badly yet does not know,
—Twice woe for the mouth under no command.*

And again—

Alas for the man who is weak in friends,
For the man whose sons do not make him glad,
For the man of the hut through which winds can blow,
—Twice woe for who neither is good nor bad†

There is also many a rann beginning with the words "I hate." Such as—

I hate a castle on bog-land built,
And a harvest spilt through the constant wet,
I hate a woman who spoils the quern,
And I hate a priest to be long in debt.‡

Again—

I hate poor hounds about a house
That drag their mangy life,
I hate to see a gentleman
Attending on his wife?§

There is a rann somewhat like this about Finn Mac Cool—

Four things did Finn dislike indeed,
A slow-foot steed, a hound run wild,
An unwise lord who breeds but strife,
And a good man's wife who bears no child.||

It used to be the custom of the people to kill and eat some beast on St. Martin's Night. It happened on this night that the woman of the house had nothing she could kill except a speckled pig, and she did not like to do this. But her son

† *Literally*: Alas for him whose friend is feeble, and alas for him whose children are without prosperity, alas for him who is in a poor bothy or hut, and twice alas for him who is without either bad or good. [Perhaps this last clause is a reminiscence of the Apocalyptic *οφελον ψυχρος 'ης η δζεστος*.]

‡ *Literally*: I hate a castle on a bog, I hate a harvest to be drowned, I hate a * * * (P) woman at a quern, and I hate debt on a priest.

§ *Literally*: I hate a miserable hound running throughout a house, I hate a gentleman attending [*i.e.*, for want of servants] on his wife.

|| *Literally*: Four things to which Finn gave hatred, a miserable hound, a slow steed, a country's lord not to be prudent, and a man's wife who would not bear children.

aige ašur éuaib ré i bfolac ar éil an tige, o'acraig ré a šuē
ašur toubairt ré oé šlōr špānna uaēbārac an rann ro—

Mire Mārtan deaig Dia,
ašur ar šac reab buaimm feōl,
Mar nār mārb tura an mūc breac
Mārbfaiō mire oō māc Cormac óš.

Oo ršannraigeaō an mācra, ōir ūaōil rī šur b'ē Naōm Mārtan
rēin oo bī aš labairt, ašur mārb rī an mūc.

aš ro ršeul oo ršpōb mé rīor o beul mīceāil mīc Ruairōig
“ an file ar cōnōac mīuig-ēō,” mar leanar.

“ Bī beirt ūašart aš ūašrōeōraēc, aon lā amāin, ašur cōnn-
aige riāo [aš] tigeaēc 'na n-ašar leaē-amaōān naē ūaib aon éiall
aige, aēc bī ré an šearr-mōballac [šēir-ūeāšarēac], ašur arpa
ceann oē na ūašairt leir an brear eile, 'cuirpō mé ceirt ar
Ōmarmuio aōoir nuair ēuēfaiō ré i nšar ōūinn.' 'Ir ūearr
ōuit a leigean ēart' ar ūan ūear eile. Nuair ēāimig Ōarpmuio
i n-īntiž (?) [= i nšar] ōōib, arpa ceann oo na ūašairt leir, 'lar-
amaōio oir (= ūašrūižimio ōiōc) caō ē an uair bēiōeap a ēaint
aš an būrēacān oūb' ? Ōeap Ōarpmuio ūar ann ūan ašar
ar an ūašart, ašur 'innūeōaiō mé rin ōuit,' ar ūeirean

Nuair ēōmōēap an t-īrplac [t-īolap] ar an nšleann.

Nuair štanūar an ceō oē na cnuic,

Nuair īmēōēap* an tūaint oē na ūašairt

bēio a ēaint aš an būrēacān oūb.

'Noir,' ar ūan ūašart eile, 'nār brear ōuit ēirēacēc le
Ōarpmuio !' ”

aš ro rann eile oo ūair mé ō'n mōarclaišeac—

Šeallūaiō an ūear breušac
Šac [a] būeōar a ēpōrōe,
Šaōilpō an ūear ūannac
Šac a šealltar šo būiž.†

aš ro ceann eile o cōnōac mīuig-ēō—

An tē lēigear a leabap
A'r naē šcuireann ē i meabap,
Nuair ēaillean ré a leabap
Bionn ré 'na baileabap (?)

* “ aēc šo n-īmēiž,” toubairt māc ui Ruairōig, aēc mī lēir ōam rin.
† = šo būižpō ré šac mō šealltar.

wished to have a good meal, and he went and hid at the back of the house, changed his voice, and spoke this rann in hideous, awful tones—

I am God's Martin, hear my word,
Out of every herd one head is mine,
I must slay your Cormac 'Og this day
Since you will not slay the spotted swine.*

The mother was frightened, for she thought it was St. Martin himself who was speaking, and she killed the pig.

Here is a story which I wrote down from the mouth of Michael Mac Rory [Rogers], the "poet from the County Mayo," as follows—

"There were two priests out walking one day, and they saw coming towards them a half fool who had no sense, but he was very short-tailed [*i.e.*, quick-at-answer], and says one of the priests to the other, 'I'll ask Diarmuid a question when he comes near us.' 'It's best for you to let him pass,' says the other one. When Dairmuid came near them one of the priests says to him, 'We're asking you when shall the black crow have speech.' Diarmuid looked up in the priest's face, and 'I'll tell you that,' says he:

'When the eagle shall nest in the hollow glen,
When mountain and fen shall from mists be free,
When the priests shall no longer for gold be seeking,
The crow shall be speaking as plain as we.'

"'Now!' says the other priest, 'wasn't it better for you to listen to [*i.e.*, let be] Diarmuid'!"

Here is another rann from which I got from the same—

The lying man has promised
Whatever thing he could,
The greedy man believes him,
And thinks his promise good.†

Here is another, also from the County Mayo—

The man who only took
His learning from his book,
If that from him be took
He knows not where to look.‡

* I am Martin red-God (?) and out of every herd, do I take meat; as you have not killed the speckled pig, I shall kill your son Cormac Ogc. (This use of the word *feath* (which now means any possession) for "herd" is ancient and curious, but Father O'Growney tells me it is still used in Donegal in this sense.)

† *Literally*: The lying man will promise all that his heart is able [to invent], the covetous man will think that he will get all that is promised.

‡ *Literally*: He who reads his book, and does not put it into his memory, when he loses his book he becomes a simpleton (?).

SEÁŠAN AN OÍOMAIS,
BLÚIRÍN AS STAIR NA h-ÉIREANN,
CONÁN MAOL.

— — —
Caité. I.

bile na coille.

Ir iomrha fear sairdeamail do h-oilead i n-illad ó Com Cúlaimh anuar go dtí Seáshan an Oíomais. I bfuad iní na cian-taib do ruad ann hiall naoi n-íallac, ní cúmactac do bí i oTeamais. Ir minic do mothuig na Rómánaig i mBreatain a corrdairt rúto. I gceann d'a eupurais eus ré leir mar cime buacail óg d'ár b'ainm 'na diair rúto pádpais. Do b'é an cime úto an Tailgin sup innir na opraite poim pae a teact: Tá a éú, 7 a ceannar go h-aiur rór imearf Saedea, act dala Héill naoi n-íallacis ir beag nac bfuil a ainm dearmadota. Ar a ion poim ba mór le pát an ní úto lá, 7 ar a learraca d' fár an aicme ba cumaraisge 7 ba calma d'a paib i n-éirinn le n-a linn féin, 'na b'féirir ar oipim an doimain. Cuapdaig 'rtair na sepioc eile, féac imearf aicmib abur 7 tall 7 ní bfuigfir fir d'adon éinead amáin do b'ailne oread, do ba calma i ngleo, do ba gléir-inntinead i gcómdairle 'na na páir-fir do píolpaio ar fead na gceadota bliadán ar an bpréim uapail rin Muintir Héill.

Fá mar do liúga nn an gaoth mór timceall epainn daime i n'adonar ar láp macaire, gan baint le n-a neart act amáin na tuilleóga do rgiobad de 7 po-ceann d'a geadais do bupread le h-áir idiract, do ba mar rin do na Sapanais ar fead éirpe céad bliadán d'a mbargad féin i gcóinnib na seupairde úto do táinig ó hiall naoi-n-íallac; 7 ir é mo tuairim ná buairpíde coirce oirca rúto muna mbéad sup eirigeadar i n-agsaio a éile.

Ní paib fear ar an gcead ba mó cáil 'na an Seáshan po do luadmuid. Éireannac 'na baillais do b'ead é, cóm maie 'na loctais 7 'na éiréib fearamla. Ní paib ré cóm glie i gcómdairle 'na cóm gead-cúiréac i seirp le h-aoth Ó Héill d'fogluimio cleapairdeact puagla i dtig Éirpe, baimpogán Sapanas. Ní paib bun-eólar cogair aige cóm clirpe le h-eogán Ruad, act níor párpais adon tuine ada po é i n-áirge, i n-íomh, 'na i n-áirad d'a éir. Tá adon rmdl amáin ar a ainm. O'foilirig

PATRICK J. O'SHEA (Conan Maol)

From a photograph by A'lison's, Belfast, Armagh and Dublin



SHANE THE PROUD.

A FRAGMENT OF IRISH HISTORY.

BY P. J. O'SHEA.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST TREE OF THE WOOD.

THERE was many a valiant man reared in Ulster, from Cuchulainn to Shane the Proud. Far back in the old times Niall of the Nine Hostages was born there, a powerful king in Tara. The Romans in Britain often experienced the havoc wrought by him. In one of his expeditions he took with him as a prisoner of war a young boy whose name afterwards was Patrick. That slave was the saintly child whose coming the Druids foretold. His fame and his power are fresh and strong still among Gaels. But as to Niall of the Nine Hostages his name is almost forgotten. But nevertheless that king was very great once, and from his loins sprang the most powerful and the most valiant race that existed in all Ireland in their own time, or perhaps in the whole world. Search the history of other countries, seek among the tribes here and elsewhere, and you will not find men of any one race who were handsomer in appearance or more valiant in battle or more intellectual in counsel than the brave men who, during hundreds of years, sprang from that noble root of the O'Neills.

As the wind howls round about an oak-tree standing by itself in the middle of a plain without reducing its strength, but only snatching leaves from it and breaking an odd one of its branches by a great effort, so it was with the English for four hundred years, flinging themselves against those champions descended from Niall of the Nine Hostages : and it is my opinion that the latter would never have been conquered but for the fact that they rose up against each other.

There was no man of the family more renowned than this Shane of whom we speak. He was an Irishman all over, as well in his faults as in his manly qualities. He was not so clever in counsel nor so subtle in disquisition as Hugh O'Neill, who learned state-craft in the house of Elizabeth, Queen of England. He was not so skilful in the science of warfare as Owen Roe, but neither of these surpassed him in valor, in

na Sapanais̄ go poileir an ríal roin dúinn go h-ácarac, mar ba beas oirca Seáḡan Ó Néill. D'fuaḡais̄ ré bean éalḡais̄ líí Oóinnail, deirbhíúr do Ṣigearna na nOileán coir Albain, 7 ir dóic le n-a lán úḡḡar sup éaluis̄ ríre leir le n-a toil féin. Ir fuarac náḡ raiḡ ré éóm h-otc leir na Sapanais̄ féin ar an gcuma raiḡ, áct amáin go n-aoḡóacáḡ reiréan a ḡroó-éleacáḡḡ mar níor ba fímineac é, áct fear fírinneac ná ceirfeac a éáim:

Caib. 2.

ÉIRE LE N-A UINN:

Ní feacaíḡ Inir fáil lá fuaiminir riam̄ [ó ḡab reóirca na Noimánac 1 gcuan ar “Ṣráis̄ an Uainḡ” le Diarmair na nḡail inr an mbliadain 1169. Ṣáinis̄ na Noimánais̄ go Sapaná ó'n ḡḡrainc céac bliadán roim̄ an am roin, fá rciúrúḡacáḡ líaim Uasḡḡais̄, 7 do rḡaíreacáḡ na Sapanais̄ 1 n-aon ḡruis̄in amáin. Uí na Sapanais̄ fá coir ḡan móill 7 Noimánac 'na ríḡ 7 'na buanna oirca fearḡa. Níor ba ḡala roin o'Éirinn. Ó'n rí rin an ḡara Hanrí go ḡci an t-octmáḡ Hanrí bí ríḡḡe Sapaná 'na “ḡṡigearnaíḡ” ar Éirinn. Ní raiḡ ré 1 mírneac aon rí aca Rí Éireann do ḡlaoḡacáḡ air féin sup céar an t-octmáḡ Hanrí sup éoir ḡó féin beir 'na rí ḡáiríur ar Éireannais̄:

Ar an aḡḡar roin éur ré ḡairm rḡoile amac go raiḡ ré ríacḡnacáḡ ar ṡaoiréacáḡ móra Éireann cḡuinníḡacáḡ ar aon láḡair go mbroinnfeac ré ciḡḡail 7 talam̄ oirca.

Do b'é nóḡ na ḡḡaoiréac roin go ḡci ríḡ beir 'na ḡcinn ar an ḡḡreíḡ 7 ríoinneac a ḡḡreíḡ féin do ḡḡḡáil. Uí Ó Uiríain mar céann ar Muinṡir ḡriain, Ó Néill mar céann ar Múinṡir Néill, 7 mar rin dóib. Cuirfeḡ an t-octmáḡ Hanrí deir- eac leir an nóḡ roin fearḡa, 7 o'á réir rin cuiréann ré rḡḡra aḡ ḡriall ar áro-ṡaoiréacáḡ Éireann náḡ ḡḡuill uair áct ríotéáin do ḡéanacáḡ leḡ, 7 go nḡéanfeac ré ṡigearnaí móra ḡóib, 7 go mbroinnfeac ré talam̄ na ḡreíḡe oirca áct ḡéilleacáḡ ḡó. Do mḡacḡnais̄ na ṡaoiríḡ. Do réir nóḡ na h-Éireann an uair rin níorḡ leir an ḡḡaoiréac talam̄ na ḡreíḡe, áct leḡ féin 7 leiréan 1 ḡeannḡa éúile. Uí reiréan mar céann oirca mar o'áruis̄- eacáḡ féin é ar coisḡeall go ḡḡabarrfeac ré céarṡ ḡóib. Ar an aḡḡar roin bíḡḡar raor 7 ní leḡmfeac an ṡaoiréac a ḡcúir

action, nor in love of his country. There is just one stain upon his name. The English have shown us that stain clearly and gladly, for they detested Shane O'Neill. He carried off Calvach O'Donnell's wife, sister to the Lord of the Isles on the coast of Scotland; and many authors think that she eloped with him of her own will. He was very nearly as bad as the English themselves in that way, except that *he* would admit his evil conduct, for he was no hypocrite, but a truthful man, who would not conceal his fault.

CHAPTER II.

IRELAND IN HIS TIME.

Inisfail never saw a day's peace after the sails of the Normans were lowered in the harbor at Traig-an-Vaniv,* with Foreign Dermot, in the year 1169. The Normans came to England from France a hundred years before that time, under the command of William the Conqueror, and they routed the Saxons in one single battle. The Saxons were overcome at once, and a Norman was King and task-master over them thenceforward. It was not thus with Ireland. From that King, Henry II., to Henry VII., the Kings of England were "lords" of Ireland. Not one of them had the courage to call himself King of Ireland until Henry VIII. thought that he ought to be really King over the Irish.

He therefore issued a proclamation that all the great chiefs of Ireland must assemble in one place so that he might present them with titles and lands.

Until then, it was the custom of those chiefs to be heads of the clans and to take the family name of their own clan. O'Brien was head of the O'Brien family, O'Neill of the O'Neill family, and so with all of them. Henry VIII. will put an end to this custom for the future, and accordingly he sends a notice to the high chiefs of Ireland that he wants nothing but to make peace with them, and that he will make great lords of them, and that he will bestow upon them the lands of their clan, provided they submit themselves to him. The chieftains reflected. According to Irish customs at that time the land of the clan did not belong to the chief, but to themselves and to him jointly. He was their head, because they themselves appointed him on condition that he would give them their rights. For that reason they were free, and the chief would not dare to

* Somewhere on the coast of Wexford. The name is not now recognizable.

calman do dhaint díob mar bí an oipeas eirte aca féin éum na calman roin 7 bí aigeSean.

Aéit féac an tUige seo do éap an t-oéctmáth Hanrí 7 a minir-céir glic Wolsey. Deaó an taoipeas feartha mar máigirceir ar gac tpeib 7 n-ionasó beit mar do bí fé go dtí ro 'na uadearmáir oiréa. Níor éairníg an gno 7 n-aon éor leir an tpeib, aét do péiréig fé go dian máit leir na taoipeasáib, 7 do rmuasimó gac ceann aca ar a fion féin go maib fé 7 a dtáinig roimhir tnáite, tuirpeas le cómpac 7 n-aíad na Sáranae, 7 sup mictu coris do éur leir an impeir.

Tá éionn roin léigimó sup éruall taoirig móra na n-éipeann anonn go lúntuinn éum Hanrí inr an mbliadain 1541, 7 'na mearf Conn Ó Néill; 7 go maib an mí go rial, fáilteas, upraimeas leó, 7 go nbeáirnaib fé iaplaí 7 cigearnaib díob do péir a gceim 'ra tpaogal.

Da túbairteas an turur é mar do deagail fé gac tpeib 7 n-éipinn ó'n nór do bí aca leir na ciantaib—fé rin flait do deánasó díob féin ar an tpeib gan rpleadóir do mág Sárana. Cairéir rial feartha úmaltúgá do'n iapla nuas ro do éum an mí díob, 7 muna mbeir rial úmalt do cuirfeair raigéiríu Sárana éum cabruigíte leir an iapla nuas 7 gceómair rmaet do éur ar an tpeib noán. Mí fuláir do'n iapla nuas leir aipe tábairt do féin nó áiródeair Sárana iapla eile 'na ionasó a beir úmalt 7 muinteaptha do'n riagaltar.

Caib. 3.

GRUAIM 1 DTÍR EÓGAIN.

Níor b'ionghasó go maib riormarraig 7 dtíir Eógain ar éeact ar n-air do'n iapla nuas, 7 cogarinas 7 eioctas ceann 7 láim-peáit claitheam go basaréas abur 7 tall. "Ir é an Conn ro an éeasó Ó Néill do érom a glúin éum mág iapácta," ar riathran, 7 tusaasair rúit ar Seághan, aoránae Cuinn. "Tá aúbair mág ann," aubhparas le éeile; "fan go bháiré fé. Féac an gmuais fása, fáinneas, fionn roin air, 7 an dá fúit larmáras glara roin aige: Tá fé as boprasó go ciug. Tá bpeir 7 fé troigíte ar áiríoe ann éeana féin: Féac go cruinn air, náe leactan-guailneas fuinnite fearpáasó atá fé; cóm uipeas le rleig, cóm lúctmar le riath,

take their land from them, for they had as much right to that land as he had.

But observe this law that Henry VIII. and his cunning minister, Wolsey, devised. The chieftain would in future be the master of each clan, instead of being, as he had been hitherto, the head man of them. The business did not please the clan at all, but it suited the chieftains thoroughly well, and each of them thought for his own part that he and all who came before him were worried and tired with fighting against the English, and that it was time to put a stop the struggle.

And so it is that we read that the great chiefs of Ireland traveled over to London to Henry in the year 1541, and among them Conn O'Neill; and that the King was most generous and hospitable and respectful towards them, and that he made earls and lords of them according to their rank in life.

It was an unlucky journey, for it parted every clan in Ireland from the custom they had had for ages—that is, making a prince for themselves from among the clan, independently of the King of England. Henceforward they will have to obey this new Earl that the King has made for them, and if they will not be obedient to him, the soldiers of England will be sent to help the new Earl in order to repress the unruly tribe. The new Earl, too, must needs mind himself, or England will put up another Earl in his place who will be obedient and friendly to the Government.

CHAPTER III.

GLOOM IN TIR-EOGHAIN.

It was no wonder that there was whispering in Tir-Eoghain when the new Earl came back, whispering and shaking of heads and a threatening handling of swords on this side and that. "This Conn is the first O'Neill who bent his knee to a foreign King," said they, and they cast their eyes on Shane, Conn's eldest son.

"There is the making of a King in him," they said to each other; "wait till he grows up. See that long, curly fair hair on him, and those two fiery gray eyes he has. He is growing fast. He is more than six feet in height already. Look at him closely; see how broad-shouldered, well-knit, and sinewy he is, as straight as a spear, as fleet as a stag, as bold as the bull of a herd. Shane shall be prince over us, and Henry the Eighth's new Earl will have to take himself off."

còmh d'án le tarb tána: Deir Seághan mar f'laic oiminn 7 caic-
piò lapla nuas an oetmair Nanpi gheasach leir."

Cualair Conn Ó Néill an còsarnac 7 do goill ri air.
Cualair ré fir as caint le céile 7 faobair 'na maobair. "Ir
annra leir an mac togartha, Matú an fearthorpa, 'na Seághan
a mac vliptineac péin do tug a bean-tigearna uó, an bean ir
uairle i n-Éiminn leir." Do b'i mátair Seághan ingean an Sear-
altair, lapla Cille Dapa, an fear ba cúmaétaige i n-Éiminn.

D'iarr an t-oetmair Nanpi ar Conn a oighe u'annmúgach.
"Matú," ar Conn, 7 pinneach bapún Dúngearnainn de Matú
láitpeach. "Caitpeach-ra mo ceart u' f'ághail," aoir Seághan.
Connaic Conn Ó Néill an lair i rúlaib a mic. Connaic ré an
ghuaim ar an tceirb. "Deir Seághan mar oighe orm," aoir
ré fá d'eirach, tar éir móráin taraint.

D'iarr Matú cabair ar Sapaná 7 fuair ré i san moill mar
ba maic leir na Gallair an leatrgéal cum muintir Néill do
éir ar céarab a céile. Cuireach fíor láitpeach ar Conn Ó Néill
i gcómair páraim do baint de i ótaob ílatú do ví-láitpuagach,
áic ní pacach ré riap ar a gellamaint do Seághan 7 buaileach
vá glar i mbaille-ata-elias é.

Carb. 4:

'FAOBAR CLAIÓIMH:

Do bláim Seághan an Dìomair fuar 7 glaochach ré ar a
muintir eirge amac, le n' aoir u'fuarglach. Míor b'fearr leir
na Sapanáig gnó bí aca. Seólaíó pluag ó tuair do cúige Ulaí
i gcómair rmaiéc do éir ar an bfeair ós baot ro, áic do táinig
reiréan aniar opta do h-obainn, do gab ré tpióca, 7 bíotéir
as baint na fála u'á céile as teiceach uair. Do gléarach pluag
eile ar an mbliathain do bí cúgaimn (1552), áic do tiomáin
Seághan poimír iau 'nór rgaata gabair. Bí fear i n-ághair na
Sapanac an cor ro. Sgaolteach Conn Ó Néill le tí piotéana
do uéanaí áic ba beag an maicair é. Do blair Seághan an
Dìomair fuil.

"Caitfeair an fear mórbálac borb ro do cóig," arpan fear-

Conn O'Neill heard the whispering, and it troubled him. He heard men talking together, with daggers (*lit.* an edge) in their looks. "He prefers the bastard son, Matthew, the dark man, to Shane, his own lawful son, whom his lady gave him—the noblest woman in Ireland, too!"

Shane's mother was a daughter of the Geraldine, the Earl of Kildare, the most powerful man in Ireland.

Henry VIII. asked Conn to name his heir. "Matthew," said Conn, and Matthew was made Baron Dungannon forthwith. "*I* must get my right," said Shane. Conn O'Neill saw the flash in his son's eyes; he saw the sullenness of the clan. "Shane shall be my heir," said he at last, after a great deal of persuasion.

Matthew asked assistance from England, and he got it immediately, for the foreigners liked the excuse to put the family of O'Neill to worrying each other. Word was sent at once to Conn O'Neill in order to get satisfaction out of him for displacing Matthew, but he would not go back on his promise to Shane, and he was thrown into prison in Dublin.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD.

Shane the Proud started up and called to his people to rise out and release his father. Nothing pleased the English better. An army was sent northward to Ulster to bring this foolish young man to discipline, but he came upon them suddenly from the West and rushed right through them, and they were knocking the heels off each other in flying from him. Another army was prepared the next year (1552), but Shane drove it before him like a flock of goats. There was a *man* opposing the English this time. They released Conn O'Neill in order to make peace, but it was little good. Shane the Proud had tasted blood.

"Somebody must check this proud, arrogant man," said the Lord Deputy from England, and he put in order and prepared a strong body of men. Their visit to the North was in vain, for Shane used to meet them in a place where they did not expect him; he used to startle them and inflict damage on them, and he would go off bold and domineering.

Matthew gathered together a body of the clan, for some of them continued under his flag, and he started to help the foreigners, but Shane stole upon them in the middle of the night, and he routed Matthew speedily. "Let us build a

onad ó Sapaná, 7 do cóipis 7 do gléar pé ríóigeadó láirioir. Bí a gcuidir ó tuairt i n-airdear mar do buaileadó Seághan leo 'ra n-ait náe raib coimne leir, baimeadó pé zeit arda, baimeadó pé ze arda, 7 óruiradó pé leir zo wán, míocúibearac.

Bailis Matú tpeam de'n tpeib, mar do lean euid aca fá na bpat-ran, 7 do gluar pé eum cabruagadó leir na Gallair, aet d'éaluis Seághan 'na tpeó i lár na h-oróce 7 do éir pé ar Matú zo tapair. "Óeánpam waingean i mbéatpeirpoe eum a pmaetuisge," aoeir an iuripe William bpataron. Uir Seághan irteac opca inr an tóin neam-épioénuisge úo 7 do mill pé a bfuirpóir. Uir pé ar an gcuma gcéatna irteac ar tpeam eile do luét consanta bpataron coir Doirpe 7 do rgar pé iad. Míor d'iongnadó sup táimis eagla ar na Sapanacáib 7 sup rgein-neatdar leó ar n-air zo baile-ata-eliat.

Leigeadó do ar feadó éeitre mbliadóan 'na tóiró rúo (1554-8), aet ní raib don fonn ruaimnir ar Seághan an Diomair. Cúimnis pé sup le n-a fínnreap eúise Ulad. Bíod an lám láirioir i n-uacóair, aoeir pé leir féin. Béadó pé maetanae ar na taoirig eile géilleadó wó. Wá mbéadó pé eóim glie le h-aoó Ó Néill do tóeánpadó pé ceangal 7 capatdar leir na taoirpeacáib boirba úo i n-ionadó do eir d'fiacáib opca géilleadó wó.

Dubairt O Riagallair, iapla nuadó Upéim, leir náe géillpeadó pé féin i n-aon eor wó, aet léim an fear teinnceac tpio, 7 do b'éigean do mac Uí Riagallair beir uimál wó fearda. Míor mar rin de Ó Dómnail i tTír Conaill. Mí mó 'na géill an Clann Dómnail ó Albainn d'áitig na gleannta coir fairrige i n-dontpim, aet eus Seághan aghair opca zo léir ioir gaeóil 7 gail. Míor eirig leir zo maie inr an iarpacé do gnió pé eum clanna cruada Tír Conaill do tabairt fá na maigail, mar ppeab Calbac Ó Dómnail i gan fíor air 'na eábán ir oiróce ag baile-aghair-eaoin 7 ba beas náir mill pé Seághan. Do tuit a lán d'á euid fear inr an ruagadó obann úo, 7 do eail pé aipm 7 capail, 7 'na meapz a eac eioiróub féin. Do b'e an t-eac cogair úo an capall ba breagda i n-éipinn. Mac-an-fíolair do tugtaoi uirte. Fuair Seághan ar n-air aipr i. Míor eir an bac úo cois abfadó leir an bfeap gcumapac wán.

Do tuit Matú i ngrárgar éigin le euid de muintir Seághan inr an mbliadóin 1558, 7 do gnió na Sapanair iarpacé ar an gcuir do eir i leir Seághan féin aet dubairt pé náe raib don baint aise le báp Matú 7 zo gcaitpíoir beir fápta leir an bfeapzra roin. Fuair Conn Ó Néill báp ar an mbliadóin do bí eúgaimn. "Ta an bótar réir do Seághan anoir," aoeir an tpeib; "ní beir iapla mar éeann opaimn a tuilleadó."

stronghold in Belfast to keep him in order," said the Knight, Sir William Brabazon. Shane broke in upon them in the unfinished fort, and destroyed most of them. He broke in, in the same way, upon another body of Brabazon's party near Derry, and scattered them. It was no wonder that fear fell upon the English, and that they fled back to Dublin.

They let him alone for four years after that (1554-8), but Shane the Proud had no desire for peace. He remembered that Ulster had belonged to his ancestors. Let the strong hand be uppermost, said he to himself. It would be necessary for the other chiefs to submit to him. If he had been as clever as Hugh O'Neill, he would have made bonds and friendship with those haughty chiefs instead of forcing them to yield to him.

O'Reilly, the new Earl of Breffny, said to him that *he* would not submit to him in any case; but the fiery man leaped through him (*i.e.*, through his forces), and O'Reilly was obliged to be humble towards him for the future. It was not so with O'Donnell in Tir-Conaill, nor did the Clan Donal from Scotland yield, who inhabited the glens by the sea in Antrim; but Shane turned his face against them all, both Gaels and foreigners. He did not succeed very well in the attempt he made to bring the sturdy children of Tir-Conaill under his rule, for Calvach O'Donnell sprang upon him secretly in his tent at night at Balleegan (on Loch Swilly), and he nearly destroyed Shane. A great many of his men fell in that sudden rout, and he lost arms and horses, and among them his own coal-black steed. That charger was the finest horse in Ireland. They called him the Son of the Eagle. Shane got him back again. That check did not long hinder so powerful and intrepid a man.

Matthew fell in some brawl with a few of Shane's people in the year 1558, and the English tried to attribute the crime to Shane himself; but he said he had nothing to do with Matthew's death, and that they would have to be satisfied with that answer. Conn O'Neill died the following year (1559).

"The road is clear for Shane now," said the clan; "we will have no earl for a head over us any more."

CHAPTER V.

O'NEILL OF ULSTER.

Out with you to the top of Tullahogue, Shane the Proud! The royal flagstone is there, waiting for you to plant your right foot upon it, as your ancestors the Kings did before you! And

Caitb. 5.

Ó Néill Ulaó:

Amac leat ar bárr Tulaiógis, a Seághan an Diomair! Tá an leac ríogaíodha ann ag feiceam leat leo' coir deir do bualaó uirte mar gniúeas do rinnreap ríste rómac! Agus do fearaim Seághan Ó Néill ar Tulacóg, agus do ríneas ríac bán dípeas éirge mar cómarca coirpaim eiric o'á tpeib; bualeas clóca spéartha ar a flinnéadnaib cumarada 7 catbárr ar a ceann. Caiteas ríupéir a coirp riar tar a gualainn. Capas míle cláró-eam ór cionn ceann 7 dúirígeas mac alla na gceanntar le fuaim-glór míle ríomnae—"Ó Néill abú! So maíur ár bflaíe a tosa!" Do tairnim an ghuar ar ceannaisíte d'atamail, luir-neamail Uí Néill, 7 do cuir coim móra ar iallaib amarrpac arda fé mar éualasair ualparcais an macéirpe 'ra coill 7 géim na h-eilite ar an ghenoc.

"Do b'ónóiríge liom beir am' 'Ó Néill Ulaó' 'ná am' ní ar Spáinn," arsa doó tír Eóghain tamail maíe 'na díaró rúo. "Ir mó le h-Ulaois an ainm 'Ó Néill' 'ná 'Caerap' le Rómánais," ar an ríomroóir Mountjoy.

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Caitb. 6.

"DEARBRÁTAIR TAÍOS DOINNALL."

Caitleas Máire, bainríogain Sárana fá'n am ro, 7 bí Eilir 'na h-ionas. Do b' i an bean mí-banamail reo an éiríde éiríde 7 na ríarada ppar an bean ba mó inntleas le n-a linn. Do érom rí féin 7 a ríagaltar láirpeas ar cur irceas ar Seághan. Sydney do b'ainm o'á fear-ionas i n-Éirinn. Gluair fé ó éualas go dúntoalgaib 7 cuir ríoga cum Seághan teasé 'na gáor. Níor leis Seághan air gur éualas fé an ríoga aet cuir fé cuirpeas cum Sydney teasé cum a tíge 7 beir 'na áair baírteir o'á mac ós. Níor díultais an fear-ionas oó 7 do fearaim fé leir an mac. "Táim-re am' Ó Néill i n-Ulaó le toil na tpeirbe reo," arsa Seághan. "Ní tearruigeann uaim cómpac le Sárana má leirtear dom, aet má cuirtear orm, bíos o'raib féin." Bí Sydney pártá leir rin 7 bí ríotéad ar fear tamail i n-Ulaó

Shane O'Neill stood on Tullahogue, and a straight, white wand was handed to him as a symbol of his true balance of justice to his clan; an embroidered cloak was put over his powerful shoulders, and a helmet on his head. His shoe was thrown behind him over his shoulder. A thousand swords were waved overhead, and the echoes of the whole district were awakened with the sound of voices from a thousand throats—"O'Neill for ever! May our Prince live to enjoy his election!" The sun shone on the handsome, bright features of O'Neill, and the great hounds in their leashes bayed as if they heard the howl of the wolf in the forest and the cry of the fawn on the hill.

"I would think it a greater honour to be 'O'Neill of Ulster' than to be King of Spain," said Hugh of Tir-Eoghain a good while after. "The name 'O'Neill' is greater in the eyes of Ulstermen than 'Cæsar' was to the Romans," said the exterminator Mountjoy.

CHAPTER VI.

"DONAL IS BROTHER TO TADHG."

Mary, Queen of England, died about this time, and Elizabeth was Queen in her stead. This unwomanly woman, with the heart of stone and the bowels of brass, was the cleverest woman of her time. She and her Government began at once to interfere with Shane. Sydney was the name of her Deputy in Ireland. He proceeded northwards to Dundalk, and sent notice to Shane to come to him. Shane did not pretend to have heard the notice, but he sent an invitation to Sydney to come to his house and be godfather to his infant son. The Deputy did not refuse him, and he stood for his son. "I am O'Neill of Ulster by the will of this clan," said Shane. "I do not want any fighting with England if I am let alone, but if they provoke me, let them take the consequences." Sydney was satisfied with that, and there was peace in Ulster for awhile, until Sussex came as Deputy to Ireland. "I shall have no peace," said he, "till O'Neill is overthrown," and he prepared and fitted out an army for the purpose. This Sussex was a false, cruel, cunning man, but he was not so clear-headed as Sydney. Calvach O'Donnell assisted him, and also the Scottish O'Donnells in Antrim. Shane the Proud complained that they were annoying him without cause. His province was prospering in wealth and well-doing. Let a messenger come from Elizabeth and he would see. Elizabeth took no

sur táinig Sussex 'na fear-ionas go h-Éirinn. "Ní b'ead am' fuaimear," aoir pé, "go mberó Ó Néill fá coir," 7 do gléar 7 do cóirigh pluas le h-aíaró an ghnóta. Fear fealltae, boib, glie, do b'ead Sussex ro aet ní raib pé cóim géar-inntineae le Sydney. Do cabruig Calbae Ó Dómnail leir, 7 map an gcéadna elann Dómnail na hálbann, i ndonruim. Do gearán Seághan-an-Diomair go raibtar as cur ari gan éur. Bí a éurige as dul eum einn i maoin 7 i maitear. Tagaó teacairie Elíre 7 féacáó pé. Níor éur Elíre ruim 'na éuró cainte aet leis pí d'á fear-ionas gluaireaeó ó tuaró go h-Árto-Maca inr an mbliadain 1561.

Íreab Seághan go h-obann irteae go Tír Conaill pul a raib coinne leir 7 do rgiob pé leir rean Calbae Ó Dómnail 7 a bean ós, an bean úo d'fás an ríal ar a ainm. Do éur an cleap cogairó obann' roin meapótail ar na Tír Conaillig 7 do toéur Sussex a éeann le cangear. Éar Seághan ó deap fá map do b'ead pé ar tí iarraiet do tabairt fá Baile-aéa-Cliaé. Bí Mac-an-Íolair fá 7 níor b'ionntaioib Seághan ar muin an eie rin ar éeann íreama dírsireae ó' ultaéaib. Níor éur Sussex cao é an fuadar do bí fá Seághan. Fá deireaeó do píuró pé go raib Seághan 'na gliaice aise 7 do beartuig pé inmil dó. Do óruio pé míle fear irteae go Tír Eógan as éreae 7 as corfáir, 7 o' fan pé péin coir Áirto-Maca as peiteam le Seághan. Baigis an míle fear na céadta ba'óúba, na caoirig bána, 7 na capail, 7 do gluaireadair ar n-air go buaeae. "Féac Mac-an-Íolair," arpa tuine éigin, "cá Seághan an Diomair éúgaib!" Ní raib le Seághan ar an láair úo aet céao 7 píde marae 7 d'á céao coiróte, aet gairgíóig blosgbéimeaeá do b'ead iao. Bí einn 7 cora 'na gcápnánais ar an macaire úo fá éeann uaire an élois, 7 an fuigleae beas éreaeó, rcolleá, as rgeinneaeó go h-Árto-Maca, na biailib faobraeá d'á n-gearraó 7 d'á n-éirleae, 7 an gáir-caéa uamíneae úo—"Lám deapig abú!" 'na gcluaireaib. iníreann Sussex péin le epáó epóirde an raon-maóma do cuireaeó air.—"Ní raib pé i míreaeó don Éireannaig raím fóir fearam am' aáaró-re, aet féac iníu Ó Néill reo 7 gan aise aet a leat n-oiraeó fear liom, as bpiéaeó irteae ar mo arim bpeáig ar macaire péiró leatán. Do gúirófinn eum Dé fail d'fágar air 'na leicéir d'áit gan coil i ngiorraet epí míle dó le ríáé do tabairt d'á éuró fear. Mo náire é, o'fóbar na fágaró pé aietó dom' arim beó i n-uair an élois, 7 ir beas nár rernae pé mé péin 7 an éuró eile amae leir ar raingean Áirto-Maca."

Ní épparaó Sussex ar Tír Eógan do éreaeó go péil apí. Cur an bpiurleae úo ríganraó opá i lúntuim 7 o'iarí Elíre ar

notice of what he said, but she allowed her Deputy to go north to Armagh in the year 1561.

Shane rushed suddenly into Tir-Conaill before they expected him, and he carried off old Calvach O'Donnell and his young wife—that woman who left the stain on his name. This sudden feat of arms dismayed the Tir-Conaill men, and Sussex scratched his head with vexation. Shane turned southward, as if he were about to make an attack on Dublin. The “Son of the Eagle” was under him, and Shane was not to be trusted on the back of that horse at the head of an active body of Ulstermen. Sussex did not know how great was the energetic force of Shane. At last he thought he had Shane in his grip, and he laid a trap for him. He sent a thousand men into Tir-Eoghain to plunder and ravage, and he himself remained near Armagh waiting for Shane. The thousand men collected hundreds of black cows, of white sheep, and horses, and they were returning, much elated. “See the ‘Son of the Eagle’!” said one of them; “Shane the Proud is upon us!” Shane had only a hundred and twenty horsemen and two hundred foot in the place, but they were warriors who dealt loud-resounding blows. Heads and feet were in heaps upon that field at the end of an hour, and the little remnant, wounded and torn, were flying to Armagh, the keen-edged axes cutting and slaughtering them, and that terrifying war-cry, “*Lám veap̃s abú!*” in their ears. Sussex himself tells with sorrow of heart the utter rout that was inflicted on him*:—“No Irishman ever before had the courage to stand against me; but see this O'Neill to-day, and he having only half as many men as I, bursting in upon my fine army on a smooth, wide plain. I would pray to God to get a chance at him in such a place, without a wood within three miles of him to give shelter to his men. My shame! He was like not to have left a creature of my army alive in one hour, and it wanted little but he would have dragged me and the rest out of the fortress of Armagh.”

Sussex would not attempt to plunder Tir-Eoghain again for awhile. That defeat terrified them in London, and Elizabeth asked the Earl of Kildare, a relative of Shane the Proud, to make peace. She sent a message of pardon to Shane, and an invitation to come to London to speak with her. “I will not stir a foot,” said Shane, “till the English army takes the road out of Ulster.” “Be it so,” said Elizabeth.

* In all cases where quotations from English writers have been translated into Irish by Conán Maol, such quotations have been re-translated into English, and therefore differ slightly in form, though not in sense, from the English originals.—ED.

When Sussex had failed, he thought he would put his cunning in treachery to account. His own letter to Elizabeth exists as a witness to the treachery. In the month of August, 1561, he writes to that Queen that he had offered land to the value of a hundred marks a year to Grey Niall, O'Neill's house-steward, on condition that he should kill that prince. "I showed him how he should escape after the act," said he. We do not know whether Grey Niall was in earnest, but in any case we do not hear that he made any attempt to murder Shane.

CHAPTER VII.

SHANE THE PROUD IN LONDON.

The Earl of Kildare made peace between O'Neill and England, for O'Neill had a great regard for him, and they both traveled over to London at the end of the year, taking a guard of gallowglasses with them.

It was said to Shane that he would never come back, because Elizabeth had the axe and the block in readiness for him; but he had confidence in his own keen and ready tongue, and he thought that he had never failed in any difficulty.

Elizabeth was a vain woman. She was handsome; she had red hair and gray eyes, and she wore the most beautiful and the most expensive clothes, and she had more than enough of them to decorate herself many times in the day. She was like a peacock to look at; but she had the heart of a wild beast, without pity or compassion, and more intellect and mind than any other woman in the world. "Will you speak English to her," said somebody to Shane. "Indeed I will not," said he; "for that rugged, ugly language would sprain my jaw." Shane had French and Spanish and Latin as well as his own sweet musical tongue. Elizabeth was a linguist too, and it is said that Shane outdid her in French, and that she refused to converse with him in that language.

On Little Christmas Day, in the year 1562, he walked into the royal room of Elizabeth. There were valiant men of six feet and more around her, especially young Herbert; but it was seen at once that they were but insignificant men beside Shane the Proud. English history gives an account of his visit and of his appearance. "He had a yellowish-red mantle of fine material flowing down behind him to the ground, and light red hair, crisp and curly, falling over his shoulders to the middle of his back; he had wild gray eyes that looked out at you as

lá Noctas beas inr an mbliadain 1562 do buail ré irteac
 so reómra píosacda Éilip. Bí sír calma ré troigste 7 níor mó
 na curdeacta, so móir móir Herbert ós, aet connacatár
 láirteac náe saib ionnta aet rppearáin i n-aice Seághain-an-
 Diomair. Tugann rctáir na Sapanac cúntur ar a éuairt 7 ar a
 éruit. “Bí falluings buirde-dearg do déanmúr daor ar rileac
 riar ríor so talam leir, 7 spuas fionn-puac so cupineac, com
 arpac tan a flinneánab ríor so lár a úroma, rúla glara riadaine
 aige o’féac amaé oit éom lonnpac le sac sréine; corpp
 fuinnite lútmair aige 7 ceann-aigste dán.” Bí na céadta ag
 iarraid padairc o’fásail air féin 7 ar a gallóglacá. Deir a
 cuairirg so padadar ro ceann-lomnocta, foit fionna oita,
 léintecá lúirg ó muneál so glún oita, poiceann mactíre
 tar guailmí sac sír aca, 7 seárr-éuag cata i lám sac don aca.
 Níor b’ ionntaob fearg do éur ar a leitéiríó ríú. Ir deall-
 pacac so padadar i mbuigín ártomaca. “Úmaltuigíó!” arpa
 Seághan de gút glópac 7 ní saib an focat ar a beal nuair do
 bí na gallóglais ar a leat-glúin. Stao ré i seómgar do’n
 éactaor píosacda mar a saib Éilip, agus i éatungste ar nóir
 péacóige, do érom ré a éeann, do érom ré a glún, 7 do fearam
 ré annrom éom úipeac le gáinne. O’féac ré féin 7 Éilip toir
 an d’á rúil ar a éite. Labair sí i lairdeann leir 7 o’fpeasair
 peirean i so binn-buactac. Do moí ré a mórtac 7 tubairt
 ré sup dail a rgeim 7 a éruit é, mar ba mín i a teanga le
 mnáib. Níor lurg rúil Éilip mair ar a leitéiríó o’fear 7 ba binn
 léi é beir ’sá bpeasac. Do tearbáin sí d’ó i n-ainneoin a
 cómarpleóir sup taicn ré léi, sír so saib na cómarpleóir rin
 ar tí a éuit folá do d’órtac. Dubpadar leó féin so saib
 spreim aca anoir nó mair air, 7 sír sup éugadar na coingíl d’ó
 ná bainpíre leir ar a éurur, meapadar, mar ba gnáac, an glar
 do bualat air. “Tátaoi ar tí an coingíl do bupac,” ar
 Seághan so dán. “Leisfear ar n-air cú uair éigin,” ar Cecil
 leir, “aet ní fuil don am aigste ceapungste ’ra coingéall
 roin!” “Meallac mé,” arpa Seághan leir féin, 7 do buail ré
 irteac so ládar Éilipe 7 o’iarr ré coimhic uirte. “Ní leómtar
 don bártainn do déanac duit,” aoir sí leir, “aet cairpí
 panamaint agáinn so fóil.” Ní ríor cionnur do meall Seághan
 i: Ba mair léi le n-a n-air é, 7 meaptar so saib pasar spáir
 ainmíre aici d’ó, 7 ir é iongnac sac leigsteópa sup rgaol sí
 uairt é pá deirac ar scall so mbéac ré úmal dí féin amáin 7
 son bainc ’sá fear-ionac i n-éirinn leir. Deirtear so saib
 eagla uirte leir o’á gcuirteirí 7 gcuirteac é so n’deanpac
 Muinir Néil ríat de Coirdeatbac lúneac Ó Néil ’na ionac

bright as sunbeams; a well-knit, active frame, and haughty features." There were hundreds of people trying to get a sight of himself and of his gallowglasses. This account says that these latter were bare-headed, with fair heads of hair, wearing shirts of mail from the neck to the knee, each man having a wolf-skin across his shoulders and a sharp battle-axe in his hand. One would not trust the consequences of provoking the like of those fellows. It is probable that they were in the fight at Armagh. "Make your obeisance!" said Shane in a sonorous voice, and the word was not out of his mouth when the gallowglasses were on one knee. He stood close to the throne where Elizabeth sat, dressed like a peacock; he bent his head, he bent his knee, and then he stood up as straight as a rod. He and Elizabeth looked at each other between the eyes. She spoke to him in Latin, and he answered her in sweet-sounding words. He praised her greatness, and he said that her beauty and her form dazzled him, for he had a smooth tongue with women. Elizabeth's eye had never rested on a man like him, and she liked to hear him flattering her. She showed him, in spite of her advisers, that he pleased her, though those same advisers were ready to shed his blood. They said to themselves that they had a grip of him now or never; and although they had agreed to the condition that no one should molest him on his journey, they thought, as was their custom, to close the lock upon him. "Ye intend to break the conditions," said Shane boldly. "You will be allowed to go back some time," said Cecil to him; "but there is no particular time decided upon in that agreement." "They have deceived me," said Shane to himself, and he walked into the presence of Elizabeth and demanded her protection. "They will not dare to do you any injury," said she to him; "but you will have to remain with us for a while." There is no knowing how Shane persuaded her. She liked him to be about her, and it is supposed that she had a kind of animal affection for him, and every reader is surprised that she let him go away from her at last on his promising that he would obey herself alone, and that her Deputy in Ireland should have nothing to do with him. It is said that she was afraid also that if he were put in fetters the O'Neills would make Turlough Luineach O'Neill prince in his stead, and she preferred Shane to *him*. Sussex was gnawing his tongue with rage because they had not taken Shane's head from his body in London, and he sent word to Elizabeth that it was spread abroad through Ireland that Shane had deceived her, great as was her intelligence, and that she had made him

“Do b'annpa léi Seáſan 'nà eipean. B'i Sussex aſ coſaint a t'eangan le buile coirſ nà'p baineað an ceann de òlaimn Seáſain i lùn-tuinn, 7 cùip ré rſeala cum Elìpe ſo paib ré leattha ar fuo Òipeann ſup meall Seáſan i o'á feabhar i a h-inntleact 7 ſup ſnìò pì pì ar Ulaò de. O'iarp ré ceao uirte é meallao ſo Baile-àta-Cliaò i ſcòip ſpreama o'páſail aip. aet b'i Seáſan ró-amharpac 7 nìop ſaò ré i nſaop oo Baile-àta-Cliaò, ſiò ſup ſeall Sussex a òeipòpìup mar mnaoi oò aet teact o'á feicpint.

Caib. 8.

nìò 7 pìul.

Inp an mbliadain 'na òiaò pìò (.i. 1563) do òpòm Sussex ar cùip irteac ar Seáſan 7 ar uirſe pá òalam oo òeanaò uip é fèin 7 Elìp. Do càbpuis ſean-nàmaide Seáſain, na Tìp-Consallis 7 Albanais aontpaim, le Sussex, 7 do ſluair reipean ó tusaò ſo h-Ulaò inp an àbpán 1563, aet má ſluair oo ſnìò Seáſan liaòpòò coipe de fèin 7 o'á pìuaſ, 7 b'i Sussex an-buirdeac ſo paib ré 'na cumap teiceac le n'anam. Sſpìob Elìp cum Sussex pìotcáin oo òeanaò le Seáſan, mar nác paib aon maic oò beic leip.

Do ſnìò Sussex puo ar Elìp, 7 ar an am ſcèaona cùip ré fèipin pìotcána cum Seáſam—ualac pìona meapſuigſe le nìò. O'ól Seáſan 7 a linn-tiſe curo de'n pìon 7 o'pòbair ſo mbéac ré 'na pìeip. B'i ré aſ cómpac leip an mbár ar feaò oá lá, 7 nuair oo táinis ré cùipe fèin nìop b'ionſnaò ſo paib ré ar deapſ-lapaò le feipſ 7 ſup ſlèar ré a buirdean cum coſaò. leis Elìp uirte ſo paib pì ar buile i ocaò an fèill-beapc òo 7 oo ſeall pì ſo ocaòarfaò pì ceapc oò aet a fuaínnear oo ſlacao. Do ſlaòthair pì abaile ar Sussex. leis pì uirte ſup mar páram oo Seáſan é, aet oo b'é an cùip oo b'i aici ar Sussex sup meac ré. Do fnaòm pì pìotcáin 7 capaoar mar o'eaò le Seáſan aip, 7 b'i ré 'na pìſ oáipìup ar Ulaò anoir 7 leicſaò oò. aet mar pin fèin b'i a fuaò oo'n ſall cóm ſéar 7 b'i ré nam. O'á cómapta roin cum ré capleac ar bpuac loca n-òeac. Feap caſapta oo b'eaò é 7 ceap ré ſup beaſ ar na ſapanais aòapc an capleac pin 7 oo haipc ré aip “fuaò na n'ſall.” òeipceap ſup ceap ré an uair pèo pìogaet na h-òipeann oo

King over Ulster. He asked her permission to decoy Shane to Dublin in order to get a grip of him; but Shane was too suspicious, and he did not go near Dublin, although Sussex promised him his sister for a wife if he only went to see her.

CHAPTER VIII.

POISON AND BLOOD.

In the year after that (1563) Sussex began to interfere with Shane, and to make mischief between him and Elizabeth. Shane's old enemies, the Tir-Conaill men and the Scots of Antrim, assisted Sussex, and the latter went north to Ulster in the April of 1563; but if he did go, Shane made a football of himself and his army, and Sussex was very thankful that he was able to fly with his life. Elizabeth wrote to Sussex to make peace with Shane, for it was no use for him to be attacking him.

Sussex did as Elizabeth bade him, and at the same time he sent a gift of peace to Shane—a cargo of wine mixed with poison. Shane and his household drank some of the wine, and he was like to have become a corpse. He was fighting with death for two days, and when he recovered it was not surprising that he was in a red flame of rage, and that he prepared his troop for war. Elizabeth pretended that she was furious about this act of treachery, and she promised that she would give him satisfaction if he would only keep quiet. She recalled Sussex. She pretended it was to satisfy Shane, but the cause of complaint that she had against Sussex was that he had failed. She tied the bonds of (pretended) peace and friendship with Shane again, and he was really King over Ulster now, and they let him alone. But for all that his hatred of the stranger was as keen as ever. As a sign of it he built a castle on the shore of Lough Neagh. He was a wittily-spoken man, and he thought that the English would not enjoy the sight of that castle, and he christened it "The Hate of the Strangers." It is said that he thought at that time of taking to himself the kingdom of Ireland, and of clearing the English out of it. But the Irish did not help him. He wrote to the King of France to ask help from him. "If you lend me six thousand men," he said, "I will drive the English out of this country into the sea." He could have got ten times as many as that in Ireland itself if they had been willing to rise with him, but they did not stir a foot.

gabhadh eirise fèin, 7 na Sapanais do glanadh amach airde. A'c nìor eabhuig na h-Èipeannais leir. Do rìghibh ré eum rug na fèain e a'g iarraidh congnamh air. "Mà eugann tu dom ré mìle fear air iarrad," ar peirean, "tiomáinfead na Sapanais ar an uirí reo irtead 'ra b'fuirge." Do gheobadh ré a' d'èic n-oirpead roim i n-Èipunn fèin d'a mb'ail leò eirise leir, a'c nìor eorruigeadar cor.

Caib. 9.

LÀM DEARG ABÚ!

Muna gceadruigibh Èipe linn, mar rin fèin caiteam d'ul ar aghaidh. B'i an Clann Dòmhnailh reo i n-dontruim ó uair go h-uair a'g eabruigadh leir na Sapanais. Amharanna do b'eadh na fìr ealma ùr. Tàngadair ó Albain ar eirpead Èunn Uí Néill 7 a' d'ar, 7 do eirpeadair fùta i n-dontruim 7 i n-dalruidh. Nì raih' f'eadhgan pàrta 'na a'ghe fad do b'iodair 'ra tìr. Do g'eill-eadair d'ó 7 do eabruigeadair leir don uair amhain, a'c nì raih' don ionntaobh a'ghe arda. Duibhaidair leir nàc raih' don rima'c a'ghe oirte, 7 nàc raih' ré ma'c'ana'c oirte eabruigadh leir, a'c le n-a' d'oir fèin. Do g'hiopaidh bainneogam Èir iad i san fìor. "Sead m'ar ead," a' d'èir Seághan leo, "gheadair lib' abailte. Nì fuit don g'nó a'gampa d'ib' fearda." A'c do eir na h-Albanais colg oirte fèin 7 duibhaidair leir go b'fearaduir mar a' raih' aca san r'pleadh'adair d'ó roim. "Do buadmaidair ar d'atair-re e'ana 7 ar Sussex 'na t'eannta," a' d'èir na h-Albanais d'ana.

Do leat Seághan-an-Dìomair a' cora ar Mac-an-Èiolair, bailig ré a' f'luaidhte timcheall air 7 do b'uir ré irtead go h-dontruim ar n'or tuinne f'airrge. Buail na h-Albanais leir i n-gleannaire 'na n'preamaib' n'oirgheada 7 do fearmadh cat fuithead eatorra. Tà f'ean-b'otair dia' euar d'è'n baile rin Dun-abann Duinne, i gcondae dontruim, 7 do eir Seághan-an-Dìomair a' ead eiorubh, Mac-an-Èiolair, ar cor-in-airde tar eorpaib' Albanac ann, 7 fà meadhon lach b'i Clann Dòmhnailh 'na r'p'adair pinte timcheall air. Do marbuidh annrú do donsur Mac Dòmhnailh 7 reat g'eadh d'a' eir fear, do gabadh 7 do gona' Séamur Mac Dòmhnailh, 7 do e'g Seághan leir Somairle Duirde, an e'airpead eile b'i oirte. Do b'f'adair d'ib' d'a' d'ot'p'aduir a

CHAPTER IX.

Lám deapús abú!

If Ireland will not help us, still we must go forward. These MacDonnells in Antrim were helping the English from time to time. These brave men were mercenary soldiers. They came from Scotland on the invitation of Conn O'Neill and of his father, and they settled in Antrim and in Dalriada (the present counties Antrim and Down). Shane was not easy in his mind as long as they were in the country. They submitted to him and assisted him once, but he had no confidence in them. They told him he had no control over them, and that there was no necessity for them to help him except by their own free will. Queen Elizabeth used covertly to encourage them. "Very well so," said Shane to them. "Get ye away home. I have no further business of ye." But the Scotsmen assumed a threatening attitude, and they said to him that they would stay where they were without dependence on *him*. "We got the better of your father before, and of Sussex besides," said the bold Scots.

Shane the Proud threw his leg over his horse Mac-an-Fhiolar, gathered his hosts around him, and broke in upon Antrim like a wave of the sea. The Scots met him in Glenshesk, in fierce bands, and a bloody battle was waged between them. There is an old road behind the village of Cushendun, in County Antrim, and Shane the Proud galloped his coal-black horse Mac-an-Fhiolar over the bodies of Scotsmen in it, and by the middle of the day the MacDonnells were stretched in rows around him. Angus MacDonnell and seven hundred of his men were killed, James MacDonnell was wounded and taken prisoner, and Shane also took Somerled the Sallow (or Sorley Boy), the other chief over them. It would have been better for them if they had taken his advice and gone off out of his way, and it would have been better for himself too, for it was the remnant of that company who treacherously killed him two years later.

At this time he was only thirty-eight years of age, and there was no man in Ireland of greater reputation and power than he. The English pretended to be great friends with him. They were very glad at first that he had routed the Clan Donnell of Scotland, and they rejoiced with him. Shane understood them right well. Not without reason was that proverb made: "An Englishman's laugh is a dog's grin"

cómaire 7 speadao leo ar a fliúge, 7 do b'feárru do roin leir é, mar do b'iaó fuigleac do buirne úto do maire le feall é féin dá bliadaim 'na diao rúto.

Mí maib ré an uair reo aet oet mbliadna d'as ar fiertu d'aoir, 7 ní maib don fear i n-Éirinn ba mó eall 7 eumact 'na é. Leis na Sapanais opta go maibdar go móir leir. Bi átar opta ar ucúir sup mill ré Clann 'Domhnait ó Albain 7 do gáireadar leir. Tuig Seághan go dian maib iao. Mí gan fáe do eumact an fear-focal úto—"Draughtán maora gáire Sapanais." "Ir maib an rúto," ar riaran, "Clann 'Domhnait do beir elaoirte mar níor b'fior d'inn eá h-am do éabrócaoir leir na h-Éireannaig, aet mar rin féin beir O Néill rúo-láoir ar fear anoir."

Ir truaig ná'r gúto ré caradar le taoirdeasib Éireann an uair reo. I n' ionaó roin érom ré ar a éur d'fiacais opta géilleao d'ó gibe ole maib leo é. "Cairtú taoirig Conaet a geáin bliadantamait do tabairt dompa mar ba gnáas leo do iugéib Ulaó," ar reirean. Ueicig na Conaetais é 7 ppeab ré go h-obann i látair éigearna Clomh Riocáir, an fear ba éreire i gConaet, 7 mill ré é gan puim duaró. Do éreac ré Tír Conait inr an mbliadain geáona (1566), 7 táinig rganhiar ar Sapan. Do gúioaró Clir iarla fearu mumeac, Maguirir le h-eirge 'na aghaó, aet do meileao an Maguirir pá mar do meilfear b'ó muiltinn doirán coirce.

Do b'É Sydney bí 'na Artoiririr arir ar Éirinn an uair úto i n-ionao Sussex, 7 bí aine maib aige ar Seághan. Cuir ré teactaire magalcar d'ar b'ainm Stukeley eirge le h-aiteam air beir réiró. "Na h-eirig amac i raáir na Sapanac 7 geobair gibe níó do teapuirgeann uait," ar Stukeley. "Déan-par iarla Tír Eogain úioe má'r maib leat é." Cuir Seághan rian ar 7 labair ré go neamaas. "Bpéagán ir eao an iarlaet roin," ar reirean. "Do gúioeabair iarla de Mlac Cáptaig i geúige Muimán, 7 tá buacaili aimpire 7 rin carall aghamra acá eom maib d'fear leir rin. Do meapabair mé éroacó nuair do bí gpeim aghaib oim. Mí fuil don muintin agham ar bur ngeallamna. Míor iarpas ríotéain ar an mbainmuigam aet d'iarir ríre oim i 7 ir ríbre féin do b'ir i. Do tiomáinear na Sapanais ar an lúbar 7 ar Dúntoma 7 ní leirgeao d'óib teact ar n-air go deo. Mí leomfearó Ó Domhnait beir 'na flait arir ar Tír Conait mar ir liompa an aic rin fearoa. Ná bioó don meapbail opt sup liompa eúige Ulaó. Bí mo rinnreap romam 'na iugéib uirce. Do buadar i lem' elaiream 7 lem' elaiream do éomgheóacó i."

[i.e., a preparation for biting]. "It is a good thing," said they, "that the Clan Donnell are defeated, for we never knew when they might help the Irish; but, for all that, O'Neill will be too strong altogether now."

It is a pity he did not make friends with the chieftains of Ireland at this time. Instead of that he began to force them to submit to him, whether they liked it or not. "The princes of Connacht must give me their yearly tribute, as they used to give it to the Kings of Ulster," said he. The Connachtmen refused, and he rushed suddenly upon the lord of Clan Rickard, the strongest man in Connacht, and despoiled him without much trouble. He plundered Tir-Conaill in the same year (1566), and fear fell upon England. Elizabeth incited Maguire, Earl of Fermanagh, to rise against him; but the Maguire was crushed as a millstone would crush a handful of oats.

Sydney was Lord Justice (or Deputy) of Ireland again at this time in place of Sussex, and he knew Shane well. He sent a Government envoy, named Stukely, to him to urge upon him that he should keep quiet. "Do not rise out against the English, and you shall get whatever you want," said Stukely. "They will make you Earl of Tir-Eoghain, if you would like that." Shane snorted, and he spoke defiantly. "That earldom is a toy," said he. "Ye made an earl of MacCarthy in Munster, and I have serving-boys and stable-men that are as good men as he. Ye thought to hang me when ye had a grip of me. I have no trust in your promises. I did not ask peace of the Queen, but *she* asked of *me*, and it is ye yourselves that have broken it. I drove the English out of Newry and out of Dundrum, and I will never let them come back. O'Donnell will not dare to be prince again in Tir-Conaill, for that place is mine henceforward. Let there be no doubt upon you that Ulster is mine. My ancestors before me were kings over it. I won it with my sword, and with my sword I will keep it."

Though Sydney was a very brave, courageous man, his heart was in his mouth when Stukely told him this conversation. "If we do not make a great effort Ireland will be gone out of our hand. O'Neill owns the whole of Ulster, and he must be checked," said Sydney to Elizabeth. "Attack him at once," said she. She sent a troop of English over, and Sydney collected men from every quarter of Ireland, English and Irish, for there was many a chief who assisted him. Some of them were sufficiently disinclined for the business; but they had to

Síoth go raib Sydney 'na fear an-mírneamail, éiréan, bí a shíorthe 'na béal aise nuair d'innir Stukeley dó an cómpáid roim. "Muna ndéantar áit iarraeet beiré Éire iméighe ar áir láim. Iy le h-Ó Néill Maó go léir y caitear é coirg," ar Sydney le h-Éire. "Buail é láitear," ar ríre. Do feól pí oream Sapanac anall y do bailig Sydney ríy ar gac áit i n-Éirinn, Sapanais y Éireannais, mar iy iomha taoiréac do cábruis leir. Do bí euir aca leirgeamail go leor cum an gnóta aet do b'éigean dóib beartúgar oirca cum cabarica le Sapaná pá mar do gníthio inoiu.

Tácar éigac, a Seághan-an-Díomair, a marcais an élaíomh séir, gléar Mac-an-Éiolair, y coirg do buirdean beag laoc. Ní fuil agair aet neart buir geurleanna féin, mar nác úfuil cabair 'ná congnam dóib ó éinneac larmuic.

An pádail do goiréiré ar éeanntraib na Sapanac timcheall Baile-aéa-Cliac. Do léim Seághan irceac innre ar nóy coirniye Do raob y d'arraig ré i go ballaíre Baile-aéa-Cliac. Tug ré iarraeet pá óaingean na Sapanac i nDunóealgaín y bí bpuigean áir aise le Sydney coir an baile rín. Bítear ró-mait do Seághan annró, y cuiréac ar gcúl é le tuat, aet d'imir ré éirleac ar fluaigéatib Sydney rui ar óruiré ré leir. lean Sydney ar aghair. Do gluar ré éiré Tír Eógaín, y ar roim go Tír Conaill, i n-anóeoin Seágaín, aet do lean reiréan gac órlac ne'n trlige é y ba beag an ruamnear do tug ré dó ar feac an curuir. Níor éarabáin ré rian nóme rín eleara cómpaic níor feárr 'ná an uair reo. Bí Sydney y a fluaig lionmar epáiréte cuirreac ó foiganna obanna Seágaín. Do óruiré ré i ngrá dóib láim le Doiré y tug eac dóib. Bpuigean garr do b'eaó i, mar do éuit a lán fear ar gac taob, y ramluis Seághan go raib an buat leir, aet fairé go brát! féac an oream ro ag teac aniar air—na Tír Conaillis éruatá pá Ó Domnaill do bí i gcóim-nuioe 'na cóinnib—y buiréac ar Seághan pá éirleac.

Do óruiré ré leir ar gcúl go bealaige Tír Eógaín ag trannan ar Sydney. Bí ré cóm neameaglac roim, y cóm muinígneac roim ar féin go raib raicéir ar na Gallair teac 'na shíre y do gluaréadar oirca go Baile-aéa-Cliac áir gan ruinn do bárr a uruir aca. "Cuirreac rian mo lám oirca fóy," aoiré Seághan. "Ní raéac aicé aca ar n-air muna mbiaó na cuirreig rín i oTír Conaill; tá ráite beac annróin acá am' éráó y am' éealé le raó, aet bain an éluar díom, go múéar iatran ar ball."

make themselves ready for the assistance of England, as they do at this day.

They are coming against you, Shane the Proud, horseman of the sharp sword! Get ready Mac-an-Fhiolar, and arrange your little band of heroes. Ye have nothing but the strength of your own arms, for there is no help nor succor for ye from anyone outside.

The English districts about Dublin were called the Pale. Into the Pale Shane leaped like a thunderstorm. He ravaged and plundered it to the walls of Dublin. He made an attempt upon the English in Dundalk, and he had a fight with Sydney near that town. They were too much for Shane that time, and with some difficulty they repulsed him; but he made havoc among Sydney's troops before he moved off. Sydney continued to press on. He went through Tir-Eoghain, and from that to Tir-Conaill, in spite of Shane; but the latter followed him every inch of the way, and little rest he gave him during the journey. Never did he show better skill in tactics than at that time. Sydney and his numerous army were harassed and wearied by Shane's sudden attacks. He moved close up to them near Derry and gave them battle. A tough fight it was, for many men fell on both sides, and Shane thought the victory was with him; but beware! See this company coming from the West upon him—the stern Tir-Conaill men under O'Donnell, who was always against him—and Shane was defeated at last.

He fell back to the passes of Tir-Eoghain, growling at Sydney. He was so fearless and so confident in himself, that the foreigners were afraid to come near him, and they betook themselves to Dublin again, having got very little by their journey. "I will put the mark of my hand on them yet," said Shane. "Not a creature of them would have gone back if it were not for those villains in Tir-Conaill. There is a swarm of bees there that are worrying and stinging me this long while; but cut the ear off me but I will smoke them out very soon."

CHAPTER X.

CLOUDS AND DEATH.

Shane was preparing himself secretly, and the English were not asleep. They were secretly aiding O'Donnell, and spurring him on against Shane. Hugh was the name of the O'Donnell who was now in Tir-Conaill, for Calvach had lately died. This

Cairb. 10.

SĠAMAILL AĠUS BĀS.

Bí Seághan go foluigtheac 'sá ullamúgadh féin 7 ní raib na Sapanais 'na sgeola. Dúodar aġ cabrúgadh le h-Ó Dómnail i san fíor, 7 'sá ġríoradh i sgeomuib Seághain. Aorú vo b'ainm de'n Ó Dómnail vo bí anoir ar Ġir Conaill, mar eallacá Calbae le déirdeannaige. Níor b'fúláir do'n triac nuadh ro éacé eigin vo déanadh i otopac a ruagla, mar ba ġnádac le sáe flait an uair úo. Búir aorú irceac go Ġir Eóghain ar óróúgadh na Sapanac 7 vo éreac pé an taob éiar éuarú oi. Vo dúib 7 vo deapġ aġ Seághan-an-Díomair. Dar claidéam ġairġe Néill naoi nġiallaig, níolfaib Ó Dómnail ar an georġairt peo !

Vo éipá troigtheaca 7 marcaig aġ cuall ar sáe áirú pá déim tige móir Beinnboirb roim eirġe ġréine i otopac na Bealtaine inġ an mbliadhain 1567. Érom na coin móra ar uail le teapbac ar teacé na ruag, 7 aġ lúráil 7 aġ eproacá a n-eapbail, mar vo fíleadar go mbiaib reilġ aca mar ba ġnádac. Rit an fiaib ruadh 7 an macéire i b'polaé inġ na coilltib móir-ótiméacail mar fíleadar roim leir le tuigrint an ainmíde go rabéar ar a otopir.

Ní raib dúil i reatġ aġ Ó Néill an cor ro, mar bí deabadh air eum Ó Dómnail vo éraoacá, 7 vo buail pé féin 7 a flóigeadó trí míle fear ruar ó éuarú. Déapacá daoine pírreógaáa go raib na cáġa aġ rġréacáig ór cionn tige Seághain-an-Díomair an máidean ro, 7 náir éualair pé ceól na euaide ná píobairacé an loim duib inoim.

“Náe dán iad na Ġir Conaillig peo, 7 náe móir an truaġ oóib beir 'sá sgeur a flóige a marbáa,” ar reiréan, nuair vo éonnaie pé Ó Dómnail 7 a buiréan beaġ ruirde ar áirú an ġáiré ar an otaob éuarú o'nbear Súilġ i n'Óim na nġail.

Bí an taoríe tráighe ar an inbear 7 vo fírib Ó Néill ġuġ tainm éirú vo bí ann i sgeómnúide. Níor mar rin vo Ó Domnail. Bí áiré máir aigecean ar an áit úo, 7 vo éogair pé i i sgeómar é féin 7 a éurú fear vo éoraint ar Ó Néill, mar eirġeann an taoríe go cuig 7 go h-obann anarúo.

Aġur péac i n-áirann le éille an ruicé vo táinig ó beir mac Néill naoi nġiallaig—na Ġir Conaillig ó Conall ġulban 7 na Ġir Eóghain ó Eóghan, é ruú vo búir a éroirde le búir i n'uarú Conaill nuair vo marbúgadh an euraib roim.

Deiréar náe raib aon fónn búirġe ar Ó Néill nuair vo

new prince must needs do some act of valor at the beginning of his reign, as was the custom with every prince at that time. Hugh broke into Tir-Eoghain by order of the English, and plundered the north-western part of. Shane the Proud turned black and red with anger. By the champion-sword of Niall of the Nine Hostages, O'Donnell shall pay for this raid!

You would see foot and horsemen traveling from every quarter towards the great house of Benburb before sunrise, in the beginning of May, in the year 1567. The great hounds began to bay with excitement at the approach of the troops, and to jump about and wag their tails, for they thought they were to have a hunt, as usual. The red deer and the wolf ran to hide themselves in the woods all around, for *they* too thought, with the animal's instinct, that they were going to be pursued.

O'Neill had no desire for hunting this time, for he was in a hurry to subdue O'Donnell, and he and his host of three thousand men struck out to the north-west. Superstitious people would say that the jackdaws were screaming over the house of Shane the Proud this morning, and that he did not hear the music of the cuckoo nor the piping of the blackbird to-day.

"Are they not bold, these Tir-Conaill fellows, and is it not a great pity for them to be putting themselves in the way of their death?" said he, when he saw O'Donnell and his little band posted upon Ardingary, on the north side of Lough Swilly, in Donegal.

The tide had ebbed out of the estuary, and O'Neill thought that the sand in it was always dry. Not so with O'Donnell. *He* knew that place well, and he chose it in order to protect himself and his men from O'Neill, for the tide rises strongly and suddenly there.

And see, struggling together, the race that came from the two sons of Niall of the Nine Hostages—the Tir-Conaill men from Conall Gulban, and the Tir-Eoghain men from Eoghén, the man who broke his heart with sorrow after Conall when that warrior was killed!

It is said that O'Neill had no wish to fight when he saw the small army that O'Donnell had against him, and that he would rather that they would have surrendered; but for all that he arranged his men carefully, and he ordered them in companies and troops across the inlet of the sea. O'Donnell made a furious attack on the first party that got across and broke them up. If they had not many men, they were all like wild cats. He did

éannaic ré an fhuas beas do bí ag Ó Dómnail 'na éoinnib, 7 sup b'féar leir dá ngéillfóir, aet mar rin féin do bheartuis ré a euid fear go cruinn 7 do rtiúpaib ré 'na n'preamaib 7 'na n'óirumaib tairna an éuar fairrige iad. Tug Ó Dómnail foza feargac fá'n gcéad euid do fpoie anonn 7 do b'ur ré iad. Muna faib mópán fear aige, eait f'adais do b'ead iad go léir. Rinne ré mar an gcéadna leir an tairna eipe calma. "Cait fear iad do éur ar roin," arfa Ó Néill, 7 do buail ré é féin a ceann cóir capall, aet do p'ead maircais líi Dómnail amac ar los air 'nór gála gaoite, 7 d'á f'eadar é Seághan-an-Dìomair 1 ar éigin do bí ré 'na éumar cois do éur leó. D'féad r' timéall air. Bí euid d'á p'reamaib meargta éiré n-a éile 7 a tuitlead aca f'garra ó n-a éile. Níor tug Seághan fá an mearbail go b'eadar ré an tairne ag eirge f'geoin ag teat ar a euid fear, 7 Ó Dómnail le n-a buirdean laoc ag eir oirca go dian. Níor meaf eirde Seághan in an aighar úo, 7 do érom ré ar éirlead le n-a maircais go f'adain, 7 a buil ar éorandúirde anro 7 anroac ag glaoac ar a éinnp'adna a f'eur fear do éoirúgac. Do g'níó ré féin iarraet ar an fhuas do buailúgac leir i n-eagar cóir, aet ní faib f'lige éum eapac aca, 7 bí euid aca go glúnaib i n-uirge 7 an tairne ag f'ómar timéall oirca. Fíir ó láir tuata do b'ead a b'urmóir. Táinig f'geoin níor mó oirca 7 b'ur eap.

B'ead 7 mairbúigead t'í éad t'ead fear aca. Do b' ead t'eirp'annac Seághan-an-Dìomair é agur an tubairte ba mó do éirp'uis fiam dó. An méro a éuar t'p'arna f'lán tar m'ead miltéad Súilg do t'eiréadar leo, agur do f'geinn a b'f'air f'uar coir na habann ag eap'ad áta, agur doirn maircais leir. Do t'earbáin Tír Conallac d'áir b'ainn f'alléabair ac 'an abainn d'ó t' m'ile ó páir an buata agur do tug Seághan Ó Néill a éil ar Tír Conail, allur air, a t'earga agur a éapbail éom te, t'ir, le f'méapóro teine, agur eap na f'górnaib le buaird'it aigne.

Bí Ó Dómnail 7 a f'ár-fíir go m'oirp'ad, 7 a d'einnnte ead na aca d'éir an buair, aet ní faib f'ior aca go f'adadar ag t'eanac oirp' na f'aradac, obair do t'air ar na f'ail rin ar f'ead éuis bliadna t'ead f'oinne rin, g'íó sup éaitleadar na milté fear 7 dá miltiún p'unt éirge.

Cao do t'eanf'air Ó Néill illac anoir? D'air leabair na t'eirp' Ollamain go faib ré éat'rom 'na éann tar éir b'uirge áir an f'áir, aet ní f'uil 'ra méro rin aet coir eainte. Bí an eapac úo f'ó-aig'antamail 7 f'ó-láir i f'p'oirde 7 a f'gopp éum e'romac ar f'lubairgeat agur ar éneadais i t'adab b'ur ad don b'uirge a'adain. Ní faib ré dá f'icéad bliadna d'áir f'ór 7 bí m'irp'ad an leomain i f'gommúirde aige. D'air euid d'á

the same to the second brave file. "We must put them out of that," said O'Neill, and he thrust himself at the head of a detachment of horse; but O'Donnell's horsemen rushed out on him from a hollow like a gale of wind, and great as was Shane the Proud it was with difficulty that he was able to check him. He looked around him. Some of his companies were mixed up together, and some of them were separated from each other. Shane did not understand the reason of the confusion till he saw the tide rising and terror coming upon his men, and O'Donnell with his band of heroes pressing upon them severely. Shane's heart did not fail in that moment of distress, and he, with his horsemen, began slaughtering savagely, and galloping to and fro, calling upon his captains to put their men in order. He tried to gather the army together himself in proper order, but they had not room to turn, and some of them were up to the knees in water and the tide flowing up all round them. Most of them were inland men. A fresh panic fell on them and they broke away.

Thirteen hundred of them were drowned or killed. It was Shane the Proud's last battle, and the greatest disaster that ever happened to him. As many as crossed the terrible estuary of the Swilly in safety fled away, and their prince rushed up the side of the river to look for a ford, with a few horsemen. A Tir-Conaill man of the name of Gallagher showed him a ford in the river two miles from the battle-field, and Shane O'Neill turned his back on Tir-Conaill, sweating, his tongue and his palate as hot and dry as a coal of fire, and a lump in his throat from trouble of mind.

O'Donnell and his good men were right merry, and they had bonfires after the battle; but they did not know that they were doing the work of the English—work which it had failed those foreigners to do for fifteen years before that, though they had lost thousands of men and two millions of money in the attempt.

What will O'Neill of Ulster do now? The Book of the Four Masters says that he was light in his head after the fight at Ardingary, but that is only a turn of expression. That hero was too high-minded and too strong of heart and of limb to fall to blubbering and to groaning over the loss of one battle. He was not forty years of age yet, and he always had the courage of a lion. Some of his military officers begged him to yield to the English, but that was not Shane's intention at all. He released Somerled the Sallow (Sorley Boy), whom he had had in captivity as a prisoner of war for two years, and sent him

oiriseada coisíod air géilleadh do Sárana áit níor b'é rin intinn Seághan i n-aon éor. Sgarai pé Somairle buirde do bí mar éime aige le d'á bliadhain, 7 éuir mar teachtair go Cloinn Dóinnail i nAlban é as iarraidh congantha oiréa. Do ghealladar do í, 7 ghníó pé féin 7 gárda marcad ionad comne leo i mDunabann Duinne, i ndontuim. D' úmhuigeadar go talamh do 7 gléaradar pé rda i gcábán fairring do. Táinig fear eile ar an láthair leir, d'ár b'ainm Pierce, brataodóir ó Éilpe do éualaidh ead do bí ar ruid i as Seághan. Ní fuil aon rgruáinn le págail do dearbhuig ann sup tug an captaen Pierce úo díol folá do na hAlbanais, áit tá mpar gear as gac úgudar air.

A Seághan-an-Oíomair, tá do ghnó deánta.

Deir do námaidhe féin amain, go raib do lám láidair mar ríad i gcóinnuidhe as an bpeir lág, 7 nác raib gáidhe ná fear mí-maíalta ió' éeannaraib leó' linn. Deir ríad, leir, sup b'é do ghnáit gan fuirde cum bíó go mbiaó a ráit de'n feoil do b'feáir, mar deirdeá, as boét ib Éiríor, do éruinnigeadh ar do táirrig. Áit tá deirdeá leó' féileadh 7 leó' gairge láirdeá, mar tá na hAlbanais go cíocraé as cogarais le Captain Pierce in an gcábán. Ní éioirfir uail de éonair agur ní lean-fair an ríad ríad ére coiltib enó na Tríúca go deó arí. Ní éioirfir ríuagte éir Eóghan do gáirdeá níor mó, mar tá ríde Albaná éir do eúl a gan ríor ruit 7 Pierce d'á ngmogaó sup marbuisir a n-áirdeá i mbuisir gheanna raire. Preab ió' fuirde ó'n mbóir ríon a Seághan-an-Oíomair 7 ríad oia éir díol mar tá an ríleá i ngiorraéit oirais deo' érom leatán.

Agur lúéann an coirruínn amuir ar Spuá na Maóile, 7 bupreann na tonna bána ar an oiráig le fuaim coir Dunabann Duinne, 7 tearbánnann na daoine annpuo eapn eloc i los mar a bfuil Seághan-an-Oíomair 'na éotla le bpeir agur ríí éeat bliadhán.

“Seáit mbliadhna Seapceat eúic céo
Míle bliadhán ir ní b'péce,
Co báir tSeáán mic mic Cuinn
Ó toirdeéit Éiríor ní eolainn.”

Éós Pierce leir an ceann do b'áilne i nÉirínn 7 baíneadh an t-éatad daor de éorp díeannra Uí Néill. Fuair Pierce a míle p'p' mar díol ar an gceann ó'n mbainpíogán, 7 buaireadh an ceann eairdeá úo ar bíorir ar an rínn do b'áirde ar eairleáin Dáile-áta-Cúat.

PART OF A PROCLAMATION CONCERNING
SHANE THE PROUD

Photographic facsimile from the original

A PROCLAMACYON

Set forth by the Right Honorable George & John Lord Lieutenant
Governor of the Shires of Wicklowe, Downe, & Antrim
County of the City of the Queenes and Command
of the same Lordships.

Whereas we have received many letters calling to remembrance the pernicious and
wicked and rebellious & traitorous deeds of James Mac Connell since the first coming into this
County of Wicklowe & Antrim by James Mac Connell General of the Irish Army and
his followers for their great insolence and insolent dealing with our good and
loyal subjects the Lord Lieutenant her grace & merciful dealing with him to return him to the
peace and unity of the Kingdom & duty of a faithful subject as also of his arrogant and traitor-
ous dealing to the Queenes and his followers to the subverting of the Universal quiet of this Realme
the disturbance of all her majesties good and faithful subjects and the great perrell and danger of
her majesties Kingdome & Realm & Crown of this Realme contrary to his duty to Almighty
God and his allegiance to his Sovereign Lady the Queene.

First upon an hosting called and a Joiner made by her majesties said Lieutenant Anno
1641 James Mac Connell and his Brethren then enemies then reputed & since had not
only refused to repair to her majesties said Lieutenant but also false & traitorously did withall his
force & power men of warre repair to James Mac Connell conspiring & combining with him
against our Lieutenants Lady Queene Mary and therein persuaded so far as he most unmanly &
traitorously joined in battle with the said James then an open enemy against her majesties said
Lieutenant & the Committee of this Realme then assembled with him and the same that he had
giving the victory he was forced to flight & at the return of her majesties said Lieutenant & his
force made by him for his pardon with his promise & covenants taken to be a true and faithful
subject & faithful from thenceforth he was then in respect of common quiet that thereby was hoped to
come laborious & gracious and mercifully retained & pardoned of his majesties officers paid & fresh
and finally repaired to his own habitation where he been to him all the while he could under color
to be the better able to serve when he should be commanded.

Anno 1642 after an other hosting called and a Joiner prepared against James Mac Connell
and his Brethren still reputed as traitor enemies & since had not only contrary to his oath made to
repair to her majesties said Lieutenant then being at the Service accompanied with Charles of
Kildare Desmond and Desmond and others the Nobles of this Realme upon their protection
or assurance that they could make him but also when Charles of Kildare and Desmond
with a great part of the Army were sent through Evron to pass that waies to the County of Lou-
treac of leasing of his goodes repaired upon them to them with all his force and promised to goo
with it to her said Lieutenant and after in open dayes aboord with them he turned to Charles of
Kildare to take his goodes and promising to the said Charles to take his goodes a return immediately
he departed the Campe without further knowledge and so returning presently into his fostering
and keeping the goodes and cattle of James Mac Connell & his Brethren he as a traitor & perjured
traitorously did rob them & procured an assault to be made in a place apd by her majesties
Army in their retourn and thereupon did not only traitorously cause his men to pray
and burne the possessions of others her majesties true and faithful subjects within the English
pale but also did contrary to the lawes of this Realme & the Oath of Evron his Father & the
Baron of Dotingann his brother honorable faithful and true subjects & faithful to her majesty

GOD SAVE THE QUEENE.

H. D. Cancell.

Roland, Waltriglas.

P. B. of Trinitie.

W. Fitz. Williams.

John. Plonker.

Thomas. Cusack.

Humphrey. Warne.

E. Osmöb. & Oflery.

Richard. Montgomerie.

James. Kylline.

Henry. Kaderch.

Robert. Dillon

John. Fraucers.

John. Challener.

Gerrald. Desmond.

James. Slane.

Christofer. Douthie

George. Stanley.

James. Wath.

Fraunces. Harbart.

John. Mac. Connell

Christofer. Donsany.

John. Curraughmore

Jacques. Wyngfield.

John. Parker.

Fraunces. Agard.

Imprinted in Dublyn, by
Humphrey. Powell.

as an envoy to the Clan Donal in Scotland, to ask aid of them. They promised it to him, and he and a guard of horsemen appointed a place of meeting with them at Cushendun, in Antrim. They bowed to the ground before him, and prepared a feast for him in a large tent. Another man came to the place also, whose name was Pierce, a spy from Elizabeth, who had heard what Shane was doing. There is no written evidence to be found which proves that this Captain Pierce gave blood-money to the Scots, but every author has a strong suspicion of it.

Shane the Proud, your business is done.

Your very enemies say that your strong hand was ever as a shield to the weak, and that there was not a robber nor an unruly man in your territories during your time. They say, too, that it was your custom not to sit down to your food until, as you would say, Christ's poor, who gathered on your threshold, had had their fill of the best meat. But there is an end to your generosity and to your valiant deeds now, for the Scots are eagerly whispering with Captain Pierce in the tent. You will never again hear the baying of the pack, nor follow the red deer through the nut-woods of the cantred for evermore. The hosts of Tir-Eoghain will hear your battle-cry no more, for there are twenty Scots behind you unknown to you, and Pierce is nagging at them that you killed their fathers in the battle of Glenshesk. Spring to your feet from that table, Shane the Proud, and look behind you, for the spear is within an inch of your broad back.

And the curlew cries away out on the Moyle Water, and the white waves break soundingly on the strand near Cushendun, and the people there show a cairn of stones in a hollow, where Shane the Proud sleeps these three hundred years and more.

“ Seven years, sixty, five hundred
(And) a thousand years, it is no lie,
To the death of Shane the grandson of Conn
From the coming of Christ in the Body.”

Pierce took away with him the most beautiful head in Ireland, and they took the rich clothing from the headless body of O'Neill. Pierce received his thousand pounds from the Queen in payment for the head, and that beloved and lovely head was stuck upon a spike on the highest battlement of Dublin Castle.

(D) CAILÍN NA MBRÁIDRE.

Séamur ua Dubháill.

Bí cailín fao ó i tici na mbráidre agus ní bíod don teóra leir an méio oibre bíod rí a cup noimpi le déanamh.

Ir cuma cao a beaó san déanamh agus b'féidir go mbeaó pé san déanamh ar feaó náite, nuair déarfaió leir an scailín é déanamh, 'ré an fpeasra bíod aici i scóinnuibe: "Ó bíor cum é rin a déanamh mé féin." Ceap na bráidre ar tóir go raib cailín anaóiceallac aca, agus ir minic a bíoir as molaó an cailín agus as maoidéam airt le bráidre eile.

Don lá amáin a táimis rean-bráidair eua ó mainirir eile, agus, nuair a eua ré an t-ápo-molaó ar cailín na mbráidre, "Beir fíor asam-ra," ar reirean, "an bfuil rí com maic agus veirtear liom i beir."

"Cosar," ar reirean le ceann de na bráidre, "abair leir an scailín teacó irteac i reómpa na leabair agus, nuair a beir rí irició ann, abair léi gur ceart oi na leabair a nize."

"Agus cao eua go scuirfínn obair ónirize mar rin noimpi? Beaó fearis uirtí agus b'féidir go b'asfaó rí rinn. Ní fuirir cailín mar i 'fasail seallaim uirt."

"Déan ruo orm," ar' an rean-bráidair.

Do glaoúis ré ar an scailín agus ní raib rí i b'as as teacó, agus, nuair a táimis rí, dubair an rean-bráidair léi go bog réo: "Cloirim gur anaóilín tú. Ir móp an t-iongnabó liom, a úirio, na leabair reo beir san nize asac fóp."

"Bíor oíreac eua é rin a déanamh, mé féin, a aair."

"Ó ní gábaó uirt é, a úirio," ar' an bráidair eile go rearb. Ó 'n lá ram go tici an lá inoiu tá Cailín na mbráidre mar ainm ar éinne a bíonn "eua é rin déanamh" i n-ionabó é beir déanta:

(F) AN SAO MARA

nó

AR LORG AN BÉARLA:

Séamur ua Dubháill.

Tamall maic ó poin anoir bí daoine 'na scóinnuibe i n-oileán beas i n-íóctar na hÉireann agus ní raib aca acó an saeóil. Mar seall air go mbíod daoine raibóire as teacó ar euaire ar

THE FRIARS' SERVANT MAID.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

THERE was a servant long ago at the friary, and there were no bounds to the amount of work she used to be about doing.

It did not matter what was left undone, and perhaps it would be without doing for a quarter, when the servant would be asked to do it the answer she always had was, "I was going to do that myself." The friars at first thought they had a very diligent servant, and often they used to be praising the girl, and boasting of her to other friars.

One day an old brother came to them from another monastery, and when he heard the great praises of the friars' servant, he said, "I'll find out if she is as good as she is said to be."

"Whisper," said he to one of the brothers; "tell the girl to come into the library, and when she is inside there, tell her she ought to wash the books."

"And why should I set her such a fool's job? She would be angry, and perhaps she would leave us. It is not easy to get a servant like her, I assure you."

"Do as I tell you," said the old friar.

He called the girl; she was not long coming, and when she came the old friar said to her, soft and smooth, "I am told you are a great girl. I wonder very much, Brigid, that you have those books so long without washing."

"I was just now going to do that myself, father."

"Oh you need not, Brigid," said the other brother, sharply.

From that day to this "the friars' servant girl" is applied to any one who is always going to do the thing instead of having it done.

THE GAD MARA, OR IN SEARCH OF ENGLISH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

A GOOD while ago now there lived people in a little island in a remote part of Ireland and they had no language but Irish. Because wealthy people used to visit the island now and again, the poor people imagined that all they wanted was to have

an oileán anoir agus arís éap na daoine bocta ná raib uata aet an Deanta t'ógluim agus go mbeoip raibib go tób. leanann an galari céadna mórlán daoine a éapann níor mó céille beit aca 'ná bí ag muintir an oileáin.

"Aet cá raib an bÉapla le fágáil?" B'in i an éirte anoir.

Bí 'ríor aca go raib bÉapla i n-Éirinn, aet éualadar go raib an bÉapla tob' feárr 'ra domhan i mBaile Áta Cliat.

Tar éir mórlán camte agus comráid rocpuigeadar ar duine aca a cur go Baile Áta Cliat ar lorg an bÉapla.

An lá bí an fear ag imteact baó dóig leat sup go hAimeirice a bí ré ag toul. Bí an lá 'na lá raoine ar an oileán. Táinig muintir an oileáin go léir, ós agus éirionna, go tóí popt na héireann agus cuirtead an fear anonn ar an tóir móir ar an mbáó ba mó ar an oileán.

T'fás teactaire an bÉapla plán aca agus t'imtíis air go Baile Áta Cliat. Tar éir a beit tamall 'ra catair bí bÉapla aise, dá focal, "Good-morrow," agus éap ré go raib ré i n'am aise fitlead a baile. Bí ré cuirtead go leór ó beit ag coirp-deact, agus nuair a táinig ré go tóí féit an éiotais i n-aice na fairrige, fuir ré ríor.

Bí na focail go cruinn farta aise, 7 le heagla go mbead riad cailte aise, bíor ré ag náó mar paitirín "Good-morrow," "good-morrow," "good-morrow."

Bí an aimirir fliuc agus bí féit an éiotais bog. Go deimín, bí rí 'na tóin ar bogad, agus, nuair a bí an fear boct ag toul trarna, éuair ré ar lár agus t' fóbair tób beit bártce. Táir-ding ré é féin amac i gcuma éicint agus bain ré amac an talam tírim. Aet, mo éreac ir mo cár! Bí an bÉapla cailte aise.

Nuair a táinig ré a baile agus nuair t'innir ré a rgeal to muintir an oileáin, bíodar buairdearta go leor, agus 'ré tuidairt zac duine aca leir féin sup móir an truaas nac é féin a cuirtead go Baile-Áta-Cliat.

Aet cao a bí le déanam anoir? Bí an bÉapla cailte i bféit an éiotais agus b'féirip go mbéad ré le fágáil fóp.

Do gluar peirtear de muintir an oileáin anonn ar báó go tóí an tóir móir agus fear an bÉapla le n-a goir. Térbáin ré dóib cár éail ré an bÉapla i lár na féite.

Éromadar go léir ar an áit a tóbac agus a taorgad agus níor b'fada dóib ag gabáil to'n obair reo nuair do buail gao mara leó.

"Sin é an focal," "Sin é an focal," arfateactaire an bÉapla, "gao mara," "gao mara."

English and that they would be rich for ever. The same ailment follows a good many who think they have much more sense than had the people of the island.

But where was the English to be had; that was now the question. They knew there was English in Ireland, but they had heard the best English in the world was in Dublin.

After much talk and discussion they fixed on one of themselves to be sent to Dublin in search of English.

The day the man was leaving you would think it was to America he was going. The day was a holiday on the island. The whole population of the island, young and old, came down to Port Erinn, and the man was put across on the mainland in the biggest boat on the island.

The English delegate bade them farewell, and proceeded on his way to Dublin. After being a short time in the city he had English, "Good morrow," two words, and he thought it was time for him to be returning home. He was tired enough from walking, and when he came as far as "the Left-handed Man's swamp," close to the sea, he sat down. He had the words correctly, and lest he should lose them, he used to be repeating them like a prayer—"Good morrow, good morrow."

The weather was wet and the swamp soft. Indeed it was a regular quagmire; and when the poor man was crossing he went bogging, and was near being drowned. He pulled himself out some way and got to dry land. But, sorrow and distraction, he had lost the English.

When he reached home, and when he told his tale to the people of the island, they were troubled enough, and it is what each said to himself, that it was a pity that it was not he himself that was sent to Dublin.

But what was to be done now. The English was lost in the swamp of the Left-handed Man, and maybe it would be found yet.

Six of the islanders went over in a boat to the mainland, and the "English" man with them. He showed them where he lost the English in the middle of the swamp. They all set to work to dig and shovel the place, and they were not long at the work when they came upon a gad mara, or sea rod.

"That's the word, that's the word," said the messenger, "Gad mara, gad mara."

FÁIT-SGEAL.

ní macaíó mire go bpáé ar gcúl
 nia r eigin beic úmhal daois 'r móir mo leun,
 muna dtis liom riúbal, muna dtis liom riúbal,
 muna dtis liom riúbal ar mo páirc-re féin.

Cáinnis an traidhóna teit, 7 fín mé riap ar banca bpeáð féir, ar
 éaoib an bótar, agus níor b'fada sup éuit mo éotlaó orim.
 Agus im' éotlaó éonnaire mé aipling.

Do bí mé as riúbal, mar fáoil mé im' aipling, i dtír anaitéit
 naé riab mé ariam poimhe reó i n-aon tír éorimúil léi, bí rí éom
 bpeáð rin. Bí bóirpe éaoia ró-riúbalta as dul trío an tír
 áluinn reó, agus do bí páirceanna glara agus féar bog uaithe,
 agus h-uile fórt bláé t'á b'fadaíó rúil ariam, as fáir ar gac aon
 éaoib de'n bótar. Aét do bí an bótar féin cam corraé élocac,
 agus bí rppúilleac as réiréaoí air, do loit agus do dáil rúile
 na ndaoine do bí as riúbal ann.

Agus níor b'fada go b'fadaíó mé fear ós lútmair láitir amac
 póimam, as gabáil an bótar mar do bí mé féin. Agus éonnaic
 mé an t-ógánac ro as fearam go minic éum an púdaíri tihun do
 bí t'á réiréaoí ar an mbótar do éuimilc t'á rúilib. Agus do
 bí an bótar éom h-aímhreíó agus éom élocac rin sup éuit ré
 anoir agus ariar mar bí ré as riúbal. Agus an uair deiréannaic
 do éuit ré níor féao ré éiríge no go dtáinnis mire éom fáda
 leir, agus éuáir mo lám tó sup éós mé ar a t'á éoir ariar é,
 agus duháirt mé leir go riab rúil agam naé riab ré gortuighe.
 O'fpeasair reiréan de b'fadaíó binne blarta naé riab ré gort-
 uighe go móir, aét go riab fáitéoir air naé dtuicfaó ré go
 deiréaoí a airtir an lá rin, mar do bí an bótar éom gairb agus
 éom éruaíó rin. Agus o'fparpúig mire dé an fáda do bí le dul
 aige. Duháirt reiréan náir b'fada, aét sup mian leir dul go
 baile-móir do bí cúig míle amac uainn, pul cáinnis an oiréce air,
 óir buó mian leir puo le n'ite, agus leabuir, fáigail, agus gan
 an oiréce do éaitéam amuig ar an mbótar fáitáin rin.

Agus nuair éualaoí mé rin do bí iongantair orim, óir bí t'á
 uair de'n lá agáinn fóir, poim luithe na g'éine, agus b'fóir do
 duine ar bié do bí éom lútmair láitir leir an ógánac rin cúig
 míle do riúbal in ran am rin, t'á b'fadaíó ré an oirécbótar agus
 t'á riúbalfaó ré ar an macaire b'cáð réir do bí le n-a éaoib;
 agus duháirt mé rin leir.

“Ná bíó iongantair ort fúm-ra,” a veir ré, “óir ní féitir
 le duine ar bié in ran tír reó an bótar fáigáil. Éom élocac
 enapac corraé agus aet an bótar, caitéir duine fanaimait air.

'AN ALLEGORY.

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

(Translated by NORMA BORTHWICK.)

THE evening became hot, and I stretched back on a fine grassy bank at the side of the road, and it was not long till I fell asleep. And in my sleep I saw a vision.

I was walking, as I thought in my dream, in an unknown country, such that I was never before in any country like it, it was so fine. There were narrow roads, very bad for walking, running through this beautiful country, and there were green fields and soft green grass, and every sort of flower that the eye ever saw, growing on each side of the road. But the road itself was crooked and uneven and stony, and there was a dusty wind blowing on it that hurt and blinded the eyes of the people that were walking in it.

And it was not long till I saw a young, active, strong man out before me, going the same road as I was myself. And I saw this young fellow standing often to rub out of his eyes the dry dust that was being blown on the road. And the road was so uneven and so stony that he fell now and again as he was walking. And the last time that he fell he could not rise until I came up to him, and I gave him my hand till I raised him up on his feet again, and I said to him that I hoped he was not hurt. He answered in sweet, pleasant-sounding words that he was not much hurt, but that he was afraid he would not come to the end of his journey that day, as the road was so rough and so hard. And I asked him if he had far to go. He said he had not far, but that he wished to go to a big town, that was five miles out from us, before night came on him, for he wanted to get something to eat and a bed, and not to spend the night outside on that wild road.

And when I heard that there was wonder on me, for we had two hours of the day yet before sunset, and it would be easy for anybody who was so active and strong as that young man to walk five miles in that time if he left the bad road, and if he walked on the fine, smooth plain that was beside it; and I said that to him.

"Do not be surprised at me," says he, "for it is impossible for any person in this country to leave the road. As stony and knotty and rugged as the road is, a person must stay on it. If he leaves the road to walk on the fine, smooth plain,

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

“Tá tobair bheágs fíor-uirge,” dhubairt sé, “fá bun cinninn bheágs úball, ceachtartha míle amach rómáinn, ádt tá sé ar an taobh arísí de’n éaláíde, in san macáiríe, agus ní tairveannad é dul dom fada leir.”

“Δέε τοο ζοιλλε αν ταριε ημν εομ μορ ριν ζο νουβαριε με,
“Χαιριε με ολ ερ, οα μαρτυοεαρε αρ αν μοιμιτο με. Τρεορπιε
με ζο υτι αν τοβαρ πο.” Εανιε ραιεοιορ αρ αν οβαναε, αζυρ
νυβαριε ρε, “Ιρ ι μο εομιαριε ουιτ ζαν ουλ ανν, δεε μα ρ
εζεαν ουιτ, ιι βαεραρ με ευ. Εαζαορ με το ευιυεαετα νυαρι

he will pay for it severely. There are guards on this road and on every road in this country—great black soldiers. It was these soldiers who made every single road in this country, and 'tis bady they made them; but if a weary person leaves the road to walk on the plain, they follow him with this black guard, and they catch him and drive him before them till they put him on the road again in spite of him."

"But," said I to the stranger, "there cannot be so many black soldiers on every road in the country as to repress and overcome the people who walk the roads like that. Are not the people who walk the roads more numerous than this black guard, and could not they get the upper hand of them, and break in, in spite of them, upon that smooth, beautiful plain, and not stay on this ugly, dusty road, full of holes?"

"They could do that certainly," said the stranger, "for there are twenty strong men on the road against the one guardsman, but the black guard have scattered a sort of enchantment in the air over the roads, and the travelers think they are not able to leave the roads, and after all the want and trouble and misery that comes on them in these awful, accursed roads, they have not the heart nor the courage to leave them, and probably that is on account of the enchantment that the black fellows have scattered. But the most extraordinary of all these things is that most of these soldiers are only imitation soldiers; they are shadows without force or substance, but the people who walk the roads think that they are flesh and blood, and that they would wound anybody who would leave the road with their weapons."

We walked forward together then, and it was not long till we were so tired that we had to sit down on the road, and thirst and fatigue oppressed us greatly. I said then to the young man, "I would not be so bad if I had a drink of water."

"There is a fine well of spring-water," said he, "at the foot of a beautiful apple-tree, a quarter of a mile out before us, but it is on the inner side of the ditch, in the plain, and it is not lawful to go as far as it."

But the thirst troubled me so much that I said, "I must drink out of it, if I were to be killed on the instant. Lead me to this well." Fear came upon the young man, and he said, "'Tis my advice to you not to go there, but if you must, I will not hinder you. I will leave your company when I come as far as the well. Kill yourself, if you wish; but you shall not kill me."

We rose then, and we walked together till we saw a great,

tiuefar mé éom fáda leir an tobair. Marb tu féin, má'r mian leat; aét ni marbódair tu mipe."

D'éirigeanar ann rin, agus siublamar le céile, go bfaceamar eirinn móir áluinn as éirige ar an macaire, timcioll fice péirre arteac ó'n mbótar. Cuair mé ruar ar bárr an élarde do bí ar éaoib an bótar, agus éonnaic mé tobair glan glé-geal fíor-uirge d'á rgeitead amac fá bun an érainn áro áluinn, agus éonnaic mé bláta bána agus úbla beasa agus úbla leat-apuir agus úbla móra deapga lán-apuir, as fáir le céile ar an gerrann rin. Aét do bí an oipead rin de rmaét agus de rganhiad ar óaoimib na tíre rin náir baimead oipead agus don uball aca, agus ba léir dam, ar an bfeair fáda páramail do bí éar timcioll an tobair éaoim-áluinn rin, nac ótáin aon duine i n-aice leir le h-ól. Aét nuair éonnaic mipe an méad rin do gheit mo éporde i lár mo éleib, agus duhairic mé 's or-áro, " Bainpíó mé cuir do na h-ublaib rin agus óirair mé mo bótar de'n tobair rin, má 'ré an báir acá i n-óan dam."

Agus leir rin d'éirig mé de léim áro éatrom aémac de bárr an élarde-teóirann agus arteac ar an macaire mín áluinn. Agus nuair éonnaic an t-óganac an nio rin, do leir ré orna ar, óir ba bóig leir gur b'e mo báir do bí mé d'á tóirigeaét.

Agus nuair éáin mipe leat-bealaig ior an gclairde agus an tobair, d'éirig raióiúir duib, mar beir ariac árbéal úr-ghánna, ruar, ar an bfeair fáda, agus do tóg ré clairdeam móir le mo éeann do ríolac, mar fáoil mé. Agus do éualair mé ar mo éul an ríreac do éuir an t-óganac ar an mbótar ar, le teann-faitéior. Níor lúga 'ná rin an faitéior do bí orin féin, óir ni raiib arin ar bit asam le mo éoraint. Aét do érom mé ar éloic máit níoir do bí fá mo éoir, éom móir le mo dórin féin, agus tug mé toga uirair de'n éloic rin leir an raióiúir árbéal. Do buail an éloc é, mar fáoil mé, i gceair-lár a éadain, agus éuair pí amac trío a éeann, amail agus nac raiib ann aét ríáile. Agus ar an móimio níoir léir dam éruit ná euma an traióiúra, aét do bí ruo gan éruit ann amail ríam de'n éeó, agus do leag an eéó rin, agus do ríar ré ann ran ríeir, agus ni raiib óaduair éatrim-pe agus an tobair. Tuis mé ann rin nac raióiúir ná feair eogair do bí ann, aét ruo bpiéagac 7 ríáile do rinnead le ríaoirdeac, cum na ríaoine do ríannruagad ó'n tobair. Cuair mé go rí an t-uirge agus níoir bac ruo ar bit eile mé. Éromar ar an uirge agus d'ólar mo fáit dé, agus dar liom-ra go raiib ré éom máit le fion. Bain mé úball móir deapga de'n érainn ann rin agus d'ítear é, agus do bí ré éom mílir im' beal le mil. Nuair éonnaic mé rin, glaoó mé ar an óganac agus duhairic mé leir " teacé ar ac éugam, óir nac raiib óaduair

beautiful tree rising out of the plain, about twenty perches in from the road. I went up on the top of the ditch that was at the side of the road, and I saw a pure, bright-looking well of spring-water gushing out under the foot of the beautiful high tree, and I saw white blossoms and little apples and half-ripe apples and large, red, fully-ripe apples growing together on that tree. But there was so much repression and terror on the people of that country that nobody gathered as much as one apple of them, and it was clear to me, by the long-growing grass that was round about that lovely well, that no person came near it to drink. But when I saw that much, my heart leaped within my breast, and I said aloud, "I will gather some of those apples, and I will drink my fill of that well, if it is death that is in store for me."

And with that I rose in a high, light, active jump from the top of the boundary ditch and in upon the smooth, beautiful plain. And when the young fellow saw that, he gave a sigh, for he thought it was my death I was seeking.

And when I came half-way between the ditch and the well, a black soldier arose, like a great, hideous monster, up out of the long grass, and he took up a great sword to split my head, as I thought. And I heard behind me the scream that the young man on the road put out of him, with intense fear. No less than that was the fear that was on myself, for I had no weapon at all to defend myself. But I stooped for a good big stone that was under my foot, as big as my own fist, and I gave a choice throw of that stone at the terrible soldier. The stone hit him, as I thought, in the very middle of his forehead, and it went out through his head, as if he were nothing but a shadow. And on the instant the appearance and shape of the soldier were dim to me, but there was a shapeless thing there like a wreath of mist, and that mist melted, and it dispersed into the air, and there was nothing between myself and the well. Then I knew that he was not a soldier nor a warrior, but an unreal thing and a shadow, made by magic to frighten the people from the well. I went to the water, and no other thing hindered me. I bent down to the water and I drank my fill of it, and in my opinion it was as good as wine. I pulled a big red apple from the tree then and ate it, and it was as sweet in my mouth as honey. When I saw that, I called to the young man, and said to him "to come in to me, for there was nothing to prevent him." As soon as he perceived that, he came in over the ditch himself, and he in great fear, and he made for the well. He drank his fill out of it, and he ate

le n-a bacath.” Com tuat agus eug ré rin fá deapa, táinig ré féin arcead tar an glairde, agus é fá eagla móir, agus iunn ré ar an tobair. D’ól ré a fáit ar, agus d’it ré a fáit de na h-úblaid, agus fíneamair riap le céile ar an bféar breas bog, agus corpuiseamair as eaint. Agus d’fíapruis mé de amh na tíre rin, “óir” ar fá mire leir, “ir i an tír ir iongantaisge d’a bfuil ar an domhan i.”

Torais ré ann rin as innrinte rseula na tír rin dam, agus toubairt ré, “Tá an tír reó ’na h-oileán, agus do éruais Dia i amuis ann ran aiséin mhóir ar an taoib riap de’n domhan, an áit a shabann an shrian cum a leaptan ann ran oirde. Agus ir i an tír ir áille agus ir glaire agus ir úipe i d’a bfuil fá’n ngréin. Agus veir tura sur tír iongantae i, áet ni tuisgeann tu leat a h-iongantair go fóill. Agus tá trí ainmneada uirri, Vanba agus Fóbla agus Éipe.”

Nuair éualair mé rin, do eug mé léim, agus buail mé mo ceann le géagán de’n épann, mar faoil mé,—agus dúirig mé.

Agus ar bporrait mo fúile dam, riú mé mo luirde ar an glairde ar taoib an bótar, roir bail-ae-cliaé agus bótar-na-bpuišne, agus mo éapa Diarmuid Bán ’s am’ fáth i m’earna-éail le marie. “’S miro tuit veit dul a-baile,” doeir ré.

“Óra a Diarmuid,” ar fá mire, “ná bain liom. Ni fácair mac mátar ariam a leiteir d’airling agus éonnaic mire.” Agus leir rin d’innir mé mo bpionglóir dó, ó éir go veiread.

“Mairead! mo shádh tu,” ar fá Diarmuid, nuair bí mé réir, “agus b’fíor do bpionglóir. Fáid agus file tu,” doeir ré.

“Cionnur rin?” ar fá mire, “míuig dam é.”

“Ir ar éalam na h-Éipeann do bí tu gan don amhar,” ar fá Diarmuid, “áet do bí tu as riúbal, mar tá na h-Éipeannais uile as riúbal, ar na bóitrib do pinne na Sacpanais le n-a geuir olishte agus le n-a geuir fáiriún féin, agus rin bóitne nac féitir le Shédeal riúbal orra gan tuipluagad agus gan tuicim, gan uócar agus gan uólar. Áet má éreigeann riad bótar an tSacpanacair agus an Véaplaéair, agus iad do dul arcead ar a macaire breas feurmai féin ni veit’ riad as riúbal go éruair ar reat an lae iomlán, mar an t-Éipeannac boet rin do éonnaic tura, le leabuir agus le ruipéar d’fágail ran oirde; áet do pacairir fá d’ó níor fairde, i leat an ama. Agus an tobair fíor-uirge rin do éonnaic tu, an tobair nac leigfead na sháruair tuda rin do na daoimib d’ól ar, nac dtuisgeann tu sur tobair na glan-shédeitge é rin, agus eia bé Éipeannac óirar deod ar, bíonn ré mar fíon in a véal, d’a neartuagad agus d’a fionn-fuara. Agus an raigtoir tuid rin d’éirig roir tura agus épann na h-úball, b’ é rin an fáiriún Sacpanac, agus nuair buail tu

his fill of the apples, and we stretched back on the fine, soft grass together, and began to talk. And I asked him the name of that country; "for," said I to him, "it is the most extraordinary country of all there are in the world."

He began then to tell me the history of that country, and he said, "This country is an island, and God created it out in the great ocean on the western side of the world, the place where the sun goes to his bed in the night. And it is the most beautiful and the greenest and the freshest country of all under the sun. And you say it is an extraordinary country, but you do not know half its wonderfulness yet. And there are three names on it—Banba and Fodhla and Ireland."

When I heard that I gave a jump, and I struck my head against a branch of the tree, as I thought—and I awoke.

And when I opened my eyes, there I was lying on the ditch at the side of the road, between Dublin and Boharnabreena, and my friend Dermot "Bán" was poking me in the ribs with a stick.

"'Tis time for you to be going home," says he.

"Oro, Dermot," said I, "let me alone. No mother's son ever saw the like of such a vision as I have seen." And with that I told him my dream from beginning to end.

"Musha, man dear!" said Dermot, when I was done, "and your dream was true. A prophet and a poet you are," says he.

"How so?" said I. "Explain it to me."

"'Tis on the soil of Ireland you were without any doubt," said Dermot, "but you were walking, as all Irishmen are walking, on the roads which the English made with their own laws and with their own fashions, and those are roads that a Gael cannot walk on without stumbling and falling, without trouble and distress. But if they leave the road of Anglicisation and of English-speaking, and go in on their own fine, grassy plain, they will not be walking hard all day long like that poor Irishman you saw, to get a bed and a supper at night, but they would go twice as far in half the time. And that well of spring water that you saw, the well that those black sentries would not let the people drink from, don't you understand that that is the well of pure Irish, and whatever Irishman drinks a drink out of it, it is as wine in his mouth, strengthening him and cooling him. And that black sentry that got up between you and the apple-tree, that was the English Fashion, and when you struck him he went out of sight, like a mist, for fashions come like mist, and if a person defends himself from them they

é o'imeis ré ar amara mar ceó, óir tigeann na páiríúin mar ceó, agus má éorann duine é féin oirra imitigeann ríad mar ceó arís. Agus na bláta bána, agus na h-úbla, do connait tu ar an gcraobh áiríúil áluinn, rin é an toradh atá as fáir ar macaire na Saebaltaí, agus má fáigann na Saebail na bóiteir ír ar cúir na Saebanaí is le dul ardeac ar a tatalaí féin aia, na h-úbla rin náir blar ríad le dá éad bliadan bairíú ríadairí is tois is. Agus as rin tuit anoir, a Craobhín, mar míni sim re o'airíng," ar ré.

"M' anam a Úia, a Úiarmuir," ar ra mife, "níl do fánail de míništeoir ar tatalaí na h-Éireann, agus an éad airíng eile béirdear asam ír eugad-ra tiucear me. Ír fearr ná Daniel tu. Bhorcuig ort anoir agus béiríú as dul a-baile."

T A D H G S A B A .

C A I B I O I L I .

Bí Tadhg Ua Bhoim 'na gaba, agus bí a céarúca ar éad an bóitair i n-áice le Droicéad na Seadaige, veic míle i tatalaí tair do Cill Áirne.

Cearúcaí mar do b'ead Tadhg. Ní raib 'na páiríúir féin, ná b'féirí i gCraobh, fear do b'féirí a cúiríad eirí fá éadail ná éad ar éad. Aet mar rin féin, ní raib Tadhg gan a loctail féin. Ír dóca náir éiríng ríad lá donais ná maríad ná reiríre Tadhg ar ríad Cill Áirne, agus ír ríad-annam a bí ré as teac abail trádínóna gan veit ríad go leor, nó b'féirí ar meirge. Dá n'éaríad don'ne le Tadhg ar maríad lae an donais, "An bfuilir as dul go Cill Áirne iníu, a Tadhg?" 'ré an freasra a geobad ré, "Ní fearar," nó "b'féirí dom"—'ran am éadóna as buataí buille dá éirí ar an iarrann nó ar an inneoin, comí mar ír dá mbéad ré as ríad, "Ír móir atá ríor uair."

Ilusir a bí lá an maríad ann b' 'fir as gac uile duine goe raib gíó as ar an gcearúcaí go mb'féirí do fíreac ra bail dá mbéad maríad leir a gíó veit éadail i gcearú. Ír íomíad ríad gíannímar a bí ar fíad na páiríúirí timéadail Tadhg agus a cúir oirre maríad lae donais, mar ar cúir ré tairíng i mbeo, lá, i gcearú Seagáin léir, agus mar ar ríad ré ar móir tatalaí éad a bí as ré dá cúir ar éadail le Domíall Ua Bhuigín.

go away like mist again. And the white blossoms and the apples that you saw on the beautiful tall tree, that is the fruit that is growing on the Plain of Gaeldom, and if the Gaels leave the roads on which the English put them, to go back on their own land again—those apples which they did not taste for two hundred years they shall gather them again plentifully. And there is for you now, *Δ Γραοιβιν*, how *I* interpret your dream,” said he.

“My soul to God, Dermot,” said I, “there isn’t your like of an interpreter on the soil of Ireland, and the next dream I have, ’tis to you I will come. You are better than Daniel. Hurry now, and we will be going home.”

TIM THE SMITH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

TIM O’BYRNE was a smith, and his forge was on the side of the road close to Giddagh Bridge, ten miles west of Killarney.

Tim was a good tradesman. There was not in his own parish, nor maybe in Kerry, a man who could better shoe a horse or put a board in a plow. But, for all that, Tim was not without his own faults. It is probable that there never came a fair or market day that Tim was not seen in the streets of Killarney, and it was very seldom he came home in the evening without being pretty merry, or perhaps drunk. If any one would ask Tim on the morning of a fair, “Are you going to Killarney to-day, Tim?” the answer he would get would be, “I don’t know,” or “Maybe I would”—at the same time striking a blow of his hammer on the iron or on the anvil, as much as if he were to say, “It is much you want knowledge” (How inquisitive you are).

When the fair day came, everyone who had business at the forge knew that he had better stay at home if he wanted a job done well. Many curious stories were through the parish about Tim and his work on a fair morning: how he had put a nail in the quick in a horse of Jack Liah, and how he bored altogether wrong a board he was putting in a plow for Daniel Breen.

Bí feirmeoir beag 'na cónnairde i mbéal na Seandaise dárú ainm dó Míceál Crón, ádt níor tugadh muam air ádt Míceál na gCear. Dá mbéadh don gnó ag Míceál na gCear ar an gceartó-eain ní fárbóadh don lá dó dul ann ádt lá an donais nó an lá go raib 'fíor aige go raib TadóS ag dul go Cill Áirne nó go Cill Orslan.

San am ro bíod marbhad Cill Áirne ar an Satharn agus bíod donad ann an céad luan do'n mí, mar adá anoir.

Maroin lae donais bí Míceál ag an gceartó-eain cun ríoníní 'fagáil dá mnea, agus donnaic ré ná raib puinn le déanamh ag TadóS.

"Ír dóca, TadóS," pra Míceál, "go mbéid t ar an donad."

"B'féidir dom," pra TadóS. "Bí Séamur Táillúra ag ráó liom iníod go mbéadh ré ag sa áil roir timéall an t-aon uair déas, 7 dá mbad máit liom dul leir go bfaiginn marcairéadé uair."

"Má'r mar rin adá n ríeal," pra Míceál, "ní'l don máit dom mo déadéa a bpeit anuair cun é 'cup i o reo."

"Ní'l, go deimín; táim gan sual, agus caiteir m dul a t'iarrad beagán suail agus árbair ia painn."

Nuair a bí Míceál na gClea ag dul baile do ear ré i tead cun tise pílub óis, fei meoir beag eile bí 'na cónnairde i n-aice e Míceál féin.

"Cá rabair, a mícíl?" pra pílub.

"Bíor ag an gceartó-eain ag féa aint an mbéad an gab uillam i mbárad cun pionnai 'cup im' b'áca. Bí TadóS ag tachtant oim é 'cup éuige iníu mar ná raib móran le déanamh aige."

"Nac b'eul ré ag dul go Cill Áirne?"

"Cuata é ag ráó go mbéadh iadail air an t-aral a cup go Cill Orslan a t'iarrad beagán suail."

"Ír mai liom gur gabair irtead éugam. Bíor ag eaint le TadóS árbuad iníod, agus 'ré duibair ré liom ná bead am aige don ní a déanamh lem' déadéa go dtí Dia C'adoin reo éugainn. Tá an aimpir ag pleamnuadh uaim agus gan puinn déanta agam. Sé ir feárr dom a déan m mo éé éda a bpeit éuige anoir ó tá casoi ag an ngabá. Mí b'ró don'ne ag teadé éuige iníu."

Do beag Míceál a píopa, agus o'iméig r' air a baile.

Nuair o'fás Míceál an ceartó-ea, agus ó ná raib don ní eile le déanamh ag TadóS éuair ré irtead cun é féin a bearrad 7 a glanad i geomair an donais. Mí raib r' ádt leat-bearréa nuair do cup pílub a éeann irtead an doirar s ráó, "Bí ó Dia annro."

"Dia 'r Muire duit," pra TadóS, ádt ní ó n-a éroide, mar bí

There was a little farmer living close to the Giddagh whose name was Michael Crone, but he was never called any other than Mick of the Tricks. If Tricky Mick had any job at the forge no day would satisfy him to go there but a fair day, or a day on which he knew Tim would be going to Killarney or Killorglin.

At this time the Killarney market was on a Saturday, and there used to be a fair the first Monday of the month, as now.

One fair morning Mick was at the forge to get nose rings for his pigs, and he saw that Tim had not much to do. "I suppose, Tim," says Mick, "you'll be at the fair?"

"Maybe I would," says Tim. "James Tailor was telling me he would be passing (east) about 11 o'clock, and if I liked to go with him I might have a lift from him."

"If that is the case," says Mick, "it is no use for me to bring down my plow to put it in order."

"No, indeed; I am without coal, and I must go for a little coal and some iron."

When Tricky Mick was going home he turned into the house of Phil Oge, a little farmer who lived close to Mick himself.

"Where were you, Mick?" says Phil.

"I was at the forge to see if the smith would be ready to-morrow to put pins in my harrow. Tim was pressing me to send to him to-day, as he had but little to do."

"Is he not going to Killarney?"

"I heard him say that he should send the donkey to Killorglin for a little coal."

"I am glad you came in to me. I was speaking to Tim yesterday, and he told me he could not do anything to my plow until next Wednesday. The time is slipping from me, and with little done. I had better take my plow to him now, as the smith has leisure. No one will be coming to him to-day."

Mick lit his pipe and went on home. When Mick left the forge, and since he had nothing else to do, Tim went in to shave and clean himself for the fair. He was but half-shaved when Phil struck his head in the door, saying, "God bless all here."

"God and Mary bless you," says Tim, but not from his heart, as he had a notion that Phil did not come without business. "I suppose you're going to town."

"Indeed I am not; I have something else to do besides street-walking," says Phil.

tuairim aise náir éaimis ḡilib ḡan ḡnó; “ir tóóca ḡo bfuilir aḡ toul a ḡan tḡráio.”

“Nílim, ḡo tóimhin; tá a málairt de ḡnó aḡam ’ná ḡráiois-eaé,” aḡra ḡilib.

“Ir iomḡa lá beirḡ tḡ aḡ tairib an tcamḡail, a ḡilib.”

“Má ’reaoḡ féin, ’ré a ceairt dom mo tóiceall a tóeanam an fáio aḡam aḡ an aḡaḡal ro, ḡ anoir baḡ mairḡ liom tḡ ḡcuirḡeá mo éeácaḡa i tḡreao tḡam. Cím naé bfuil tḡ ḡó-ḡnócaé.”

“Ir tḡuaḡ liom, a ḡilib, naé féirir liom aon ní a tóeanam tḡo’ éeácaḡa inoiu—ní tḡ aon ḡual aḡam, aḡur tá iacall oḡm toul ḡo Cill Áirne tḡa iarrairḡ.”

“Ní ḡábaḡ tḡuit aon tḡioblóio a beirḡ oḡt mar ḡeall aḡ rin; tá máilin ḡual aḡ tḡucaill aḡam.”

“Oḡoé-éiríe oḡt féin ir tḡo éeácaḡa,” aḡra Taoḡs ’a n-a ḡiac-lairb. “Caḡ tá le tóeanam aḡ tḡo éeácaḡa, a ḡilib?”

“Tá clár a éur aḡ, éurairḡ a éur aḡ an roe, ḡ é ’éur beaḡán aḡ bḡo. Tairtḡiḡeanm beaḡán éurairḡe ó baḡir an éóitair ḡ caitéir bolta nua a tóeanam tḡo’n ḡaca.”

“Ní tḡ aon éurairḡ aḡam aét aon ḡmuitín amáin a ḡeallair a éur aḡ ḡann-airin tḡo ḡeaḡán ḡeamuir,” aḡra an ḡaba.

“Tá lán mo tóctam éurairḡe aḡam-aḡ aḡ baite,” aḡra ḡilib.

“Bí-re aḡ baite an tḡean-cláir tḡo’n éeácaḡa; beaḡ-aḡ aḡ n-air tair an ḡeairairḡ ḡan moill.”

“Buirḡ mairḡ liom, tḡa mb’féirir liom é, tḡo ḡnó a tóeanam inoiu, aét tḡo ḡoill cor m’uirḡo nḡe nuair a bíor aḡ éur iarrainm aḡ ḡoé le ḡeaḡán bḡe c, aḡur beirḡ iacall oḡm cor nua éur ann. Bíor éun cor a bḡeirḡ abairḡ liom inoiu ó’n aoné.”

ḡear beaḡ canncaraé tḡo b’eaḡ ḡilib óḡ. Cónnaic ré ḡo mairḡ ḡur a tḡiarrairḡ tair-ḡséil tḡo tóeanam tḡo bí Taoḡs ḡaba, aḡur bí a éeéal aḡ éirḡe.

“’Sé mo tuairim, a Taoḡs,” aḡ tair an aḡ taircaé, “naé bfuil aon ḡonn oḡt m’obair tḡo tóeanam. Baḡ éoir ḡo mbéaḡ mo éur aḡḡio-re éóm mairḡ le haḡḡeaḡo illíeil na ḡCleair, aét cím naé mar rin aḡa an ḡséal, aḡur ó tá mo éor aḡ an mbótar tá ḡairbne eile ’a ḡarróirḡe éóm mairḡ tair-a.”

“Tóean tḡo ḡoḡa ḡuro; nílim-re a’ bḡairḡ aḡ tḡo éur aḡḡio, a ḡgannróir! Beirḡ tair tḡo ḡean-éeácaḡa ré áit ir mairḡ tair,’ aḡir’ an ḡaba.

“Ir mairḡ é mo buiréaḡar, a Taoḡs; aét ir tóisḡ liom ḡo mb’féairḡ tḡuit aḡamairḡ ’a baite ’ná beirḡ tḡo mairḡin laḡairḡe aḡ ḡráio Cill Áirne, aḡ caitéam tḡo éoḡ’ aḡḡio ḡ tḡo ḡláinte.”

“Ir cuma tḡuit-re, i n-aḡm an tḡabail! Ní hé tḡo éur aḡḡio-re a bim aḡ caitéam, a ḡḡuáinlógín. B’féirir naé é ḡac aon ḡab beaḡ éóm bog tair ir bíor-aḡ aḡ tóeanam éurairḡe tḡoḡ’

"You'll be many a day beside the church, Phil."

"Even so, I ought to do my best while in this world; and now I would like you to put my plow in order for me. I see you are not very busy."

"I am sorry, Phil; I cannot do anything to your plow to-day. I have no coal, and I am obliged to go to Killarney for it."

"You need not trouble about that, I have a bag of coal in the cart."

"Bad luck to you and your plow," says Tim, under his teeth. "What has to be done to your plow, Phil?"

"It wants a board, to steel the sock, and to put it a little in the sod. The point of the coulter wants a little steel, and you must make a new bolt for the rack."

"I have no steel but one little scrap I promised to to put on a furze spade for Jack James," says the smith.

"I have plenty of steel at home," says Phil. "You be taking the old board off the plow and I'll be back with the steel without delay."

"I would like if I could to do your job to-day, but the handle of my sledge split yesterday when I was putting tires on a wheel for Jack Brack, and I must put a new handle on it. I was going to bring home a handle from the fair."

Phil Oge was a cantankerous little man. He saw clearly that it was trying to make excuses Tim the Smith was, and his choler was rising.

"It is my opinion, Tim," says he at last, "that you have no intention of doing my work. One would think my money would be as good as Tricky Mick's; but I see that is not how the case stands, and as my foot is on the road, there are other smiths in the parish besides you."

"Do as you like; I'm not depending on your money, you fright. Take your old plow to where you please," said the smith.

"How well I am thanked, Tim, but I do think it would be better for you to stay at home than to be puddle-trotting on the streets of Killarney, spending your money and your health."

"You need not care a damn. It is not your money I am spending, you mean little creature. Maybe 'tis not every smith would be as easy with you as I have been, making shoes for your 'crock' out of your gathering of old iron. Be off now, and maybe you would pick up an old horseshoe on the road," and with that Tim shut the door.

fean-ghoga ar do bailiúsaó fean-iappainn. Iméig leat anoir, agus b'féidir go fásct fean-éirio éapail ar a' mbótar," agus leir rin do dhúin Caois an doiar.

Bí pílíbh ag cur de sur bain ré amac ceapóca áro-a'-Cluigín. B'é an saba bí i n-áro-a'-Cluigín fear ós a bí tamall maít ó roim 'n-a púntíreac ag Caois Saba. Ó t'fás ré Caois bí ré tamall dá ainm i gCopeais g bliathain nó dó i n-Albain. Duacail ciallmair do bí ann g ceapóirde maít. Coşan Ua Laoşaire do b'ainm dó. Bí maít móran fáilte aige roim pílíbh nuair do éonnaie ré é ag teacé, agus ní mó 'ná rin bí aige roimhir nuair t'innir pílíbh do ar an gcairmir do bí roir é féin g an fean-saba.

Dubairt an saba ós le pílíbh go maít eagla air ná béad caoi aige ar don ní do téanam le n-a céacda go tci deiréad na reactmaine. Níor maít leir pílíbh t'eiteac, acé bí púil aige ná béad pílíbh fáirta le feiteam com fáta rin agus go mbéad ré ag breit a céacda leir ar n-air go tci Caois nó go tci saba éigin eite, acé ní maít don maít dó ann.

"Fásfa-rá annro mo céacda," arfa pílíbh, "dá mb'éigean dom fuireac leir go ceann coisctóir ó 'nroir, g car éir an doirde béil a fuairéar ó Caois Saba an lá ro ní baogal dó go brát air pingsinn uaim-re."

"Anoir, a pílíbh," arfa Coşan, "tá a pior agat go maít nac bfuil Caois ró-buirdeac díom-rá i tcaoir teacé annro, agus nílim a fáó acé an fíunne nuair a deirim go mb'fearra liom go móir ná fásfa-rá ceapóca Caois éun teacé éun mo ceapócan-rá."

"Ar an fíunne ir córa nac a beít," arfa pílíbh, "acé deirim leat muna mbéad don saba eite ar ro go caoir Copeais ná faigead Caois Ua Úroim don ní le téanam uaim-re."

Bí a réarún féin ag Coşan Ua Laoşaire. Bí maít do élainn ag Caois Saba acé don ingean amáin. Bí maít pí acé 'n-a gearrcaite ag toul ar rgoil nuair do bí Coşan 'n-a púntíreac ag a hacair. Bí r' ana-ceanamail ar Coşan, agus níor b'áon iongnad é. Duacail gádmair púáilteac do bí ann; níor b'feáir leir beít 'meas duacail eite mar é féin 'ná beít i láir rgaia páiróí agus gleó dea do éurpead allairóir opt. Mar geall air reo ní maít leant 'ra baite san beít ceanamail ar an nsaia ós, agus bíorair go léir go han-uaigneac nuair t'fás ré Caois Ua Úroim. Da mó an t-uaigneac do bí ar lleitlí bis a' saba 'ná ar don'ne eite nuair t'iméig Coşan, agus éaom pí go fuigead 'na díad.

T'fás lleitlí ruar 'n-a cailin deap gáirtamail. Do cailteac a máctair nuair bí pí reacé mbliadhna téas t'áoir, agus ó báir a máctair 'pí lleitlí bí mar bean-tige ag Caois, agus ní mirté a fáó go maít pí 'n-a mnaoi-tige maít. Bí maít ar póbal na Tuaité

Phil continued on his way till he came to the forge of Ard-a-Clugeen. The smith at Ard-a-Clugeen was a young man who had been a good while ago an apprentice with Tim the Smith. Since he left Tim he spent part of his time in Cork, and a year or two in Scotland. A sensible young man was he, and a good tradesman. Owen O'Leary was his name. He had not much welcome for Phil when he saw him coming, and he had less for him when Phil told him of the row between himself and the old smith. The young smith told Phil that he was afraid he would have no time to do anything to his plow until the end of the week. He did not like to refuse Phil, but he was hoping that Phil would not be satisfied to wait so long, and that he would be taking his plow back to Tim, or to some other smith, but it was all in vain.

"I'll leave my plow here," says Phil, "if I had to wait for it till this day fortnight; and after the abusive language I got to-day from Tim the Smith, from this day forward there is no chance of his ever again receiving a penny from me."

"Now, Phil," says Owen, "you know very well Tim is not too thankful to me for coming here, and I am but telling the truth when I say that I would much rather you did not leave Tim's forge to come to mine."

"It is the truth which should thrive ('Tis in the truth the luck ought to be)," says Phil; "but I tell you, that if there was not another smith from this to the city of Cork, Tim O'Byrne would get nothing to do from me."

Owen O'Leary had his own reasons. The only family Tim the Smith had was a daughter. She was but a little girl going to school when Owen was an apprentice with her father. She was very fond of Owen, and little wonder. He was an affectionate, soft-natured boy. He would as soon be in the midst of a pack of children, who would deafen you with their noise, as with other lads like himself. On this account there was not a child in the village who was not fond of the young smith, and they were all very lonesome when he left Tim O'Byrne. The smith's little Nelly was more lonely than anyone else when Owen went away, and she cried bitterly after him.

Nelly grew up to be a pretty, graceful girl. Her mother died when she was seventeen years of age, and from the death of her mother Nelly was housekeeper to Tim, and it is not amiss to say that she was a good housewife. There was not a man in the Tuogh flock who had a prettier stocking than Nelly's

feap ba deire rtoea 'nád acair Neilli, agus ar fon go raib Taois 'n-a Saba, agus san cpoiceann ró-geal air, ní raib léine an tras-airt féin níor gile 'nád a léine ar maidin Dia Domhnais.

Ir beas an t-iongnad nuair táinig Eogan Ua Laoisair abaithe go noubairt ré leir féin go mbéad Neilli ós mar mnaoi aise, agus ir dóis liom go raib ríre ar an aigneas céadna, aet níor mar rin do'n tSean-Saba. Ili raib aon deabad air cun cleamhnair do déanamh dá ingin, mar bí a fíor aise go maít go mbéad ré an-leactlámad san Neilli, aet i n-a aigneas féin baó maít leir, dá mbéad fonn pórtas uirru, go mbéad Séamur Táilliúra mar éliamain aise.

Bí feirm beas talman as Séamur, aet ba minice é Séamur as an gceartócan, a píop 'n-a béal aise agus é as réithead na mbuilis do'n Saba, nó a' bualaó dó nuair do bí Taois as cup cnuasó ar mainn nó as déanamh cruó do éapall, 7, ar nór Taois féin, bí an-dúil aise i rráitheadaet. Bí trí pabailíní bó aise agus cúpla colpac, 7 iad go léir ar tógáil ar teact na máirta. Ní raib Pilib i bfaó tar éir imteacta nuair do bí Séamur Táilliúra agus a tpucaill as dopar an Saba.

"Bfuil tú ullam, a Taois?" arpa Séamur.

"Táim i ngorraet dó," arpa Taois; "níl agam le déanamh aet mo bhróga do cup oim. Bporcuig ort, a Neilli; tá an bhrós rin maít go leór anoir. Cá bfuil mo éapabat? Ná bac leir a' rgsácan. Anoir, a Séamur, táim ullam."

"Nac bfuil tura a' teact linn, a Neilli?"

"Nílim, a Séamur, go fóill; b'féidir ar ball go raigainn féin le coir mlaíre Cróin, agus béir a' t-aral agaimn."

"Ir feárr duit teact linn-ne. Dá olcar mo éapall, ir feárr é 'nád arailín mlaíre."

"Go raib maít agat, a Séamur. Do gellar do mlaíre fuireac léi. Déam i n-am go leór i gCill Áirne; ní'l puinn le déanamh agam-ra ar an aonac."

"Deacta duine a toil," arpa Séamur, agus ar riúbal leó.

Nuair a bíodar tamall beas ar a' mbótar dubairt Taois le Séamur, "ar buail Pilib ós umac?"

"Níor buail; cao 'n-a taoib?"

"Bí ré annro tamall beas ó foin le n-a céadna. Do gellar dó, tá reactmáin ó foin, go mbéinn ullam Dia Céadaoin"; aet ní béad ré fártas san teact eugam ar maidin, agus mé tar éir micil na gcleap do leigint abaithe mar gell ar ná raib aon gual agam. Bí gac re reat agaimn le 'n-a céile go raibamar arson feargac. O'áruis Pilib a céadna leir, agus ir dóca ná béir rtoe leir go mbuailfead ré ceartóca Coigainín Ua Laoisair."

"Raib míceál na gcleap as an gceartócan ar maidin iníou?"

father, and though Tim was a smith, and without a very white skin, still the priest's alb on Sunday morning was no whiter than his Sunday shirt.

It is little wonder that when Owen O'Leary came home he said to himself that he would have young Nelly for a wife; and I think she was of the same mind; but such was not the case with the old smith. He was in no hurry to make a match for his daughter, for he knew very well he would be badly off without Nelly; but in his own mind he wished, if she had a notion of marrying, that he would have James Tailor for a son-in-law.

James had a little farm of land; but James was oftener at the forge, his pipe in his mouth, and he blowing the bellows for the smith, or sledging for him when Tim would be steeling a spade, or making shoes for horses, and like Tim himself he was very fond of street-walking. He had three little tatters of cows, and a couple of heifers that were lifting (ready to fall with hunger) on the coming of March.

Phil had not long gone when James Tailor and his cart were at the smith's door.

"Are you ready, Tim?" said James.

"I'm near it," says Tim. "I have but to put on my shoes. Hurry on, Nelly. That shoe is all right now. Where is my cravat? Never mind the looking-glass. Now, James, I am ready."

"Are you not coming, Nelly?"

"I am not, James, yet awhile. Maybe by and by I would go with Mary Crone, and we shall have the ass."

"You had better come with us. Bad as my horse is, he is better than Mary's little donkey."

"Thank you, James. I promised Mary to wait for her. We shall have time enough in Killarney. I have not much to do at the fair."

"Have your own way," says James, and away with them.

When they were a short time on the road Tim said to James, "Did you meet Phil Oge?"

"No. Why?"

"He was here awhile ago with his plow. I promised him a week ago that I should be ready on Wednesday, but he would not be content without coming to me this morning, and I after letting Tricky Mick home because I had no coal. We had every second word with each other until we were both angry,

"Náe bfuil... tar éir a pád leat go raib éun ruo éigin do déanam le 'n-a céadta."

"Díot geall," arsa Séamur "suirab é Míceál do cuir i gceann dílib teact éusat."

"Ar m'anam i san t-oiré-ní ar m'anam, go mb'éiríoir go bfuil an ceart agat, agus má'r mar rin atá an rgeal nápa fada go bfaigí Míceál torad a deas-oibreacha. Dubairt le Míceál féin na raib don gual agam, agus éus dílib máilin suail 'n-a trucaill leir. San ampar 'ré Míceál bun a' tubairte."

"Ní éirpinn tair e."

"I' tóis liom féin ná beaó ré fáirta san béit ag déanam miorfuir imear gcomparan," arsa Tatós.

"I' fíor dúit rin. Ar éualairí cat do deim ré ar Dóinnall Ruad? Bí Dóinnall ag dul le roc go dtí ceapóca na Ceapóige nuair táinig Míceál na gCleap ruar leir, agus é ag dul a t'iarraíó páil móna ó'n bpoirtac."

"Cá bfuil tú ag dul?" arsa Míceál.

"Táim ag dul leir reo go dtí an ceapóca éun é cur blúipe beag 'ra bpoit. Támaoio ag treabao díncein na gCloc, i' ana-deacair i treabao le roc atá beagán ar a bpoit."

"Cait do roc 'ra trucaill agus tar irteac tú féin. I' móir an ní anró na marcaideacha."

"Go raib maic agat, a Míceál; agus b'éiríoir ó táim leat-támao go bfaigí an roc ag an gceapócaim; abair le Tomár é cur fíor-beagán 'ra bpoit."

"Déanfao é rin agus fáilte," arsa Míceál, agus t'iompuig Dóinnall Ruad abailte. Aet cat do deim an cleapóide aet a pád leir a' nSaba roc Dóinnall do cur beagán eile ar an bpoit, i' rligíó go raib a céadta go móir níor meara ná bí ré."

"Lá eile bí Míceál a t'iarraíó rleagáin eall ar an nSorc mDúide. Car ré irteac i nDorap Séamur Mlaol. Bí Séamur 'n-a fúide ar ríol ar aigíó an Dorap irteac ag cur caoibín ar a bpoit. Ó bí an lá go han-broctalla, agus Séamur ag cur allair de, do bain ré de féin a péiribic agus époé ré ar éruca é i tcaoirí eiar do'n Dorap. Do deap Míceál a píop agus bí ré ag gabáil dá éuro bpeartairéacha, mar ba gnáta leir. Táir éir leat-uair nó mar rin do tpuiré ré píop i n-aice an Dorap. U'fan ré ag an Dorap tamall beag agus a lám ar an leat-Dorap. U'féac ré ar an gcrúca, ag leigint air go raib náipe air. "S amlaio," ar péiréan, "do cuir Máipe anonn mé féacaint a bfaigíonn israet na ruo rin (an péiribic) éun ceap do cur ag góir ann."

"Bí Séamur Mlaol ar deap-buile, agus léim ré 'n-a fúide, aet má léim bí Míceál imighe. Do cait Séamur a carúr leir,

and I suppose he will not stop now until he reaches Owney O'Leary's forge."

"Was Tricky Mick at the forge this morning?"

"Am I not after telling you that he was, to get something done to his plow?"

"I'll bet," says James, "that it is Mick put it into Phil's head to come to you?"

"On my soul, and not putting anything bad on my soul, I believe you are right, and if such is the case, I hope it won't be long until Mick gets the reward of his good works. I told Mick himself I had no coal, and Phil had a little bag of coal in the cart with him. Without doubt Mick is the root of the mischief."

"I would not put it past him."

"I think myself he would not be happy if he were not making mischief between neighbors," says Tim.

"'Tis true for you. Did you hear what he did to Daniel Roe? Daniel was going with a sock to the Cappagh forge, when Tricky Mick overtook him as he was going for a rail of turf to the bog."

"Where are you going," says Mick.

"I am going with this to the forge, to put it a little bit in the sod." We are plowing the little stony field, and it is very hard to plow it with a sock a little out of the sod."

"Pitch the sock into the cart and come in yourself. It is a good thing to get the lift."

"Thank you, Mick; and maybe, as I am very short of hands, you would leave the sock at the forge. Tell Tom to put it just a little in the sod."

"I will do that and welcome," says Mick, and Daniel turned home. But what did the trickster do, but tell the smith to put Daniel's sock a little more out of the sod, so that his plow was far worse than before.

"Another day Mick was looking for a slaan over at Fortbee. He turned into the house of James the Bald. James was sitting on a stool opposite the door putting a patch on his shoe. As the day was sultry and James sweating, he took off his wig and hung it on a hook behind the door. Mick lit his pipe, and he was, as usual, going on with his pranks. After half an hour or so he moved down near the door. He stayed at the door a little while, with his hand on the half-door. He looked at the hook, pretending that he was ashamed. 'It is how,' says he, 'Mary sent me over to see if I could get the

áct, i n-ionat Mícll do bualað leir an gearúir, d'aimrið pé corcán móir bí ar iapaét ag a mhaoi cun ollan do dácuíad. Úrúil eógan na laosaire 'na ceapdaige marí ?”

“Cá b'fior d'ann-ra roin,” arsa Cath, 7 ní go ró-mílir; “áct ní dóig liom suíab é feabhar a ceapdaídeáct' atá ag tarraic na n-daoine éuige; 'ré a curó bladaíri meallann iad. Bí an teanga go pleamam suam aige. Bað cuma liom dá gcuirfead pé ruar do féin ag Oroiéad na leamhna nó tíor ar a Mianur, áct ir dóig liom-ra suir móir an náire do deáct 7 ceapdaí do cur ruar éom áccumair nam agur tá pé 'noir.”

CABITIL II.

CAPTAR NA DAOINE AR A ÉILE,
áct ní captar na cnuic ná na pléibte.

Nuair do buail an beirt Cill Áinne b'éigean dóib deoc beit áca i dtið Séamuir Uí Úrúigín 'ra Spáio Nuair, agur níor b'faod dóib go raib bpaon eile áca i Spáio na gCeair nuair capad orra beirt nó trúir eile agur tarc orra. Mí raib leat an lae caíte nuair bí an gaba rúgac go leór.

Mí raib Neillí i bpa ar a' rpaio suir connaic rí a hatair agur é ar leat-meirge. Ir gairio do bí rí féin agur an cailín eile ag déanam a ngnóca. Nuair do bíotar ullam cun teáct ábaile do deim Neillí a díceall a hatair do meallað léi, áct ní raib maítear di beit a tatant air; d'fan pé féin agur Séamuir ar an rpaio go dtí tuitim na hoirdé agur go raibadar apoon ar meirge nó i ngiopraét do.

Bí capailín beag cnearta ag Séamuir Táillíúra. Bí an bótar péir agur an oirdé geal, 7 dá mbéad an beirt pártá leir an méir do bí ólta áca nuair fágaotar rpaio Cill Áinne bead an rgeal go marí áca, áct ní raibadar. Nuair tángadar go Oroiéad na leamhna bí deoc le beit áca, 7 nuair bí an gaba ag teáct amac ar an tcrucail tuit pé ar fleairg a dhroma ar an mbótar, agur 'fan an céatona do cur ruo éigin an capall ar rúbdal. Cuair an pot trearna láime Cairð. Do rgead an fear uáct éom géar rin suir ru na daoine amac éuige, agur nuair connadadar é rinte ar an mbótar fáoileadar go raib a lám b'urte, áct ní raib.

Ba móir an ní go raib an doctúir 'n-a comhnaide ar taob an bótar ag Oroiéoin na Spiodóige; bí pé ag baile. Tar éir féadaint ar lám an gaba 'ré duhairt an doctúir, “Ní'í don énam b'urte, áct beir pé tamall go mbéir spioróm agat ar carúir, a Cairð.” Do b'fior sóran; bí an gaba ráite gan don ní do déanam mar geall ar a lám.

loan of that thing (the wig) to set a hen hatching in it.' James the Bald was mad; he jumped up, but if he did Mick was gone. James threw the hammer after him, but instead of hitting Mick with the hammer, he struck a big pot which his wife had borrowed to dye wool in. Is Owen O'Leary a good tradesman?"

"How do I know?" says Tim, and not sweetly; "but I don't think it is the excellence of his workmanship that is drawing the people to him; his blarney, that coaxes. He has always the slipping tongue. I would not mind had he set up at Laune Bridge, or below at Meanus, but I do think it is a shame for him to come and set up his forge so near to me as it is now."

CHAPTER II.

"People meet, but hills and mountains don't."

When the two reached Killarney they must have a drink in James Breen's house in the new street, and it was not long until they had another drop in Hen-street, where they meet three others with a thirst on them. Half the day was not spent when the smith was tipsy enough.

Nelly was not long in town when she saw her father, and he half-drunk. Herself and the other girl were but a short time doing their business. When they were ready to come home Nelly did her best to coax her father with her, but it was useless trying to persuade him. Himself and James stayed in town till nightfall, and until they were both drunk, or near it.

James Tailor had a gentle little horse. The road was good and the night bright, and had the pair been satisfied with what they had drunk when they left the town of Killarney things would have been well with them, but they were not satisfied. When they came to Laune Bridge they were to have a drink, and when the smith was coming out of the cart he fell on the flat of his back on the road, while at the same time something caused the horse to move. The wheel passed over Tim's hand. The poor man screamed so bitterly that the people ran out to him, and when they saw him stretched on the road they thought his hand was broken, but it was not. It was a great matter (it was fortunate) that the doctor was living close to

Λά'ρ na bámaς tap éir lae an donais, agus daoine as teac̃t so tci ceáir̃õa Taú̃s bí ré buãoap̃a so leóp̃. Cúip ré r̃séala cun saba na ceapais̃e bí an-muinteap̃õa leir i gcómhaid̃e, as péac̃aint an gcuir̃peão ré a mác eúise ap̃ peão peãc̃t̃maíne cun so mbéão am aise ap̃ peãr éisim eile do íolá̃c̃ap̃.

'Sé an p̃reap̃ra puair an teac̃t̃ap̃re so mãoap̃a íó-leãt-lámãc ap̃ an s̃ceapais̃, ac̃t b'féir̃ip̃ i ñdeir̃eão na peãc̃t̃maíne so mbéão an peãr ós ábal̃ta ap̃ toul ap̃ peão lae nó d̃ó cun cab̃rũgão le Taú̃s.

"An p̃p̃eall̃ap̃ín rũgãis̃," ap̃ra Taú̃s, nuair a éuala ré cao t̃ubair̃t a d̃uine muinteap̃õa, "tá íor ãgam-ra so maí̃t cao tá 'n-a éeann; ac̃t béir̃o an r̃séal so cuair̃o op̃m-ra nó rap̃ó̃c̃ão-ra é." Nuair éuala Cẽgan Ua Laõgaire cao do t̃uit amãc ap̃ á̃c̃ap̃ Neill̃i níor b'fão so maí̃b ré as d̃op̃ap̃ t̃ige an s̃aba. Ní maí̃b móp̃án fáil̃te as Taú̃s íoim̃ip̃, ac̃t rap̃ ap̃ fá̃s ré an teinteán bí taob̃ eile ap̃ a' r̃séal.

"Ír t̃ruãs liom," ap̃ra Cẽgan, "t̃ur̃a beir̃t map̃ 'taoi, 7 san don'ne ãgãt ac̃t t̃ú féin. An féir̃ip̃ liom-ra don ní̃o do d̃éanam̃ d̃uit?"

"Ní f̃eãoap̃," ap̃ra Taú̃s; "ír d̃ó̃c̃a so b̃fuil do d̃ó̃c̃ain le d̃éanam̃ ãgãt féin, agus béir̃o níor mó ãgãt anoir ó t̃áim-re map̃ a b̃fuilim.

'An té bíonn íor buail̃teap̃ cor air,
 Agus an té bíonn ruar̃ ól̃tãp̃ d̃eõc̃ air.'

"Ní béir̃ i b̃fão íor, le coñsnãm Dé; agus mó lá̃m ír m'f̃ocaí t̃uit nãc̃ b̃fuil don t̃raiñnt op̃m-ra obair̃ a b̃reir̃ uair̃-re. Map̃ a b̃fuil don s̃aba eile ãgãt íor cuir̃peão-ra mo p̃r̃innt̃í̃eãc̃ eúgãt san moill̃."

"So maí̃b maí̃t ãgãt," ap̃ra Taú̃s, as cur̃ lá̃ime íl̃án amãc agus as b̃reir̃ s̃peim̃ d̃aiñgean ap̃ lá̃im̃ Cẽgain.

Nuair bí an s̃aba ós as im̃c̃eãc̃ rũs Neill̃i ap̃ lá̃im̃ air agus ãt̃ubair̃t "Mile beannãc̃t op̃t. Bíor a' cuim̃neam̃ op̃t; bí íúil ãgam leat, ac̃t bí eagla op̃m d̃a t̃cioc̃f̃á féiñis so mbéão m'á̃c̃ap̃ íó-íoir̃í̃eãc̃ leat, map̃ bí íor ãgam so maí̃t ná maí̃b ré íó-buir̃í̃eãc̃ d̃íot."

"Ní móp̃ ír féir̃ip̃ liom a d̃éanam̃, ac̃t d̃éañfão mo d̃í̃c̃eall̃; agus tá 'r ãgãt-ra, a Neill̃i, so ñd̃éañp̃aiñn móp̃án ap̃ do íon-ra."

"Táim so han-buir̃í̃eãc̃ d̃íot, a Cẽgain," ap̃ra Neill̃i, 7 l̃uir̃ne 'n-a cioñnãc̃aib̃.

Cuair̃o an s̃aba ós á̃baile 'r níor b'fãoap̃a tap̃ éir im̃c̃eãc̃' d̃ó so t̃c̃áiñis Séam̃ur Táill̃iúra í̃r̃teãc̃. Bí Neill̃i as an d̃op̃ap̃.

"Canaor̃ tá t'á̃c̃ap̃, a Neill̃i?"

little Spiddogue Bridge. He was at home. After looking at the smith's hand the doctor said "there was no bone broken, but it will be a while before you can handle a hammer, Tim." 'Twas true for him. The smith was three months without doing anything, owing to his hand.

Next morning after the fair, and people coming to Tim's forge, he was troubled enough. He sent a messenger to the Cappagh smith, who was always very friendly with him, to see if he would send his son to him for a week, until he had time to provide some other man.

The answer the messenger got was that they were very busy at Cappagh, but perhaps at the end of the week the young man might be able to go for a day or two to help Tim. "The little sooty sweep," says Tim, when he heard what his friend said, "I know what is in his head, but it will go hard with me or I'll be even with him."

When Owen O'Leary heard what had happened to Nelly's father it was not long until he was at the smith's door. Tim had not much welcome for him, but before he left the hearth there was another side to the story. "I am sorry," says Owen, "to see you as you are, with no one but yourself. Can I do anything for you?"

"I don't know," says Tim. "I suppose you have plenty to do yourself, and you will have more now since I am as I am."

"He that is down is trampled;
He that is up is toasted."

"You won't be long down, please God, and my hand and word to you, I do not covet the taking of your work from you. If you have no other smith yet, I will send my apprentice to you without delay."

"Thank you," says Tim, putting out his sound hand and firmly grasping the hand of Owen.

When the young smith was leaving Nelly caught him by the hand, saying, "A thousand blessings on you. I was thinking of you, but I feared that even if you did come my father would be too surly with you, for I know very well he was not too thankful to you."

"It is not much I can do, but I'll do my best, and you know, Nelly, I would do much for your sake."

"I am very grateful to you, Owen," says Nelly, and a blush on her countenance.

“Τὰ ἴ’ ἄσας σο μαῖε cannoṛ τὰ ρέ, ἃ Σέαμυρ. Τὰ ρέ ἴ’ na λυῖε ἀρ ἃ leabaṛ ἄσυρ τὰ easla oṛm σο mbéiṛ ρέ ann σο fóill. Buail ruar cūige; táim-ṛe ἄς oul ἃ ὀἰαῖṛaṛ cāna uirge ó’n abainn.”

Ὁ ἴ’ an Σέαμυρ tamall maῖe ἄσυρ nuair bi ρέ iméighe do ḡlaod-ais Ταὺς ἀρ lleilli cūn deoc uirge ruair do tabairt dó. “Suṛ ἃ ἃ ḡcaṭaoir σο fóill, ἃ lleilli, ἃ cūro; τὰ ruo éigin ἄsam le pát leat.”

Ὁ ἴ’ uṛo lleilli ἀρ an ḡcaṭaoir ἄς taoiṛ na leabta, ἄετ ḡan cūinne aiei cao do bi ἴ’-ἃ éeann.

“Τὰ easla oṛm σο mbéat im’ maṛtíneac, ἃ lleilli, ἃ n-eapball mo paoḡail; ἄετ baṛ cūma liom dā bṛeicṛinn tupa ἄσυρ do teinteān ρéin ἄsat. Ir dóca dā mbéat σο paoḡinn-ṛe cūinne uair ann.”

“Τάim párta map ἃ bṛuilim,” ἀρṛa lleilli; “ἄσυρ ὀtaoiṛ tupa beṛt iṛ’ maṛtíneac, ní map rin ἃ beṛo an ṛḡeal ἄsat, le congnaṛ dē.”

“Ὁ’féoiṛ rin, ἃ ḡpát; ἄετ map rin ρéin baṛ maῖe liom dā bṛeicinn tú pórta.”

“Ní’l don fonn pórta oṛm-ṛa, ἃ áeair, ἄσυρ dā mbéat ρéin ní anoir an t-am cūn beṛt ἄς cūmíneam aṛ.”

“Τάim-ṛe oul ἃ n-aoir, ἄετ baṛ mōr an páram aiguiṛo oṛm é dā mbéiteā-ṛa ἃ ὀ’ait bis ρéin. Τὰ ρeṛim beas deap ἄς Σέαμυρ Táillúra, ní’l cior tṛom aṛ, ḡ τὰ fíor ἄsam náe bṛuil cailín eile ἴ’ra pārróirde do b’féairi le Σέαμυρ ἃ beṛt map mṛasoi aige ἴ’ná tú ρéin.”

“Τάim an-buirdeac do Σέαμυρ. Ní le hearbaṛo mṛá tige ἃ beṛo ρέ ἄς pórato; tugann ἃ máeair aṛie dōr na buaiṛ ἄσυρ leatann ἃ deirbṛíur an t-aoileac ἀρ na pṛácaí. An bean-tṛeabta áe uair anoir?”

Ὁ’oḡail Ταὺς ἃ ṛúile. Ní pail don cūinne aige ná beat ἃ ingean párta le Σέαμυρ do pórato. Bain ἃ noubaṛt ṛí an t-anál de ἄσυρ ní pail’ fíor aige cao do b’féairṛa dō do pát ἄετ ἃ ḡceann tamall dubairt ρé—

“Saoileap, ἃ lleilli, σο pabair ρéin ἄσυρ Σέαμυρ Táillúra muinteapṛa σο leór le éile.”

“Τáimio, ἀρ fon náe bṛuilim pó-buirdeac de ὀtaoiṛ oṛbṛe an lae iṛde.”

“ḡoo é an leigear ἃ bi aige aṛ?”

“Dā mbéat ρέ ἴ’ra baile ἄς tabairt aṛie dā ḡnó ρéin, ἴ’-ait ba éopa dō beṛt, éiocpá-ṛa ábaile liom-ṛa, ἄσυρ ní beṛótea map átaoi iṛtiu.”

“Τaoi pó-éruair ἀρ Σέαμυρ doct, ἃ lleilli. Cíbeann tú ḡur minic ἃ tágann ρέ cūn congnaṛ ἃ tabairt dom-ṛa nuair ἃ bím

The young smith went home. It was not long after his departure when James Tailor came in. Nelly was at the door.

"How is your father, Nelly?"

"You know very well how he is, James. He is lying in bed. I fear he will be there awhile yet. Go up to him; I am going for a can of water to the river."

James stayed a good while, and when he was gone Tim called Nelly to bring him a drink of cold water. "Sit on the chair awhile, Nelly dear, I have something to say to you."

Nelly sat in the chair beside the bed, but without any notion what was in his head.

"I am afraid I shall be a cripple, Nelly, in the end of my life; but I would not mind if I saw you in possession of your own hearth. I suppose if you had it, I would get a corner from you in it."

"I am content as I am," says Nelly, "and as to your being a cripple, that is not how the case will be with you, with God's help."

"Maybe so, Nelly, my dear; but all the same, I wish I saw you married."

"I have no notion of marrying, father, and, even if I had, this is not the time to be thinking of it."

"I am getting into age, and it would be a great satisfaction to my mind if you were in your own place. James Tailor has a nice little farm, there is not a heavy rent on it, and I know that there is not another girl in the parish he would rather have for a wife than yourself."

"I am very thankful to James. It is not for want of a housekeeper he will marry; his mother minds the cows, and his sister spreads the manure on the potatoes. Is it a plow-woman he wants now?"

Tim opened his eyes. He had no notion that his daughter would not be ready to marry James. What she said took his breath away, and he did not know what he had better say, but after awhile he said—

"I thought, Nelly, that you and James were very friendly with each other."

"We are, though I am not too thankful to him as to the work of yesterday."

"How could he help it?"

aḡ cup iarruainn ar roḡaib nō nuair a bionn obair tḡom mar rin ioir lām' aḡam."

"B'fearra tō ḡo mōr aipe a ḡabairt dā pairḡe beaḡ talman. Nāc munc iō' béal 'An té bionn 'n-a ḡroḡfepḡbireac dō fēin, bionn ré 'na fepḡbireac maic dō na dāomib eile.'"

"Iḡ beaḡ a faonleac, a Neilli, nā dēanpā muo opm."

"Baḡ maic liom muo a dēanam opḡ, a dāir; acḡ mar a mbéḡḡ ar talam a' dōmain acḡ é fēin amāin ní bēinn mar céile aḡe Séamur Táillúra."

Le n-a linn rin t'ḡás Neilli an reḡmḡa, aḡur dō ḡol rí ḡo fuḡeac ar feaḡ tamall.

Nuair t'ḡás Séamur teac an ḡaba bī ré páḡḡa ḡo leḡr. Saon ré nā paib anoir le dēanam aḡe acḡ dūl aḡur an "páirḡar" dō bḡeic abair leir cūn Neilli an ḡaba dō póḡaḡ. Bī ré ḡan tobac aḡur éar ré ipḡeac i roḡa Séaḡān an leara cūn bláirpe tobac dō éannac.

"An fíor," arḡa Séaḡān an leara, "ḡur bḡir an ḡaba a lām aḡ teacḡ ó cūl āirne aréir?"

"Ní'l ré fíor aḡur ní'l ré bḡeacac," arḡa Séamur. "Ní'l a lām bḡirpe, acḡ tá rí ḡoirḡiḡḡe cōm mōr rin ḡo bḡuil eaḡla opm nā bēiḡ don maic ann ḡo deḡ. Tá an fear boḡḡ buaḡarḡa ḡo leḡr, acḡ 'ré an muo ip mō tá cup air anoir, ḡan Neilli beic póḡḡa."

"B'fearra dūic fēin i póḡaḡ, a Séamur. Ní fuláir nō tá mūirle beaḡ aḡḡiḡ aḡ Taoḡs, aḡur tá Neilli 'n-a cailin cailmar."

"B'féirḡ ḡo b-póḡḡainn," arḡa Séamur, aḡur t'ḡmḡiḡ ré air abairle.

Lá ar na bárac bī ré leacḡa ar fuo na parróirḡe ḡo paib cleamnar dēanta ioir Séamur ḡ mḡin an ḡaba.

Ar feaḡ reacḡḡaine tar éir ḡoirḡiḡḡe láime Taoḡs dō dēin eoḡan ūa laḡairpe aḡur a pḡincḡeac obair an dā éairḡeac cūn ḡo bḡuair Taoḡs ḡaba óḡ ó baile an mḡulinn. Iḡ beaḡ laeḡe ríḡ na reacḡḡaine nā paib eoḡan tamall aḡ ceapḡeacain Taoḡs aḡur tamall beaḡ aḡ caint le Taoḡs fēin aḡur b'féirḡ le Neilli.

Nuair táimḡ an ḡaba eile ó baile an mḡulinn t'iarḡ Taoḡs ar eoḡan teacḡ anoir aḡur arḡir nuair a bēaḡ am aḡe, aḡur táimḡ ḡo minic. Nuair bīoḡ an beirḡ ḡ dūine aca ar ḡac taob dō'n teine ip mō muo dō bīoḡ aca aḡ cup tḡé 'na céile, ḡ Neilli i mbun a ḡḡnóḡa fēin timcéall na cipḡineac. Nuair fuair eoḡan rḡeala ḡo paib cleamnar rocair ioir Neilli aḡur Séamur Táillúra bī ionḡnacḡ air, acḡ dūbairḡ ré leir fēin má'r mar rin dō bī an rḡeal nā paib ré ceapḡ dō-pan a beic cōm minic ipḡeac 'r amac i

"If he were at home attending to his own business, where he ought to be, you would have come home with me, and you would not be as you are to-day."

"You are too hard on poor James, Nelly. You see it is often he comes to give me help when I am putting tires on wheels, or when I have other similar heavy work on hands."

"It would be much better for him to mind his little bit of land. Have I not often heard from your own mouth, 'He who is a bad servant for himself is a good one for others'?"

"I little thought, Nelly, that you would not obey me."

"I would like to obey you, father; but if there was but him alone on the face of the earth, I would not be the partner of James Tailor." With that Nelly left the room, and she cried bitterly for awhile.

When James left the smith's house, he was satisfied enough. He thought that he had nothing to do but to go and bring home the lines in order to marry the smith's Nelly. He was without tobacco, and he turned into John of the Lis to buy a bit of tobacco.

"Is it true," said John of the Lis, "that the smith broke his hand coming from Killarney last night?"

"'Tisn't true and 'tisn't lying," said James. "His hand isn't broken, but it is hurt so much that I am afraid it will never be any use. The poor man is troubled enough, and the thing that is troubling him most is Nelly to be unmarried."

"You'd better marry her yourself, James. It isn't possible but Tim has a bit of money, and Nelly is a sensible girl."

"Maybe I would," said James, and went on home.

Next morning it was spread all over the parish that there was a match made between James and the smith's daughter. For a week after the injury to Tim's hand Owen and his apprentice did the work of the two forges until Tim got a young smith from Milltown. There were few days during the week that Owen wasn't at Tim's forge, and a little time talking to Tim himself, and maybe to Nelly.

When the other smith from Milltown came, Tim asked Owen to come now and again when he had time; and he often came, when the pair of them used to be one at each side of the fire. They used to discuss many things while Nelly was about her own business in the house. When Owen heard the news, that a match was settled between Nelly and James Tailor, he was surprised; but he said to himself, if that was the case, it wasn't right for himself to be in and out so often at the forge

οτίς na ceárhoéan. O'imtíς lá nó 'dó mar peo 7 san tuíar as eoígan ar an gceárhoéain. Arpa Taὺς le Neillí:

"A bpeaca tú Coígan iníu nó iníó?"

"Ní bpeaca," arpa Neillí.

"Tá ríul agham naé bfuil aon ní air. Ní raib pe annro 'nir ó aghuáth 'nóé; ní bpeadar cao tá á coimeáth."

"Ní'l fíor agham-ra," aubairt rípe, aét b'í aínar aici, mar euala rí rígeál an éleánnair.

I' r'óca ná raib eoígan ró-rápta i n'aigneáth. B'í fonn i' r'áit-éar air. Baó maíe leir tuíar do éabairt anonn go ceárhoéain táiríς, aét mar rín féin b'í beagán náire air géilleáth go raib buaóairt air. B'í pé as obair go dian, aét ba éuma 'dó beít díomáoin nó ghnócaé, níor b'féirí leir póraó Neillí do éur ar a éeann.

Tráthóna an tarína lá, nuair do b'í deiréáth le hobair an lae aghur an ceárhoéa dúnca, buail eoígan treapna na páirceanna, aghur b'í pé as cup oe go dtáinig pé amaé ar an mbótar i n-aice tíse na ceárhoéain. B'í Neillí as an doras.

"Cannor tá t'áir, a Neillí?" arpa Coígan.

"Tá pé dul i bpeabair. Tar irteac. Ní'l pé leat-uair ó b'í pé as caint oir. B'í ionghaó air go raabair éom fáda san bualaó irteac éuise."

"Ní béaó as dul irteac anoir, a Neillí. Tá deabáth oim."

"'N é rín eoígan, a Neillí?" ar' an sába.

"Sé, a áair."

"Cao 'n-a táob naé bfuil pé teacé irteac?"

"Deir pé go bfuil deabáth air, a áair."

"Abair leir teacé irteac. Tá ghnó agham oe."

Do buail eoígan irteac.

Arpa an sába, "Cá raabair le reáctmáin? B'íor éun rígeála éur anonn éúgat réacáint cao a b'í oir."

"Ó! ní raib píoc oim, aét go raabair an-ghnócaé, aghur gur raóilear go mbéaó ruo éigin eile b'íur gcur tré 'n-a ééile 'ná ríu a beít a cuimneam oim-ra."

"Aét go mbéaó mo lámh bacac plán agham aír, aghur buirdeácar le oia tá rí dul éun cinn go maíe, ní béaó aon ní as cup buaó-aira oíainn."

"Go deimín, ní éur buaóairta an rígeál aghaib, aét a málairt, aghur go n-éiríúró b'íur bpóraó lib," arpa eoígan, aghur toét 'n-a eíoióe.

"Arú goó é an póraó?" arpa Taὺς Σάβα.

"Náé bfuil Neillí aghur Séamur Táillíúra le beít pórtá i n-oir an éaraisir?"

"Fíarraíς do Neillí féin an fíor é nó b'péas."

house. A day or two passed in this way without Owen taking a turn to the forge.

Says Tim to Nelly, "Did you see Owen to-day or yesterday?"

"I did not," says Nelly.

"I hope there's nothing wrong with him. He wasn't here since 'ere yesterday. I don't know what's keeping him."

"I don't know," says she; but she had a suspicion, for she heard the tale of the match.

It is likely Owen wasn't very easy in his mind. He was between hope and fear. He would like to take a turn over to Tim's forge; but for all that, he was a little ashamed to admit his trouble of mind. He was working hard, but it was all the same to him whether idle or busy, he could'nt put Nelly's marriage out of his head.

On the evening of the second day, when the day's work was finished and the forge shut up, Owen went over across the fields, and was going ahead until he came out on the road close to the forge house. Nelly was at the door.

"How's your father, Nelly," says Owen.

"He's improving. Come in. It isn't half an hour since he was speaking of you. He was wondering you were so long without dropping in to him."

"I won't be going in now, Nelly, I'm in a hurry."

"Is that Owen, Nelly?" says the smith.

"Tis, father."

"Why isn't he coming in?"

"He says he is in a hurry, father."

"Tell him to come in. I want him."

Owen walked in.

Says the smith, "Where have you been this week past? I was going to send over a message to see what was wrong with you."

"Oh, there wasn't a bit wrong with me, but that I was very busy, and that I thought you would have other things to bother you than for you to be thinking of me."

"Were my lame hand but better again, and, thank God, it is going on well, there would be nothing troubling me."

"Indeed, your case is not a case of trouble, but the opposite, and I hope the marriage will be prosperous," said Owen, with a load at his heart.

"Why, then, what marriage?" said Tim the Smith.

"Are not Nelly and James Tailor to be married after Lent?"

"Ask Nelly if it is truth or falsehood."

“An fíor é, a Neillí?”

“Ní, aSur ní b'éirí go deó,” arís Neillí, aSur amac an doirí léi.

Ar feadh tamamll níor labhair don'ne do'n veirt focal.

“B'féidir, a Tairís,” arís Cośan, “go dtabairfá Neillí dam-ra?”

“Sé ir fearra dúit an deirt rin a cur eilei féin.”

aSur do eile, aSur ní gábad innint cat é an freagra fuair ré ó Neillí. Bí an páiríroie ag magad pá Séamur Táilliúra; aet fuair ré rtoróigin beas ó Gleann na sCoileac ná raib ró-ós aet go raib fide púnt rpiréó aici.

Τ Δ Σ Ρ Δ :

Altairí—deafness.

Rabalíní bó—miserable cows.

Ar tógáil—“lifting,” not able to lift themselves owing to winter want.

Šac ar a feadh or šac ie feadh—every second word, “one word borrowed another.”

Ir šairí = ir šairí = ir šoirí—soon, very soon.

Ar m'anam—by my soul. The m is aspirated.

Páiréar—dispensation from banns.

múirle beas airíro = a little lump of money.

Toet 'na époríe—a load at his heart.

Sean-špošá—an old, worthless horse.

"Is it true, Nelly?"

"No, and it never will be," says Nelly, and out the door with her.

For awhile neither of the pair spoke a word.

"Maybe, Tim," says Owen, "you'd give Nelly to me?"

"You'd better put that question to herself."

And he did, and it is needless to tell the answer he got from Nelly.

The parish was laughing at James Tailor; but he got a little stump from Glennagolagh, who wasn't too young, but who had a fortune of twenty pounds.

ΔΙΤΡΙΣΕ ΑΝ ΡΕΔΩΡΑΙΣ:

Α ΡΙΣ ΤΑ ΑΡ ΝΕΙΜ 'Ρ Α ΕΡΥΤΑΙΣ ΔΩΔΑΜ,
'Σ Α ΕΥΗΡΕΑΡ ΕΑΡ Ι ΒΡΕΑΕΑΘ ΑΝ ΎΒΑΙΛ,
ΟΕ ! ΡΣΡΕΑΘΑΙΜ ΟΡΤ ΑΝΟΙΡ, ΟΡ ΔΡΟ,
Ο ΙΡ ΛΕ ΟΟ ΣΡΑΡΑ ΤΑ ΜΕ ΑΣ ΡΪΙΛ.

ΤΑ ΜΕ Ι Ν-ΑΟΙΡ, Δ'Ρ ΟΟ ΕΡΪΟΝ ΜΟ ΒΛΑΤ,
ΙΡ ΙΟΜΘΑ ΤΑ ΜΕ ΑΣ ΟΥΛ ΑΜΪΣ',
ΟΟ ΕΥΙΤ ΜΕ Ι ΒΡΕΑΕΑΘ ΑΝΟΙΡ ΝΑΟΙ ΟΤΡΑΤ,
ΔΕΤ ΤΑ ΝΑ ΣΡΑΡΑ ΑΡ ΛΑΙΗ ΑΝ ΎΑΙΜ.

ΝΥΑΙΡ ΒΙ ΜΕ ΟΣ Β'ΟΙΕ ΙΑΘ ΜΟ ΕΡΕΙΤΕ,
ΟΥΘ ΜΟΡΙ ΜΟ ΡΡΕΙΡ Ι ΡΕΛΕΙΡ 'Ρ Ι Ν-ΕΑΕΡΙΑΝΝ,
Β'ΡΕΑΡΡ ΛΙΟΜ ΣΟ ΜΟΡΙ ΑΣ ΙΜΙΡΤ 'Ρ ΑΣ ΟΙ
ΑΡ ΜΑΙΟΙΝ ΟΘΙΗΝΑΙΣ ΝΑ ΤΡΙΑΙΛ ΕΥΜ ΔΙΡΡΗΝΝ.

ΝΙΟΡ Β'ΡΕΑΡΡ ΛΙΟΜ ΡΥΙΘΕ 'Ν ΑΙΕ ΕΑΙΛΙΝ ΟΙΣ
ΙΛΑ ΛΕ ΜΝΑΟΙ ΡΟΡΤΑ ΑΣ ΕΕΙΛΙΘΕΑΕΤ ΤΑΜΑΙΛ,
ΟΟ ΙΜΙΟΝΝΑΙΒ ΜΟΡΑ ΟΟ ΒΙ ΜΕ ΤΑΒΑΡΤΑ
ΑΣΥΡ ΟΡΪΙΡ ΝΟ ΡΟΙΤΕ ΝΙΟΡ ΛΕΙΣ ΜΕ ΕΑΡΜ.

ΡΕΑΕΑΘ ΑΝ ΎΒΑΙΛ, ΜΟ ΕΡΑΘ 'Ρ ΜΟ ΛΕΥΝ !
ΙΡ Ε ΜΙΛΛ ΑΝ ΡΑΟΓΑΙ ΜΑΡ ΣΕΑΙΛ ΑΡ ΒΕΙΡΤ Ι
Δ'Ρ Ο'Ρ ΟΙΡ ΑΝ ΕΡΑΟΡ ΑΤΑ ΜΙΡΕ ΡΙΟΡ,
ΜΥΝΑ ΒΡΟΙΡΡΙΘ ΙΟΡΑ ΑΡ Μ'ΑΝΑΜ ΒΟΕΤ.

ΙΡ ΟΡΜ, ΡΑΡΑΟΡ ! ΤΑ ΝΑ ΟΙΡΕΑΕΑ ΜΟΡΑ,
ΔΕΤ ΟΥΛΤΟΕΑΘ ΟΘΙΒ ΜΑ ΜΑΙΡΜ ΤΑΜΑΙΛ,
ΣΑΕ ΜΘ ΒΥΑΙΛ ΑΝΥΑΡ ΑΡ ΜΟ ΕΟΛΑΙΝΝ ΡΟΡ,
Α ΡΙΣ ΝΑ ΣΙΟΙΡΕ 'ΣΥΡ ΤΑΡΡΤΑΙΣ Μ'ΑΝΑΜ.

* *Literally* : O King, who art in Heaven and who createdst Adam, and who payest regard to the sin of the apple, I scream to Thee again and aloud, for it is Thy grace that I hope for. I am in age, and my bloom has withered, many a day am I going astray, I have fallen into sin more than nine fathoms (deep). but the graces are in the hands of the Lamb.

When I was young, evil were my accomplishments, great was my

RAFTERY'S REPENTANCE.

[From Douglas Hyde's edition of "Songs ascribed to Raftery," page 356.]

O King of Heaven, who didst create
 The man who ate of that sad tree,
 To Thee I cry, oh turn Thy face,
 Show heavenly grace this day to me.*

Though shed be now our bloom of youth,
 And though in truth our sense be dull,
 Though fallen in sin and shame I am,
 Yet God the Lamb is merciful.

When I was young my ways were evil,
 Caught by the devil I went astray ;
 On sacred mornings I sought not Mass,
 But I sought, alas! to drink and play.

Married or single, grave or gay,
 Each in her way was loved by me,
 I shunned not the senses' sinful sway,
 I shunned not the body's mastery.

From the sin of the apple, the crime of two,
 Our virtues are few, our lusts run free,
 For my riotous appetite Christ alone
 From His mercy's throne can pardon me.

Ah, many a crime has indeed been mine,
 But grant to me time to repent the whole,
 Still torture my body and bruise it sorely,
 Thou King of Glory, but save the soul.

delight in quarrels and rows. I greatly preferred playing or drinking on a Sunday morning to going to Mass. I did not like better to sit beside a young girl than by a married woman on a rambling-visit awhile. To great oaths (I was) given, and lustfulness and drunkenness, I did not let (pass) me by. The sin of the apple, my destruction and my grief! it is that which destroyed the world on account of two. Since gluttony is a crime I am down (fallen) unless Jesus shall have mercy on my poor soul.

T'éalais an lá a' r níor éog mé an fáil,
 Nò sup iteasó† an báir ann ar éir tū tóil,
 Aét a áirv-mis an éirir, anoir péir mo éar,
 A' r le rrué na ngrápa fluc mo fáil.

Ir le do grápa do glan tū Mairie,
 A' r fáor tū Dáibid do minne an aithrise,
 Do tús tū Maoire plán ó'n mbátao,
 'S tá crochuasó láirir sup fáor tū an saoirde.

Mar ir peacaé mé naé ntearha rcor,
 Nā rólár mór do Dia ná Muire,
 Aét fáé mo bpoim tá mo coipeaca póimam,
 Mar féoil mé an rcor ar an méar ir fuíoe.

A Rís na Slóipe tá lán de grápa,
 'S tū minne beoir a' r fion de'n uirge,
 Le beasán aráin do mar tū an pluas,
 Oé! frearóail fóir asur plánaig mipe.

O a Íora Críort a t'fulaing an páir,
 A' r do aólaeasó, mar do bí tū úmal,
 Cuirim cuimrú* m'anama ar do ršáé,
 A' r ar uair mo báir ná tabair tam cúl.

A Bampiošain párréair, máéair a' r maighean.
 Ssáéán na ngrápa, aingéal a' r naom,
 Cuirim coraint m'anama ar do láim,
 O tóg mo páir, 'r beiró mé raor.

* "Cuimrú" i n-áit "comairce," .7. ríoirionn.

It is on me, alas! that the great crimes are, but I shall reject them if I live for a while (longer), beat down everything upon my body yet, O King of Glory, but save my soul. The day has stolen away, and I have not raised the hedge, until the crop in which Thou delightedst was eaten. But, O High King of the Right, settle my case, and with the flood of grace wet mine eye. It was by Thy graces Thou didst cleanse Mary, and didst save David who made repentance, and Thou broughtest Moses safe from drowning, and, O Merciful Christ, rescue me. For I

The day is now passed, yet the fence not made,
 The crop is betrayed, with its guardian by;
 O King of the Right, forgive my case,
 With the tears of grace bedew mine eye.

In the flood of Thy grace was Mary laved,
 And David was saved upon due repentance,
 And Moses was brought through the drowning sea,
 —O Christ, upon me pass gracious sentence.

For I am a sinner who set no store
 By holy lore, by Christ or Mary;
 I rushed my bark through the wildest sea,
 With the sails set free, unwise, unwary.

O King of Glory, O Lord divine,
 Who madest wine of the common water,
 Who thousands hast fed with a little bread,
 Must I be led to the pen of slaughter!

O Jesus Christ—to the Father's will
 Submissive still—who wast dead and buried,
 I place myself in Thy gracious hands
 Ere to unknown lands my soul be ferry'd.

O Queen of Paradise, mother, maiden,
 Mirror of graces, angel and saint,
 I lay my soul at thy feet, grief-laden,
 And I make to Mary my humble plaint.

am a sinner who never made a store, or (gave) great satisfaction to God or to Mary, but, cause of my grief! my crimes are before me, since I sailed my scud (*aliter* score) upon the longest finger (*i.e.*, put things off).

O King of Glory, who art full of grace, it was Thou who madest beoir and wine of the water: with a little bread Thou didst provide for the multitude, oh, attend to, help, and save me. O Jesus Christ, who didst suffer the passion and wast buried, because Thou wast humble, I place the shelter of my soul under Thy protection, and at the hour of my death turn not Thy back upon me.

'Nóir tá mé i n-aoir 'r ar bhuac an báir,
 'S ir gearr an rpar go dtéigim i n-uir,
 Aet ir fearr go deireannaic ná go briat,
 Agus fuasraim páirt ar Rí na nÓil:

Ir cuille gan máit mé i scoimeall fáil.*
 No ir corúil le báo mé a éall a rtiúr,
 Do bairrde arceac a n-aghair carraig 'ra 'bhráig!
 'S do beirdeac dá bátao 'rna tonntaib fuair.†

A íora Críort a fuair bár Dia h-Doine,
 A d'éirig ar ann do mág gan loet,
 Naé tú eug an trlige le aithrise do déanam,
 'S nac beag an rmuaineac do pinnear ort!

Do árla, ar dtúr, míle 'r o't sceud,
 An fice go beaet, i sceann an do-déag,
 Ó'n am tairling Críort do reub an seatao,
 Go dti an bliadain a n-dearaid Reachtúir an aithrise.

* Aliter, "ir cuille cor mé i n-éadan fáil," G.

† = fairrise. Aliter, "ar bhuac na tría."

‡ Aliter, "beirdeac 'sá bátao 'r a éallreac a rnaím"; aliter, "reol,"
 aliter, "ríúdal"; aet d'ághair mé an líne le cómpuam do déanam."

O Queen of Paradise, mother and maiden, mirror of graces, angel and saint, I place the protection of my soul in thy hand, O Mary, refuse me not, and I shall be saved.

Now I am in age, and on the brink of the death, and short is the time till I go into the ground, but better is late than never, and I appeal for kindness to (or perhaps, "I proclaim that I am on the side of") the King of the elements.

I am a worthless wattle in a corner of a hedge, or I am like a boat

Now since I am come to the brink of death
And my latest breath must soon be drawn,
May heaven, though late, be my aim and mark
From day till dark, and from dark till dawn.

I am left like a stick in a broken gap,
Or a helmless ship on a sunless shore,
Where the ruining billows pursue its track,
While the cliffs of death frown black before.

O Jesus Christ, who hast died for men,
And hast risen again without stain or spot,
Unto those who have sought it Thou showest the way,
Ah, why in my day have I sought it not !

One thousand eight hundred years of the years,
And twenty and twelve, amid joys and fears,
Have passed since Christ burst hell's gates and defences,
To the year when Raftery made this Repentance.

that has lost its rudder, that would be beaten in against a rock in the ocean, and that would be a-drowning in the cold waves. O Jesus Christ, who didst die on a Friday, and didst rise again as a faultless King, was it not Thou who gavest me the way to make repentance, and was it not little that I thought about Thee ? There first happened one thousand and eight hundred (years), and twenty exactly, in addition to twelve, from the time that Christ descended, who burst the gates, until the year when Raftery made the "Repentance."

AN CÚIS D'Á PLÉIR:

(LEIR AN REACÚRAÍ.)

Éirighíde ruar tá 'n cúrra aς teannad liú,
 Bíod cloídeam a' r pleas aςuib i bpaobar ցար,
 I r ցարp uaid an Cúis, tá 'n d'áta caíte,
 Mar rցríoib na h ábr' dail na naoim 'r an éleir;
 Tá an éoinneall le múcad éus lúiteir larta leir,
 Aét téirid ar buir nglúnaib a' r iarrmaid aétuinge,
 ցuirid an tllan 'r béir an lá aς na catolcais,
 Tá an Mhuman tre laraó 'r an Chúir d'á pléir.

Tá 'n d'á Chúise Múman ar riubal, 'r ni rtaofair
 ցo leasgar d'óib deacmáó a' r cíor d'á réir,
 'S d'á otuցfaióe d'óib congnam a' r éire [do] rparam
 Dheir' ցárhoir lags a' r ցac beapna réir.
 Dheir' ցail ar a ց-cúl, a' r ցan teac ar air aca,
 Aςur ' Orangemen' b'púigte i ցciúmar* ցac baile ցainn
 Dheirdeam a' r Júry† i rtaeó cúirte aς na catolcais'
 Sacpna marb, 'r an éróin ar ցhaeóeal.

* ցցríoóca "ingóéoin" 'ran ms. mar labairtear r-ց-connaétauó é.

† 'S é "coirte" an t-ainm ceap coiréionn aét veir an Reacúraí "Júry" le "comaró," no com-ғuaim, ro déanam le "cúl" aςur "b'púigte."

* *Literally*: Rise ye up, the course is drawing near to you, let ye have sword and spear with sharp edge, not-far-off from you in the [mystic number] "Five," the date is expired, as have written the apostles, the saints, and the clergy. The candle is to be quenched which Luther brought lit with him, but go ye on your knees and ask a petition. Pray ye the Lamb and the day shall be won by the Catholics, Munster is on fire, and Cúis da plé—i.e., the cause is a-pleading.

† This would make it appear that Raftery composed his song in 1833 or 1831, since the tithe war did actually come to a successful issue in 1835, and in the same year Thomas Drimmond inaugurated a new régime at Dublin Castle.

‡ Pronounced "Kosh daw play," which means "the cause a-pleading."

§ The two provinces of Munster are afoot, and will not stop till tithes be overthrown by them, and rents according, and if help were given

THE "CUÍS DÁ PLÉ."

(BY RAFTERY.)

(From "The Religious Songs of Connacht.")

Rise up and come, for the dawn is approaching,*
 With sword, and with spear, and with weapon to slay,
 For the hour foretold by the saints and apostles,
 The time of the "FIVE"† is not far away.
 We'll quench by *degrees* the light of the Lutherns.
 Down on your *knees*, let us pray for the Southernns.
 God we shall *please* with the prayers of the Catholics,
 Munster's afire and Cúis dá plé.†

There's a fire afoot in the Munster provinces;§
 It's "down with the tithes and the rents we pay."||
 When we are behind her, and Munster challenges,
 The guards of England must fall away.
 Though Orangemen grudge our lives, the fanatics,
 We'll make them budge, we accept their challenges;
 We'll have jury and judge in the courts for Catholics,
 And England come down in the Cúis dá plé.

them and [we were] to stand by Ireland the [English] guards would be feeble, and every gap [made] easy. The Galls (*i.e.*, English) will be on their back, without ever returning again, and the Orangemen bruised in the borders of every town, a judge and a jury in the court-house for the Catholics, England dead, and the crown on the Gael.

|| From this verse it appears that some at least of the peasantry, even at that early period, distinctly associated the struggle against tithes with the idea of a possible struggle against rents. Very few appear to have seen this at the time, though Dr. Hamilton, the collection of whose tithes led to the sanguinary affair of Carrickshock, in Kilkenny, where no less than 28 of the police were killed and wounded, said to the spokesman of a deputation of the peasantry who waited on him, "I tell you what it is, you are refusing to pay tithes now: you will refuse to pay rents by and by." To which the spokesman of the peasantry retorted, "There is a great difference, sir, between tithes and rents; we get *some value* for the rents, we get the land anyway for them; but we get no value at all for the tithes." The incredibly bitter feelings engendered by the struggle at Carrickshock, in 1831, found vent in an English ballad, founded on an Irish model, one verse of which I heard from my friend Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, D.C., who was once private secretary to John O'Mahony, and author of the "Life of Meagher," who was himself "raised" in that neighbourhood. This verse struck me as being so revoltingly savage and at the same time so good a specimen of

Béir aḡainn faoi Chárḡ pléaríaca 'r cuiteadeta,
 Ól a'r imir a'r rporc t'á réir,
 Béir maire 'ḡur bláḡ aḡur fáir ar éirannaib,
 Snuaḡ 'ḡur rnar aḡur t'púct ar feur.
 Feicirí ríḡ fán a'r neamh-áir ar Shacranaig',
 Áir náirí le fán aḡur leaḡaḡ a'r leir (?) orra,
 Teinnteaḡa enám ann ḡaḡ áir aḡ na Catolcaig',
 'S naḡ rín í ḡan brabaḡ (?) an Chúir t'á pléir.

Ir iomḡa fear breáḡ faoi an t'páḡ ro teilḡte*
 O Chorca ḡo h-imir 'r ḡo baile Roircé,
 Aḡur buaḡailliríḡe bána le fán aḡ imteaḡt
 O íráirí Chille-Chainnig ḡo "Bantirí Baé."
 Aḡt iompóḡaḡ an cáirḡa 'r béir lán máir aḡainn-ne
 Seapfaíḡ an máḡ ar élar na h-imiríḡe,
 Tá bfeicirínn-re an rára o Phoircláirḡe ḡo Biorra 'rria
 Sheinnínn ḡo deimín an Chúir t'á pléir.

*Láiríḡe ar focal ro mar "teilḡte." Ir focal coirḡionn i ḡConnaḡtaib é.
 Ir ionnann "bí ré teilḡte" aḡur "Chuaíḡ breiteamnar na cúiríḡe 'na aḡaíḡ."

Irish vowel-rhyming, that it were a pity not to preserve it. It runs thus, as well as I can remember it—

"Oh, who could desire to see better *sporting*,
 Than the peelers *groping* among the *rocks*,
 With skulls all fractured, and eyeballs *broken*,
 Their fine long *noses* and ears cut *off*!
 Their roguish *sergeant* with heart so *hardened*,
 May thank his heels that so nimbly ran,
 But all that's past is but a *token*,
 To what we'll *show them* at *Slieve-na-man*!"

It is worth mentioning that the Kilkenny peasants who made this desperate attack gave their words of command in Irish, and, no doubt, felt that they were the "Gael" once more attacking the "Gall."

When Easter arrives we'll have mirth and revelry,*
 Eating and drinking, and sport, and play,
 Beautiful flowers, and trees, and foliage,
 Dew on the grass through the live-long day.†
 We'll set in amaze the Gall and the Sassenach,
 Thronging the ways they will all fly back again,
 Our fires shall blaze to the halls of the firmament,
 Kindling the chorus of *Cúis dá plé*.

There are many fine men at this moment a-pining
 From Ennis to Cork, and the town of Roscrea,
 And many a Whiteboy in terror a-flying
 From the streets of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay.
 But there's change on the cards and we'll now take a hand again,
 Our trumps show large, let us play them manfully,
 Boys, when ye charge them from Birr into Waterford,
 It is I who shall lilt for you the *Cúis dá plé*.‡

Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, almost the best of our Anglo-Irish novelists, prophesied of the landlords who looked on quiescent during the tithe war: "Never mind, their time will come; rents will be attacked as tithes are now, with the same machinery and with like success." "His prophecy," says his brother, W. R. Lefanu, "was laughed at." Long after, one who had heard him said to him, "Well, Lefanu, your rent war hasn't come." All he said was, "'Twill come, and soon, too," as it did.

* By Easter we shall have revelry and company, drinking and playing, and sport according; there shall be beauty and blossom and growth on trees, fairness and fineness and dew upon the grass. Ye shall see falling-off and contempt on the Sassenachs, our enemy precipitated, and overthrow and defeat (?) upon them, bonfires in every art, (*i.e.*, point of the compass) for the Catholics, and is not that, and nothing over, the *Cúis dá plé*.

† The Celtic imagination of this verse, and its "revolt against the despotism of fact," is characteristic in the highest degree of the Irish peasant.

‡ There is many a fine man at this time sentenced, from Cork to Ennis and the town of Roscrea, and White Boys wandering, and departing from the street of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay. But the cards shall turn, and we shall have a good hand; the trump shall stand on the board we play at. If I were to see the race on 'hem [*i.e.*, them driven to fly] from Waterford to Birr, I would sing you indeed the *Cúis dá plé*.

Éirighíde ruar, a' r gluaighíde uile,
 Téiríde ar an gcnoc a'sur glacais' bui ngleur,
 As Dia tá na gráda a' r b'éir ré 'n bui gcuidéac'ta,
 Bíod' a'saib meirneac, i' r b'ead' an r'seul é.
 Snótdócair' rí' an lá ann gac' áirí' de Shacranaid',
 Buailir' an clár' 'r b'éir na cáirdaib' teac't eugaid',
 Ólaid' ar lámh, anoir, pláinte Raifteirí,
 'S é cuirfead' d'aoib' baili ar an gCúir t'á pléir:

* Rise up and proceed all of you, come upon the hill and take your equipment, God has the graces, and He shall be in your company. Let ye have courage; it is a fine story [I have to tell you], ye shall gain the

Up then and come in the might of your thousands,
Stand on the hills with your weapons to slay ;
God is around us and in our company,
Be not afraid of their might this day.
Our band is victorious, their cards are valueless,
Our victory glorious, we'll smash the Sassenachs,
Now drink ye in chorus, "Long life to Raftery,"
For it's he who could sing you the Cúis dá plé.*

day in every quarter from the Sassenachs. Strike ye the board and the cards will be coming to you. Drink out of hand now a health to Raftery ; it is he who would put success for you on the Cúis dá plé.

IS FADA O CUIREAD SÍOS:

(Leir an Reáctúir.)

Ir fada ó cuiread ríor go dtiocfaid ré 'ran traoḡal
 Go ndóirctíde fuil 'r go ndeunfaíde rléuḡta,
 Do réir mar rḡmíod na naoim l mbliadain an naoi* tá 'n
 baḡal

Má ḡéillimid do'n rḡmórtúir naomḡa.
 An baila deuntar fuar ni fanann ré a bḡad fuar,
 ḡḡmóirann ré ó'n tḡoḡ—"foundation,"
 Aḡt an áit a ndeádaíod an t-aol ni ḡoḡódaíod cloḡ ar ḡoḡóḡ,
 Tá an ḡairraḡ fad 'na fuíde naḡ bḡleurfḡaíod.

Ir ríorfuíde rean an Chúirt do raḡilead ḡabairt anuar
 Aḡt 'ré mearaím-re ḡur ní naḡ réḡoir,
 Tá naoim reádar le n-a bḡuad ḡur Cúirt [do] ḡeur an rluadḡ
 A'r conḡbódaíod ríad na n-uain le ḡéile.
 Aḡaltrianur 'r tḡúir do ḡoraḡ an rḡeul ar tḡúir,
 ḡsur nannraoi an t-Oḡt do ḡréis a ḡéile,
 Aḡt díḡḡaltrar ní a'r fuadḡ ar "Orangemen" go luadḡ
 Naḡ bḡuair aḡuam an "conḡracḡation."

* Ir cormúil go raib an tḡean-ḡarraingḡeáḡt reo i ḡ-cuimne ḡḡ an Reáctúir.

nuaí ḡaillḡear an leóim an a neap
 'S an rḡḡanán bḡeac a bḡíḡ,
 Seinnḡrú an ḡláirḡeac go binn binn
 Toir a h-oḡt ḡsur a naoi.

Ir cormúil go mearḡann re an rḡníobḡúir ḡur rean-ḡarraingḡeáḡta le
 ḡéile! Labairḡear "baḡal" mar "baḡgeal" ann ro, aḡt "naomḡa" mar
 "naémḡa." Dá bḡoḡḡeáḡ ré o'daí ann deunḡaíod ré "baḡḡal" de "baḡḡal"
 ḡsur "naomḡa" de "naomḡa"!

* No doubt Raftery is alluding to the old prophecy scarcely yet forgotten, which may be thus translated :—

"When the tawny Lion shall lose its strength,
 And the bracket Thistle begin to pine,
 Sweet, sweet shall the wild Harp sound at length,
 Between the Eight and the Nine."

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SAID ?

(BY ANTHONY RAFTERY, OF THE CO. MAYO.)

How long has it been said that the world should be bled,
 And blood flow red like a river?
 In the year of the "NINE," when the crimson moon shall shine,
 (It stands written in the Scripture for ever).
 The wall that has been built where no blood-cement is spilt
 Slips forth from its uncertain foundation,
 But where blood has gone and lime, it shall stand through tide
 and time,
 As a bulwark and a rock to the nation.†

Everlasting is the court that they thought to make their sport ;
 But that court can stand wind, rain, and weather?
 St. Peter is on guard, with Christ to watch and ward,
 And to gather all his lambs in, together.
 Adultery and lust began the game at first,
 When Henry the Eighth ruled the nation ;
 But shout and rout pursue that bloody Orange crew,
 Never favored by our Lord's consecration.‡

Literally: "When the Lion shall lose his strength and the speckled thistle his vigor, the harp shall play sweetly, sweetly, between the Eight and the Nine." In another poem of his called the "History of the Bush," he alludes to a prophecy that the "Gaels would score a point in the 29th year."

† *Literally:* It is long since it was set down that it would come into the world that blood should be spilt and slaughter made, according as the saints wrote, in the year of the Nine is the danger, if we submit to the Holy Scripture. The wall which is built cold [*i.e.*, without mortar] it does not stay long up, it slips from the bad foundation, but where the lime went, a stone shall not move out of it forever; the rock is under it settled, which shall not burst.

‡ Everlasting and ancient is the Court that it was thought to bring down, but 'tis what I think, that it is a thing impossible, St. Peter is at its brink (*i.e.*, by its side), and Christ, whom the multitude crucified, and they will keep the lambs together. Adultery and lust began the story first, and Henry VIII. who forsook his consort, but vengeance, running and rout [fall] speedily on the Orangemen, who never got the consecration.

As éiríge d'aoib 'r as luíde, rnuáiníodó ar an nís,
 Do éiríde ar fad an cine daonna,
 I r ionda cor 'ran n'gaoid, aet ni lia 'ná 'ran traosgal;
 'Sur i r beas an édoi le' bfuigimír réirdeas.
 Irbél do fáoil an easlaír eadairt faoi úlge
 As cur anaíad an beata naomda,
 Tá rí i n'gáibionn ríor a' r lúiteir le n-a taoib,
 'S íoc go cruaid faoi an "reformation." *

A Dha, nae móir an ríor an tpeam do fáoil ar n'odas
 So mbuó éigin dóib a bóta do féunad,
 A' r William do éiongaín gleó a' r do cuir na Saedil o'a
 tpeoir
 Ni feicirí ríad níor mó é gleurta:
 Bainfeair clog 'ran Róim, béró teinnce cnám a' r ceol,
 Ann 'r sae beas asur [sae] móir tré éirinn,
 O táinís Seoirre i s-cróin tá Opaingemen faoi b'pón;
 A' r san neart aca a ríon do réirdeas.

A fíora éurta i s'pánn ná feud ar lár an tpeam
 Nár díol an bean o'oil tu ar don cor,
 Aet lúiteir 'r a úlge cam 'r an bunad éirídear ann
 Nae oic an ceart go bfuigíoir géillead.
 Má' r ríor do Opaingemen ní' l maíe do'n élér i s'cainc
 'Sa éroctas ar rúo le léigead as éirinn
 Sur eugcór fiongal 'r feall asur clíreab clainne Sall
 O'iompaig an Diobla anonn 'ran mbéarla.

* Tá uíle móir as an Reactúrad, mar éiomis, ann rna foelaib áro-glóradá
 galloa ro éróctúir i n-"aion" (= "éirinn"). Na ceo fíle de na
 Saedalaib do ríor i mbeula rúad na foela ro ardeas ann 'r sae pann,
 beas-nae!

* On rising up of you and on your lying down, think ye upon the King
 who created, throughout, the human race; there is many a change in
 the world, but not more plentiful than are in the world, and it is a little
 way through which we might find rescue. Isabel (i.e., Elizabeth), who
 thought to bring the Church under law, opposing the holy life, she is
 down in chains, and Luther at her side paying dearly for the Reformation.

Whene'er ye rise or lie, think upon God on high,
And practise all his virtues—we need them—
This strange world changes fast, as change both wind and blast ;
From a small thing may arise our freedom.
Elizabeth, who thought Faith might be sold and bought,
And who harassed all the just of the nation,
In chains she now is tied with Luther at her side,
They are paying for their "Reformation."*

Dear God! but this is play! they thought to burn and slay,
But their courage ebbs away down to zero ;
Their William clad in mail, who left in chains the Gael,
They shall never again see that hero.
A bell is rung in Rome, it says our triumph's come,
With bonfires, and music, and cheering,
Since George is on the throne the Orangemen make moan,
They run cold in every bone—they are fearing! †

O Christ for us who died, *we* never sold Thy bride,
Do not see us set aside we beseech Thee ;
But they who sing the praise of Luther's crooked ways,
Shall their impious petitions reach Thee !
The Orangemen assert that our clergy are but dirt,
Insulting us since Luther's arrival ;
May treachery and shame be their lot who bear the blame
Of turning into English the Bible. ‡

* Oh, God! is it not great the sport, the lot that thought to burn us, how they had to deny their vote? And William, who began the fight, and who put the Gael out of their way, they shall see him no more prepared [for fight]. A bell shall be struck in Rome, there shall be bonfires and music in every little and in every great [place] throughout Erin. Since George came to the throne the Orangemen are under grief, and without power to blow their nose.

‡ O Jesus crucified on tree, do not see the people put down who never sold the woman who reared thee, on any consideration; but Luther and his crooked way, and the family that believe in him, is it not a bad right that they should get submission. If it is true for the Orangemen, there is no use for the clergy in their talk, and the proof of that, Ireland has to read, that it is injustice, murder and treachery, and the deception (?) of the children of the Galls that turned the Bible over into English.

Chualaid mé, munab bheus, go dtiocfaid ré ran tréagat
 Go s-cuirfidhe máigirteir léigin ann gac cúinne,
 Ní bfuil 'ran gcar aet rseim* as meallad uainn an tréio
 Asur diúltaiasid do ghnótaigib Lúiteir.
 Creitoid do'n éleir 'r ná téitoid ar malairt féir;
 No caillfid ríob Mac Dé 'r a cúmácta,
 'S an iong so éuaid a léis (?) má téitoeann ríob ann de léim
 Iompócaid rí a' b'éid ríob fúite.

Altaigib le Dia, cá an t-athair bairteir fíar;
 'S congobócaid ré ar na caorcaib gáirda,
 An ríocht i g-cac ná i ngliac náir díol an páir ariam
 Asur fearfaid ré anasaid búrcais a' r Dálaig.
 Tá Clanna Gall 'n ár n-iais mar b'eiréad mada ailla ar fíad
 Bheir' as iarraid an t-uan do goit ó'n mátair.
 Aet [r] O Ceallais deunrad a b'fíadac san cú san eac san
 rrian
 Le toil a' r cúmáct ríg na n-ghára:

Ní'l fígeadóir láun na b'éirde ná g'rearaid anóiais a laé
 Nac mbionn as piocad bheus ar úgdair,
 A mbíobla ar báir a méar, as dearbhuas 'ran éiteac,
 Aet iocfaid ríad i nveire cúire.
 Fear san madairc san léigean a míni gear d'aoib an rgeul,
 Raifteirid d'éirt le ar' duhdad,
 '[S] aoir go flaitear Dé nac macaid neac go h-eus
 Bnéirdear as plé le leabhaib Lúiteir.

*= an focal béarla "scheme."

* I heard, unless it be a lie, that it shall come in the world that a master of learning shall be placed in every corner. There is nothing in the case but a scheme deceiving the flock from us, and refuse ye the works of Luther. Believe in the clergy and go not exchanging grass, [i.e., remain on your own pasture] or ye shall lose the Son of God and His power, and this ship that went to ruin (?), if ye go into it of a leap, it will turn and ye shall be underneath it.

I heard, if it be true, a rumor strange and new,
That they mean to plant schools in each corner;
The plan is for our scaith, to steal away our faith,
And to train up the spy and suborner.
Our clergy's word is good, oh seek no other food,
Our church has God's own arm round her;
But if ye will embark on this vessel in the dark,
It shall turn in the sea and founder.*

But thanks be to the Lord, Father Bartley is our sword,
Set fast in our midst as a nail is;
'Tis he shall guard the sheep, his clan was not for sleep,
He will stand against the Burkes and the Dalys.†
The Gall is on our tracks, like wolves that rage in packs,
They seek to tear the lamb from the mother;
But O'Kelly is our hound, and to hunt them he is bound,
Till we see them fall to tear one another.‡

The man who weaves our frieze, the cobbler who tells lies,
They read learned authors now!—cause for laughter—
Their Bible on their lips and at their finger tips!
But they'll pay for it all hereafter.
A blind unlettered man expounds to you his plan,
Raftery, whose heart in him is burning,
Who bids ye all to know that none to heaven can go
On the strength of their Luther's learning.§

* The Dalys of Dunsandle, no doubt.

† Render thanks to God, Father Bartley [*i.e.*, Bartholomew] is in the West, and he will keep guard over the sheep, he is of the race that in battle or conflict never sold the passion [perhaps a mistake for "sold the pass"], and he will stand against Burkes and Dalys. The children of the Gall are after us, as it were wolves upon the mountains, that would be seeking to steal the lamb from the mother; but O'Kelly will hunt them without hound, horse, or bridle, by the will and the power of the King of the Graces.

§ There is not a weaver of lawn or frieze, or a cobbler after his day, that does not be picking lies out of authors, their Bible on the top of their fingers, assuring and perjuring; but they shall pay at the end of the case. A man without sight, without learning [it is] who expounds to you the story, Raftery, who listened to all that was said, and who says that to the heaven of God no one shall ever go who will be pleading with the books of Luther.

malluḡað an bōeir ar saccanaib:

(leir an "nḡeagán glar.")

Δ Όια ἔαρ ἑοίρω
 Δν υαίρ 'ρ αν λά
 Δ ὕφειρμιτω Sacraua
 leagta ar lár!

Δ Όια ἔαρ ἑοίρω
 Δν λά 'ἔαρ αν υαίρ;
 Δ ὕφειρμιτω ι
 Δ'ρ Δ cpoide-re so ruar.

So ruar Δ'ρ so cpaeta,
 'S ι cpaíote ḡan ὕρḡ;
 ḡan cor ann Δ lámab
 ḡan cor ann Δ cpoide.

ḡainpíogain bí innti;
 ḡainpíogain ḡan ὕρόη;
 Δέτ ḡainpímiτω oi-re
 So póill Δ cpióin.

ḡeíro an ḡainpíogain áluiun
 So cpaíote Δ'ρ so oúbae;
 Óir ḡeobaíō rí cútiugao
 Δν λά rin, Δ'ρ luac;

Luac na folá
 Oo oóirē rí 'na rpuē,
 Fuil na ḡfeap bān
 Δḡur fuil na ḡfeap ouō;

Luac na ḡepoide rin
 Oo ὕρ rí so tiug,
 Cpoíote bí bān
 Δḡur cpoíote bí ouō;

Luac na ḡcnām
 Tá o'á mbānuḡao anoiú;
 Cnāmā na mbān
 Δḡur cnāmā na n'ouō;

Luac an ocapair
 Cuir rí ar bonn,
 Luac na ḡriabrar
 ḡḡaoil rí le fonn;

THE CURSE OF THE BOERS ON ENGLAND.

(TRANSLATED BY LADY GREGORY.)

O God, may it come shortly,
 The hour and this day,
 When we shall see England
 Utterly overthrown.

O God, may it shortly come,
 This day and this hour,
 When we shall see her
 And her heart turned cold.

It is she was a Queen,
 A Queen without sorrow;
 But we will take from her,
 One day her Crown.

That Queen that was beautiful
 Will be tormented and darkened,
 For she will get her reward
 In that day, and her wage.

Her wage for the blood
 She poured out on the streams;
 Blood of the white man,
 Blood of the black man.

Her wage for those hearts
 That she broke in the end;
 Hearts of the white man,
 Hearts of the black man.

Her wage for the bones
 That are whitening to-day;
 Bones of the white man,
 Bones of the black man.

Her wage for the hunger
 That she put on foot;
 Her wage for the fever,
 That is an old tale with her.

Luad na mbaintreabac
 O'pās rí san rir,
 Luad na nḡairḡideac
 Cuir rí ar bior.

Luad na nōilleaceta
 O'pās rí fá épāḡ,
 Luad na nōibirteac
 Cuir rí ar fān.

Luad na n-Inḡianaac
 (Ṭruaḡ a ḡeār),
 Luad na n-ḡirḡiceac
 Cuir rí cum báir.

Luad na n-ḡireannaac
 Céar rí ar épōir,
 Luad ḡac cinrō
 O'á nḡearnairō rí rḡmōir.

Luad na milliún
 Oo lúb rí 'r oḡuir,
 Luad na milliún
 Fá ocuir anoir.

Δ Ṭḡearna ḡo ṡṡuicrō
 Ar mullaac a cinn
 Mallaac na nḡaoine
 Oo tuic le n-a linna

Mallaac na ruarac
 Δ'r mallaac na mbeaḡ,
 Mallaac na n-anḡpann,
 Δ'r mallaac na laḡ.

Mi éirteann an Ṭḡearna
 Le mallaac na mōir,
 Acet éirṡirō Sé coirōce
 Le orna faoi ūḡoir.

Éirṡirō Sé coirōce
 Le caoineac na mboet,
 S tād caointe na miltiḡ
 O'á rḡaoileac anocet.

Her wage for the white villages
She has left without men ;
Her wage for the brave men
She has put to the sword.

Her wage for the orphans
She has left under pain ;
Her wage for the exiles
She has spent with wandering.

For the people of India
(Pitiful is their case) ;
For the people of Africa
She has put to death.

For the people of Ireland,
Nailed to the cross ;
Wage for each people
Her hand has destroyed.

Her wage for the thousands
She deceived and she broke ;
Her wage for the thousands
Finding death at this hour.

O Lord, let there fall
Straight down on her head
The curse of the peoples
That have fallen with us.

The curse of the mean,
And the curse of the small,
The curse of the weak
And the curse of the low.

The Lord does not listen
To the curse of the strong,
But He will listen
To sighs and to tears.

He will always listen
To the crying of the poor,
And the crying of thousands
Is abroad to-night.

Éireócaí na caointe
 So Dia, tá fúar,
 Ní fada go rroirfí
 Sae malláct a éluar.

Béir cúmaect, an lá rí
 As sae uile deór
 Long-cogaí do báta
 'S an bfairrge mór.

Asur tuirfí, mar malláct,
 So trom ar an luét
 O'fás airne 'na fárae
 A' r bóraí go boét.

CÚMA ÉRÍDE ÉAILÍN:

Donnéad ua Darzáin o'airí, 7 taós ua Donnéada do éirí ríor.

A Dómnail Ois, má téirí an fairrge
 Beir mé féin leat, ir na déin do dearmad,
 Ir béir asat féirín lá donais ir marraí,
 Ir iníean Ríog Sreige mair céile leaptá asat.

Má téirí-re anonn tá comairé asam oir;
 Tá cúl pionn asur dá fúil glara asat
 Tá cocán déas ío' cúl buirde bacallac,
 Mar béad béal-na-bó nó ríor i ngarraite.

Ir déiréanac aréir do labair an saor oir;
 Do labair an naorac 'ra' éiríacín doimín oir;
 Ir tu ío' "caogaíre donair" ar fuo na scoillte;
 'S go rabair san céile go brát go bfaí me.

Do gellair dam-ra, asur o'inníir bréas dam,
 So mbeiréa romam-ra as epó na gcaorac;
 Do leigear feao asur ríí céao glaoíac éuáct,
 'S ní bfuair ann acé uan a' méirí.

Do gellair dam-ra, ní ba deacair tuit,
 Loingear úir fá éirí-reoil airí;
 Tá baile déas do bailtí mairraí;
 Ir cúir bréas dolá coir taob na fairrge.

That crying will rise up
To God that is above ;
It is not long till every curse
Comes to His ears.

Every single tear
Shall have power in that day,
To overwhelm a warship
In the great deep.

And they shall fall for a curse
Heavily upon the people
Who have left Africa a waste
And the Boers in poverty.

1901.

THE GRIEF OF A GIRL'S HEART.

O Donall og, if you go across the sea, bring myself with you and do not forget it ; and you will have a sweetheart for fair days and market days, and the daughter of the King of Greece beside you at night.

It is late last night the dog was speaking of you ; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods ; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

You promised me, and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked ; I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you, and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.

You promised me a thing that was hard for you, a ship of gold under a silver mast ; twelve towns with a market in all of them, and a fine white court by the side of the sea.

Do sheallair damh-ra, ní nár b'féidir,
 So dtuubriá lammínne do éroicean éirg dam;
 So dtuubriá brióga do éroicean éan dam;
 Ir culaíó do'n ttríoda ba d'aoiré i n'éirínn.

A Dóinnail óig, b'feairr duit mire aghat
 'Ná bean uasal uathreac iomarcac;
 Do éiríodairinn bó aghur do-ghéanainn cuigean duit;
 Ir, dá mbaó éruaíó é, do buailfínn buille leat.

Oé, oéón, aghur ní le hocpar,
 Uiréarba bíó, oighe, ná coúlata,
 Fá n'oeairr damh-ra beic tanairde tpiucalóda;
 Léat ghráó fíir óig ir é b'reoiró go follur me!

Ir moé ar mairóin do éonnac-ra an t-óigfeair
 Ar muin éapail ag gabáil an bóéair;
 Níor d'puid ré liom ir níor éuir ré rtróó orim;
 'S ar mo éapáó abairle dam 'r eaó do góilear mo d'óéain.

'Nuair éiríom-re féin go Tobar an Uaignir,
 Suríom ríor ag déanainn buaóairéa,
 Nuair éim an raogal ir ná feicim mo buacáil,
 Go raib ríáil an ómair i mbaíir a ghruaóna.

Siúó é an Dóinnac do éugair ghráó duit,
 An Dóinnac díreac roim Dóinnac Cárga;
 Ir mire ar mo glúimib a' léigear na páire,
 'S eaó bí mo dá fúil a ríor-éabairt an ghráó' duit:

Ó! aóé, a máitíín, tabair mé féin do,
 Ir tabair a bfuil aghat do'n t-raogal go léir do;
 Éiríó féin ag iarraidó d'éirce,
 Aghur ná gab ríar ná aniar im' éileam:

Dubairt mo máitíín liom gan labairt leat
 Inniu ná i mbáireac ná Dia Dóinnaió,
 Ir oic an tráó do éug rí roga dam,
 'S é "dúnaó an doirair é cap éir na roglá."

Tá mo éiríde-re cóim duib le háirne,
 Ní le gual duib a béaó i gceáirtoéain,
 Ní le bonn b'róige béaó ar hallaib bána;
 'S gur d'einir líonn duib díom or cionn mó fláinte:

Dó bainir roir díom, ir do bainir ríar díom,
 Do bainir roimam, ir do bainir im' díaró díom,
 Do bainir sealaó, ir do bainir grian díom,
 'S ir ró-mór m'eagla gur bainir Dia díom!

You promised me a thing that is not possible, that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish ; that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird ; and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

O Donall óg, it is I would be better to you than a high, proud, spendthrift lady : I would milk the cow ; I would bring help to you ; and if you were hard pressed, I would strike a blow for you.

O, ochone, and it's not with hunger or with wanting food, or drink, or sleep, that I am growing thin, and my life is shortened ; but it is the love of a young man has withered me away.

It is early in the morning that I saw him coming, going along the road on the back of a horse ; he did not come to me ; he made nothing of me ; and it is on my way home that I cried my fill.

When I go by myself to the Well of Loneliness, I sit down and I go through my trouble ; when I see the world and do not see my boy, he that has an amber shade in his hair.

It was on that Sunday I gave my love to you ; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion ; and my two eyes giving love to you for ever.

O, aya ! my mother, give myself to him ; and give him all that you have in the world ; get out yourself to ask for alms, and do not come back and forward looking for me.

My mother said to me not to be talking with you to-day, or to-morrow, or on the Sunday ; it was a bad time she took for telling me that ; it was shutting the door after the house was robbed.

My heart is as black as the blackness of the sloe, or as the black coal that is on the smith's forge ; or as the sole of a shoe left in white halls ; it was you put that darkness over my life.

You have taken the east from me ; you have taken the west from me ; you have taken what is before me and what is behind me ; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great that you have taken God from me !

BÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG:

(Le Donnchad Mac Conmara.)

Beir beannaíocht óm' éiríde go tír na h-Éireann,
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 Cum a maireann de ríolraí ír a' r' Éirí,
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.
 An áit úr 'nár b'aoibinn binn-íúit éan,
 Mar fáim-éruit éoin a's éaoinead íaothal;
 'Sé mo éar a beir míle míle i gcéin,
 Ó bán-énoic Éireann óg.

Bídeann barr na bóis ríim ar éoin-énoic Éireann,
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 'S ír fearra ná 'n tír ro d'it íac ríeíbe ann,
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 Dob ár a coillte 'r ba díreac réir,
 'S a mbíle mar aol ar máoilinn íeú,
 Tá írád a's mo éiríde i m'íntinn réin
 Do bán-énoic Éireann óg.

Tá íarra líonmar i dtír na h-Éireann,
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 A' r' fearaíoin íríde ná éaoiríeac ceúta
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 M' íaduirre éiríde 'r mo éimne íeú,
 Íad a's íallapíe ríor fá íeim, mo leun!
 'S a mbíle d'á íoinn fá éíor go íaoí,
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!

Ír íaríng 'r ír móí íad éruac na h-Éireann,
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 A íeú meala 'íur uacáir a' íluíreac 'na ííaoí,
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.
 Íacáir mé ar cuíre no ír íuac mo íaoí,
 Do'n íalam íeas íuáir íin ír íuac do íaoí!
 'S go mb'íearra íom 'ná íuáir ía íuáreac é
 Beir ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.

* Composed whilst the poet was in exile, on the Continent (at Hamburg), during the penal régime. The name Eiré (Ireland) is dissyllabic and may be pronounced as "eyrie." The bard was born at Cratloe, Clare County, about 1710, and outlived the century. In spite of the penal laws against education, he succeeded in acquiring, at home and

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE.

(BY DONCADIH MAC CONMARA. CIRCA 1736.*)

(Translated by Dr. Sigerson in "Bards of the Gael and Gall.")

Air : "Uileacan Dub O."

Take my heart's blessing over to dear Eiré's strand—
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 To the Remnant that love her—Our Forefathers' Land !
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 How sweet sing the birds, o'er mount there and vale,
 Like soft-sounding chords, that lament for the Gael,—
 And I, o'er the surge, far, far away must wail
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O.

How fair are the flowers on the dear daring peaks,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 Far o'er foreign bowers I love her barest reeks,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 Triumphant her trees, that rise on ev'ry height,
 Bloom-kissed, the breeze comes odorous and bright,
 The love of my heart !—O my very soul's delight !
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O !

Still numerous and noble her sons who survive,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 The true hearts in trouble,—the strong hands to strive—
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 Ah, 'tis this makes my grief, my wounding and my woe
 To think that each chief is now a vassal low,
 And my Country divided amongst the Foreign Foe—
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O !

In purple they gleam, like our High Kings of yore,
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 With honey and cream are her plains flowing o'er,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 Once more I will come, or very life shall fail,
 To the heart-haunted home of the ever-faithful Gael,
 Than king's boon more welcome the swift swelling sail—
 For the Fair Hills of Eiré O !

on the Continent, a mastery of classic and foreign languages. Besides short poems, he wrote a mock-heroic *Æneid*, detailing his adventures. In his old age he became blind, and the Irish teachers and pupils in Waterford, with old-time liberality and appreciativeness, laid a tribute on themselves for his maintenance.

Sgairpeann an t-ruéct ar gceann ar aghar féar ann,
 Ar dán-énoic Éiréann óg;
 Aghar tadhaidh rin uibla cuimh ar gceugaidh ann,
 Ar dán-énoic Éiréann óg.
 Dúolair aghar rann i ngleannaidh ceo
 'S na rrocta 'ran t-rann ar labhairt ar neoin;
 A' r uirge na síúipe a' bhuéct 'na rlois,
 Ar dán-énoic Éiréann óg.

I r oirgailte fáilted an áit rin Éire,
 Dán-énoic Éiréann óg!
 Aghar toiridh na rlainge a mbáir na tóire,
 A mbán-énoic Éiréann óg.
 Da binne 'nád meura ar téadaidh ceoil,
 Seinn 'sur gceimpead a laos 'r a mbó,
 Aghar tairnead na gceime oirid aorad 'r óg
 Ar dán-énoic Éiréann óg.

The dew-drops sparkle, like diamonds on the corn,

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Where green boughs darkle the bright apples burn

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Behold, in the valley, cress and berries bland,

Where streams love to dally, in that Wondrous Land,

While the great River-voices roll their music grand

Round the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Oh, 'tis welcoming, wide-hearted, that dear land of love!

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

New life unto the martyred is the pure breeze above

The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

More sweet than tune flowing o'er the chords of gold

Comes the kine's soft lowing, from the mountain fold,—

Oh, the Splendor of the Sunshine on them all,—Young and Old.

'Mid the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

SEADNA.

(Coir na teineas: peg, nóra, Sobnuir, Síle beag, Cáit ní bhuaicalla).

Nóra. A Peg, innir rgeul dúinn.

Peg. B'ait liom rin! Innir féin rgeul

Sob. Níl don mairt inni, a Peg; b'feair linn do rgeul-ra.

Síle. Déin, a Peg; beirimid ana-focair.

Peg. Nac mairt náir fanaíir focair ariúir, 'nuair bí "Maíora na n-Oét 5Cor" agam dá innirint!

Síle. Maí rin ní rtaíraí Cáit ní Buaicalla ac am' ppuocad.

Cáit. Thuíair t'áiteac! Ní raíar-ra ad' ppuocad, a cáit leín!

Sob. Ná bac í féin, a Cáit; ní raib doinne' dá ppuocad ac í dá leigint uirri.

Síle. Do bí, aróin; agur muna mbeiríad go raib, ní liug-fainn.

Nóra. Abair le Peg nac liugfair anoir, a Shíle, 7 inneóiríó rí rgeul dúinn.

Síle. Ní liugfaí. A Peg, pé ruo imteóiríó oim.

Peg. Má'r ead, ruig annro am' aice, i tpeo ná feuríaríó doinne' tú ppuocad san fíor dom.

Cáit. Bíríad geall go bpuocíaríó an cat í. A tóice bíg, beiríad rgeul breag agáinn, muna mbeiríad tú féin 7 do cúro liugraige.

Sob. Éirt, a Cháit, no cuiríir ag sul í, 7 beiríad san rgeul. Má cuiríaríó fearí ag Peg, ní inneóiríó rí don rgeul anóit. Sead anoir, a Peg, tá gac doinne' cuin, ag brat ar rgeul uait.

Peg. Bí fear ann faí ó, 7 ír é ainm do bí air, Seadna; 7 gneupíre b'ead é; bí tíg beag deap clúitíaríó aige, aig bun enuic, ar taob na poitine; bí catíaríó fúgán aige do deín pé féin do féin, 7 ba gíat leir fúide inni um éráénóna, 'nuair bíríad obair an lae epíocnuigíte; 7 'nuair fúiríad pé inni, bíríad pé ar a fáraíat. Bí meabóíó mine aige, ar epíad i n-áíó na teineas; 7 anoir 7 ariú cuiríad pé a lám inni, 7 tóíad pé lán a dúirí de'n mín, 7 bíríad dá eogaint ar a fuamíneap. Bí eíann uball ag fáí ar an ttaob amuic de tóipir aige, 7 'nuair bíríad tapí air, ó beirí ag eogaint na mine, cuiríad pé lám 'ra eíanní ran, 7 tóíad pé ceann de 'rna h-ublaib, 7 t'áitead pé é—

Síle. O a Thiaríarí! a Phég, náí deap é!

Peg. Cíaco, an catíaríó, nó an mín, nó an t-uball, ba deap?

Síle. An t-uball, san amíur!

SEADNA'S THREE WISHES.

FROM SEADNA (SHAYNA), BY FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

(BY THE FIRESIDE—PEG, NORA, GOBNET, LITTLE SHEILA,
KATE BUCKLEY.)

NORA.—Peg, tell us a story.

PEG.—I'd like that. Tell a story yourself.

GOBNET.—She is no good, Peg; we prefer your story.

SHEILA.—Do, Peg; we will be very quiet.

PEG.—How well you did not keep quiet last night, when I was telling "The dog with the eight legs."

SHEILA.—Because Kate Buckley would not stop, but pinching me.

KATE.—You lie! I was not pinching you, you little hag!

GOB.—Don't mind her, Kate. There was no one pinching her, but she pretending it.

SHEILA.—But there was; and only that there was I would not screech.

NORA.—Tell Peg that you won't screech now, and she will tell us a story.

SHEILA.—I won't screech now, Peg, whatever will happen to me.

PEG.—Well, then, sit here near me so that no one can pinch unknown to me.

KATE.—I'll engage the cat will pinch her. You little hussy, we would have a fine story but for yourself and your screeching.

GOB.—Whist! Kate, or you'll make her cry, and we'll be without a story. If Peg is made angry she will not tell a story to-night. There, now, Peg, everyone is mute, expecting a story from you.

PEG.—There was a man long ago and the name that was on him was Seadhna, and he was a shoemaker. He had a nice well-sheltered little house at the foot of a hill, on the side of the shelter. He had a chair of *soogauns* which he himself made for himself, and it was usual with him to sit in it in the evening when the work of the day used to be completed, and when he sat in it he was quite at his ease. He had a *malvogue* of meal hanging up near the fire, and now and then he used to put his hand into it and take a fist-full of the meal, and be chewing at his leisure. He had an apple-tree growing outside his door, and when he used to be thirsty from chewing the meal, he used to put his hand into that tree and take one of the apples and eat it.

Cáit. B'fearr liom-ra an mín; ní bainfeadh an t-uball an t-ocpar de thúine.

Job. B'fearr liom-ra an cátaoir; 7 cuirfinn pēs i n-a fuíthe innti, aís innpint na rgeul.

pēs. Is maíe éum plámáir tú, a Jobnuir.

Job. Is fearr éum na rgeul túra, a pēs. Cionnur d'imtís le Seathna?

pēs. Lá dá maib ré as déanamh bhrós, tug re ré n-deara ná maib a tuille leatáir aise, ná a tuille rnáite, ná a tuille céiréac. Bí an taoibín déirdeanac fuar, 7 an sgreim déirdeanac curca; 7 níorb fuláir do dul 7 adbair do folácar pul a bfeutrad ré a tuille bhrós do déanamh.

Do glúair ré ar maidin, 7 bí trí ríllinge 'n-a póca, 7 ní maib ré aet míle ó'n ois 'nuair buail thúine boet uime, aís iarráir déirce. "Tabair dom déirce ar pon an tSlánuigteora, 7 le h-anmannair do maib, 7 tar éann do pláinte," ar an thúine boet. Thug Seathna rílling do, 7 annan ní maib aise aet dá rílling. Dubairt ré leir féin go mbéiríor go ndéanrad an dá rílling a ghnó.

Ní maib ré aet míle eile ó baile 'nuair buail bean boet uime, 7 í cor-noctuište. "Tabair dom congnaí éigin," ar ríri, "ar pon an tSlánuigteora, 7 le h-anmannair do maib, 7 tar éann do pláinte." Do glac triuaise ví é, 7 tug ré rílling ví, 7 d'imtís rí. Do bí don rílling amáin annpoin aise, aet do éiomáin ré leir, a bpat air go mbuailfeadh rianr éigin uime do cuirfeadh ar a éumur a ghnó a déanamh. Níorb fáda sup carad air leant 7 é as sul le fuact 7 le h-ocpar. "Ar pon an tSlánuigteora," ar an leant, "tabair dom puo éigin le n-íte." Bí tís órta i ngar dóib, 7 do éuar Seathna irteac ann, 7 éannuig ré bpié aráin 7 tug ré éum an leant é. 'Nuair fuair an leant an t-arán d'atruis a deail; d'fár ré fuar i n-áirde, 7 do lar rílar iongantac 'n-a fúilb 7 'n-a éanacáib, i otreo go d'áinic ríannrad ar Sheathna.

Síle. Dia linn! a pēs, is dóca sup tuir Seathna boet i luige.

pēs. Níor tuir; aet má'r ead, ba níceall do. Chom luac asur d'feut ré tabairt, dubairt ré: "Cad é an radar thúine túra?" asur is é ríeasra fuair ré: "A Sheathna, tá Dia buirdeac díot. Ainseal irad míre. Is mé an tríomad h-ainseal sup tugair déirce do anu ar pon an tSlánuigteora, 7 anu tá trí gúirde asat le ríadál ó Dia na glóire. Iarr ar Dia don trí gúirde is toil leat, 7 geobair iad; aet tá don éomairle amáin asampa le tabairt tuir,—ná deapmuid an Trídeirce."

SHEILA.—Oh, my goodness! Peg, wasn't it nice?

PEG.—Which is it; the chair or the meal or the apple, that was nice.

SHEILA.—The apple, to be sure.

KATE.—I would prefer the meal. The apple would not take the hunger off a person.

GOB.—I would prefer the chair, for I would put Peg sitting in it telling the stories.

PEG.—You are good for flattery, Gobnet.

GOB.—You are better for the stories, Peg. How did it go with Seadhna?

PEG.—One day as he was making shoes he noticed that he had no more leather nor any more thread nor any more wax. He had the last piece on, and the last stitch put, and it was necessary for him to go and provide materials before he could make any more shoes. He set out in the morning and there were three shillings in his pocket, and he was only a mile from the house when he met a poor man asking for alms. "Give me alms for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health," said the poor man. Seadhna gave him one shilling, and then he had but two shillings. He said to himself that possibly two shillings would do his business. He was only another mile from home when he met a poor woman, and she barefooted. "Give me some help," said she, "for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health." He felt compassion for her and gave her a shilling, and she went away. He had one shilling then; still he went on expecting that he would meet some good fortune which would put it in his power to do his business. It was not long till he met a child and he crying with cold and hunger. "For the sake of the Saviour," said the child, "give me something to eat." There was a stage house near them and Seadhna went into it, and he bought a loaf of bread and he brought it to the child. When the child got the bread his figure changed. He grew up very tall, and light flamed in his two eyes and in his countenance, so that Seadhna became terrified.

SHEILA.—Oh! God help us! Peg, I suppose poor Seadhna fainted.

PEG.—He did not, but then, he was very near it. As soon as he could speak, he said, "What sort of person are you?" The answer he got was, "Seadhna, God is thankful to you. I am an angel. I am the third angel to whom you have given alms to-day for the sake of the Saviour. And now you have

“Asgur an nteipir liom go bfaigead mo ghirde?” arsa Seathna. “Deirum, gan amhar,” arp’ an t-aingeal. “Tá go maic,” arsa Seathna, “tá cátaoir beag deas rúgán agam ’ra baile, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann arteaé, ní fuláir leir puidhe innte. An ceud tuine eile a fuirfir innte, aét mé féin, go sceainglaíó ré innte!” “Faire, faire! a Sheathna,” arp’ an t-aingeal; “rin ghirde bpeas imtígíte gan cairibe. Tá d’a ceann eile agat, 7 ná deapmuid an Trócaire.” “Tá,” arsa Seathna, “mealbóigín mine agam ’ra baile, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann arteaé, ní fuláir leir a d’orin a fátaó innte. An ceud tuine eile a éuirfir lám ’ra mealbóigín rin, aét mé féin, go sceainglaíó ré innte,—feuc!” “O a Sheathna, a Sheathna, ní’l fars agat!” arp’ an t-aingeal. “Ní’l agat anoir aét don ghirde amháin eile. Iar Trócaire Dé do t’anam.” “O, ir fíor duit,” arsa Seathna, “ba dóbair dom é deapmuid. Tá epann beag uball agam i leat-taobh mo d’oruir, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann an tpeo, ní fuláir leir a lám do éur i n-áirde 7 uball do rtaat 7 do bpeit leir. An ceud tuine eile aét mé féin, a éuirfir a lám ’ra epann roin, go sceainglaíó ré ann—O! a d’aoine!” ar seirean, as r’sairteaó ar fáiríde, “nac agam a beir an r’póit oppa!”

‘Nuair táinig ré ar na tpeiríob, o’feuc ré ruar 7 bí an t-aingeal imtígíte. Deir ré a máetnam air féin ar feaó tamail maic, 7 ré deirteaó riar eall, duhairt ré leir féin: “Feuc anoir, ní’r don amadán i n-éipinn ir mó ioná mé! Dá mbeirteaó tpeir ceangailte agam um an taca ro, tuine ’ra’ cátaoir, duinó. ’ra’ mealbóigín, 7 tuine ’ra’ epann, cat é an maic do d’eanfarr ran domra 7 mé i b’eo ó baile, gan biaó, gan deoc, gan aig seao?” Ili túirge bí an méir rin eainte ráirde aige ná éu, ré fé n’teara ór a éomair amad, ’ran áit a raib an t-aingeal-fear faoa caol duib, 7 é as glinneamaint air, 7 teime éreara as teaét ar a d’a fúil n-a r’p’eaéaib nime. Bí d’a d’air air mar beirteaó ar pócán fadair, 7 meigioll faoa liat-foirm farr air, eirboll mar beirteaó ar mátaó ruat, 7 crúb ar éoir leir mar érib cairib. Do leat a beul 7 a d’a fúil ar Sheathna, 7 do rtao a éaint. I sceaann tamail do labair an fear duib. “A Sheathna,” ar seirean, “ní fadó duit don eagla do beir oit róm-ampa; ní’lim ar tí do díogbála. Ba mian liom cairibe éigin do deanam duit, d’a nglactá mo éomairle. Do éloirear éu, anoir beas, d’a ráó go raibair gan biaó, gan deoc, gan aig seao. Tiub-painn-re aig seao do d’óat duit ar don éoingioll beas amháin.” “Asgur s’neataó tpeir lár do r’sairt!” arsa Seathna, 7 táinig a éaint d’ó; “ná feutpá an méir rin do ráó gan tuine do milleat leo’ éuit glinneamna, ré n-é éu féin?” “Ir cum duit cia n-é mé, aét deupfaó an oireat aig seao duit anoir asgur éeannócaíó

three wishes to get from the God of Glory. Ask now of God any three wishes you please, and you will get them. But I have one advice to give you. Don't forget Mercy." "And do you tell me that I shall get my wish?" said Seadhna. "I do, certainly," said the angel. "Very well," said Seadhna. "I have a nice little *soogaun* chair at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to sit in it. The next person that will sit in it, except myself, that he may cling in it!" "Oh, fie, fie! Seadhna," said the angel; "there is a beautiful wish gone without good. You have two more. Don't forget Mercy!" "I have," said Seadhna, "a little *malvogue* of meal at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to stick his fist into it. The next person that puts his hand into that *malvogue*, except myself, that he may cling in it, see!" "Oh, Seadhna, Seadhna, my son, you have not an atom of sense! you have now but one wish more. Ask the Mercy of God for your soul." "Oh, that's true for you," said Seadhna, "I was near forgetting it. I have a little apple-tree near my door and every *dalteen* that comes the way makes it a point to put up his hand and to pluck an apple and carry it away with him. The next other person, except myself, that will put his hand into that tree, that he may cling in it!--Oh! people!" said he, bursting out laughing, "isn't it I that will have the amusement at them!"

When he came out of his laughing fits and looked up, the angel was gone. He made his reflection for a considerable time, and at long last he said to himself, "See now, there is not a fool in Ireland greater than I! If there were three people stuck by this time, one in the chair, one in the *malvogue*, and one in the tree, what good would that do for me and I far from home, without food, without drink, without money?"

No sooner had he that much talk uttered than he observed opposite him, in the place where the angel had been, a long, slight, black man and he staring at him, and electric fire coming out of his two eyes in venomous sparks. There were two horns on him, as there would be on a he-goat, and a long, coarse, greyish-blue beard, a tail as there would be on a fox, and a hoof on one of his feet like a bull's hoof. Seadhna's mouth and his two eyes opened wide upon him, and his speech stopped. After a while the black man spoke: "Seadhna," said he, "you need not have any dread of me. I am not bent on your harm. I should wish to do you some good if you would accept my advice. I heard you just now say that you were without food, without drink, without money. I would

an oipead leathair agus coimeádhfaidh a g obair éú go ceann trí mbliadhain nbeus, ar an gcoinshioll ro-go dtiocfaidh liom an uair sin ? ”

“ Agus má péirteigim leat, cá n-ádh maoidh an uair sin ? ” “ Cá beas tuit an deire sin do éirí, ’nuair beidh an leathair íocte 7 beirimid a ghluairead ? ” “ Táir geurcúiread—bíodh a gac, feiceam an t-airgead. ” “ Táir-re geurcúiread, feuch ! ” “ Do éirí an fear túb a lámh ’n-a póca, 7 tarrainis ré amad rparán mór, 7 ar an rparán do leis ré amad ar a bair capn beas t’ór breas bairde. ”

“ Feuch ! ” ar seiréan ; 7 fín ré a lámh 7 éirí ré an capn de bíoráibh gteoróte gteineamla ré fúitibh Sheathna boiét. “ Do fín Seathna a dhá lámh, 7 do leathair a dhá lazar cum an óir. “ Go péir ! ” ar’ an fear túb, a g tarrainis an óir éiríse ardead ; “ ní’l an maraíodh oéanta fóir. ” “ Bíodh ’n-a maraíodh ! ” ar’ Seathna. ”

“ San teir ? ” ar’ an fear túb. “ San teir, ” ar’ Seathna. ”

“ Dair b’ríg na mionn ? ” ar’ an fear túb. “ Dair b’ríg na mionn, ” ar’ Seathna. ”

[An oirde na dháir sin.]

Nóra. Seath !—a péir—támaoidh annro—air—cá raotar oim—bíor a gac—bí eazla oim—go mbeirdead an rgeul ar riubal romam, 7 go mbeirdead cuir de eallite a gac. ”

Péir. Am’ b’riatir go b’fannamair leat, a Nóra, a laoir. Ní’l i b’fann o táinis Sobhuir. ”

Sob. Mar sin do bí eiríse a gac do éunam, 7 b’éiríse doimra túb riar leis an im go beul an gheirí, 7 ’nuair bíor a gtead a baile an eiríse, do tuit an oirde oim, 7 geallaim tuit gur baineadh p’eadh aram. Bíor a gcuimníodh ar Seathna 7 ar an óir 7 ar an b’fann noub, 7 ar na r’p’eadh bí a gtead ar a fúitibh, 7 mé a gac r’p’eadh a mbeirdead b’fannam, ’nuair eiríse mo éann 7 ead do éiríse a gac an r’p’eadh ar m’ a gac amad. ”

give you money enough on one little condition." "And, torture through the middle of your lungs!" said Seadhna, as soon as he got his talk, "could you not say that much without paralysing a person with your staring, whoever you are?" "You need not care who I am; but I will give you as much money now as will buy as much leather as will keep you working for thirteen years, on this condition, that you will come with me then."

"And if I make the bargain with you, whither shall we go at that time?" "Will it not be time enough for you to ask that question when the leather is used up and we will be starting?" "You are sharp-witted. Have your way. Let us see the money." "*You* are sharp-witted. Look!" The black man put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a large purse, and from the purse he let out on his palm a little heap of beautiful yellow gold.

"Look!" said he, and he stretched his hand and he put the heap of exquisite glittering pieces up under the eyes of poor Seadhna. Seadhna stretched both his hands, and the fingers of the two hands opened for the gold.

"Gently!" said the black man; "the bargain is not yet made."

"Let it be a bargain," said Seadhna.

"Without fail?" said the black man.

"Without fail," said Seadhna.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things?" (shrines: *hence* oaths) said the black man.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" said Seadhna.

(NEXT NIGHT.)

NORA.—There!—Peg—we are here—again—. There's a *saothar* on me—. I was running. I was afraid—that the story would be going on before me, and that I would have some of it lost.

PEG.—Indeed, Nora, my dear, we would wait for you. It is not long since Gobuet came.

GOB.—Yes, for we were making a churn, and it was necessary for me to go west with the butter to Beul-an-Ghearrtha; and when I was coming home the short cut, the night fell on me, and I promise you that there was a start taken out of me. There was not the like of it of a jump ever taken out of me. I was thinking of Seadhna, and of the gold, and of the black man, and of the sparks that were coming out of his eyes, and I running before I would be late, when

— An Söllán! ar an sgeut amáire dá tucgar air, do tuidrann an leabair go raib aðarica air!

Nóra. A víamáire, a Šobnuir, éirir do deul, 7 ná bí dár mboðrað leð' söllánaib 7 leð' aðaricaib. Aðarica ar an nSöllán! feuc air rin!

Šob. B'éirir, dá mberðeá féin ann, sup beas an fonn magair do beirdeáð orr.

Sile. Feuc anoir! cia acá as corš an ršéil? B'éirir go sguirreáð Cáit líí Buacalla ornn-ra é.

Cáit. líí cuirir, a Sile. Táir ad' cáilín maít anoc, 7 tá ana-éion asam orr. Mo šráð í rin! Mo šráð am' éirirde irriš í!

Sile. Seað go víreáð! fan go mberð fearš orr! 7 b'éirir ná véaršá "Mo šráð í rin!"

Nóra. Seo, reo! rtaðar, a cáilínirde. Mire 7 mo söllán ra nveár an obair reo. Cáit uair an rtoea roin, a šeg, 7 ršaoil eugainn an ršeul. An bfuair Seaðna an rparán? Ir iomða uirne bí i mucc rparán d'fagáil 7 nac bfuair.

peg. Com luat - tubairt Seaðna an foca, "dar bříš na mionn!" do táinig ašrušáð šné ar an bfeair nroub. Do noct ré a fiacla ríor 7 truar, 7 ir iad do bí go vláite ar a céile. Táinig róro crónáin ar a deul, 7 do teir ar Seaðna a deunam amac cia 'co as gáirde bí ré nó as rpanntušáð. Ac' nuair d'feuc ré ruar ioir an dá fúil air, ba dóbair go tucfeáð an ršannrað ceutona air a táinig air i rtoeáð. Do euis ré go maít nac as gáirde bí an víolmuineáð. líí feacair ré ruam poime rin don dá fúil ba meara 'ná iad, don feucaint ba mall-uigšte 'ná an feucaint do bí aco, don élar eudain com dúr, com rpoé-aigeanca teir an gelár eudain do bí ór a šcionn. lííor labair ré, 7 do rin' ré a víceá i šan a leigint air sup eus ré ré nveara an rpanntušáð. Le n-a linn rin, do leis an fear tub an t-ór amac arir ar a bair, 7 do cómaim.

"Seo!" ar reiréan, "a Seaðna. Sin céad punt asat ar an sgeut ršilling eugair uair mriu. An bfuilir víolta?"

"Ir mór an bpeir i!" arpa Seaðna. "Dad éoir go bfuilim."

"Cóir nó eugcór," arp' an fear tub, "an bfuilir víolta?" 7 do šeuruis 7 do bporuis ar an rpanntušáð.

"Ó! táim víolta, táim víolta!" arpa Seaðna, "go raib maít asat-ra."

"Seo! má 'reáð," ar reiréan. "Sin céad eile asat ar an uara ršilling eugair uair mriu."

"Sin i an ršilling eugar do'n mnaoi a bí cor-noctuište."

"Sin i an ršilling eugar do'n mnaoi uarail ceutona."

I raised my head, and what should I see but the thing standing out overright me—the *Gollan*! On the first look I gave it I'd swear there were horns on it.

NORA.—Oyewisha, Gobnet, whist your mouth, and don't be bothering us with your *Gollans* and your horns. Horns on a *Gollan*! Look at that!

GOB.—Maybe if you were there yourself, 'tis little of the inclination of fun would be on you.

SHEILA.—See, now! who is stopping the story? Maybe Kate Buckley would put it on me.

KATE.—I will not, Sheila; you are a good girl to-night. I am very fond of you. My darling she is! My darling in my heart within she is!

SHEILA.—Yes, indeed! Wait till you are angry, and maybe then you would not say "my darling she is."

NORA.—Come, come! stop, girls. I and my *Gollan* are the cause of this work. Throw away that stocking, Peg, and let us have the story. Did Seadhna get the purse? Many a person was on the point of getting a purse, and did not.

PEG.—As soon as Seadhna uttered the words—"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" a change of appearance came on the black man. He bared his teeth above and below, and it is they that were clenched upon each other. A sort of low sound came out of his mouth, and it failed Seadhna to make out whether it was laughing he was or growling. But when he looked up between the two eyes on him, the same terror was near coming on him that came on him at first. He understood well that it was not laughing the "lad" was. He never before then saw any two eyes that were worse than they, any look that was more malignant than the look they had, any forehead as evil-minded as the forehead that was above them. He did not speak, and he did his best to pretend that he did not notice the growling. At the same time the black man let the gold out again on his palm and counted it.

"Here!" said he, "Seadhna, there are a hundred pounds for you for the first shilling you gave away to-day. Are you paid?"

"I should think I am."

"Right or wrong!" said the black man, "are you paid?" and the growling became sharper and quicker.

"Oh! I am paid, I am paid," said Seadhna, "thank you!"

"Here! if so," said he, "there is another hundred for you, for the second shilling you gave away to-day."

“Ná ba bean uapal í, ead do beir cor-noctuiḡte í. 7 ead do beir tó mo rḡilling do bheir uaim-re, 7 san aḡam aet rḡilling eile i n-a uiaḡ?”

“Ná ba bean uapal í! Ná mbeirthead a p̄ior aḡat! Sin í an bean uapal do mill mife!”

Le linn na bpeacal pain do p̄ad do, do t̄ainis ep̄t eor 7 lám air, do r̄ead an t̄iannat̄an. do luis a ceann r̄iar ar a m̄uineál, t̄peud ré r̄uar inr a’ r̄p̄eip, t̄ainis t̄p̄iud b̄air air 7 elód cuirp ar a ceannac̄aib.

‘Nuair connaic Seathna an iompáil lí rin, t̄ainis ionḡnat̄ a ep̄oide air.

“Ní fuláir,” ar r̄eirean, go neam̄ḡuiread, “nó ní hé reo an céad uair aḡat aḡ aipeact̄ain teact̄ t̄airri r̄iud.

Do léim an fear t̄uib. Do buail ré buille ná ep̄uib ar an t̄atalaḡ, i t̄ep̄eo sup̄ ep̄t an f̄ód do bí ré eor Seathna.

“Ciorrbaḡ ort!” ar’ eirean. “Eirt do beut no barḡfar t̄ú!”

“ḡabaim p̄ap̄uḡn aḡat, a t̄uine uapail!” ar̄ra Seathna, go moḡam̄ail, “ceapar go mb’ eir̄ip sup̄ b̄raon beaḡ do bí olta aḡat, t̄p̄ad t̄ sup̄ t̄uḡair céad punt mar m̄alair̄ic ar rḡilling tam.”

“T̄uibrainn—7 react̄ ḡc̄ad ná t̄oic̄eap̄ liom baint ó’n t̄air̄be do rin’ an rḡilling céadna, aet ’nuair t̄uḡair uait i ar ron an t̄Slánuiḡteḡra, ní f̄eir̄ip a t̄air̄be do lot eor̄de.”

“Aḡur,” ar̄ra Seathna, “ead ip̄ ḡáḡ an m̄ait do lot? Ná fuil ré eom̄ m̄ait aḡat t̄air̄be na rḡillinge úo t̄p̄aḡb̄ail mar t̄á ré?”

“Tá an iom̄o cainte aḡat—an iom̄o ar̄ f̄ad. T̄ubair̄ leat do beut t̄’ eir̄teact̄. Seo! rin é an r̄rap̄án ar̄ f̄ad aḡat,” ar’ an fear t̄uib.

“Ní héir̄ip, a t̄uine uapail,” ar̄ra Seathna, “ná beirthead t̄aoit̄in na haim̄r̄ipe ann. Ip̄ iom̄da lá i t̄ep̄i bliad̄nail t̄éaḡ. Ip̄ iom̄da b̄r̄oḡ beirthead t̄eunta aḡ t̄uine i ḡeait̄eam̄ an m̄eio rin aim̄r̄ipe, 7 ip̄ iom̄da cuma i n-a n-oir̄thead rḡilling do.”

“Ná bíod̄ eir̄t ort,” ar’ an fear t̄uib, aḡ eip̄ r̄m̄uta ḡair̄e ar̄. “T̄ar̄paing ar̄ eom̄ ḡeip̄ i n̄eip̄inn 7 ip̄ m̄ait leat é. Beir̄ ré eom̄ teann an lá t̄eir̄eanad̄ 7 t̄á ré moia. Ní beir̄ puinn ḡn̄óda aḡat de ar̄ pain amaḡ.”

"That is the shilling I gave to the woman who was barefooted."

"That is the shilling you gave to the same gentlewoman."

"If she was a gentlewoman, what made her barefooted? and what made her take from me my shilling, and I having but another shilling left?"

"If she was a gentlewoman! If you only knew! she is the gentlewoman that ruined me!"

While he was saying those words a trembling of hands and feet came on him. The growling ceased. His head leaned backwards on his neck. He gazed up into the sky. An attitude of death came on him, and the stamp of a corpse came on his face.

When Seadhna saw this deadly change, the wonder of his heart came on him.

"It must be," said he, in a careless sort of way, "that this is not the first time with you hearing something about *her*."

The black man jumped. He struck a blow of his hoof on the ground, so that the sod which was under Seadhna's foot trembled.

"Mangling to you!" said he; "shut your mouth or you will be maimed!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Seadhna, meekly; "I thought that perhaps it was a little drop you had taken, and to say that you gave me a hundred pounds in exchange for a shilling."

"I would, and seven hundred, if I could succeed in taking from the good which that same shilling did; but when you gave it away for the sake of the Saviour it is not possible to spoil its good for ever."

"And," said Seadhna, "what need is there to spoil the good? May you not as well have the good of that shilling as it is?"

"You have too much talk; too much altogether. I told you to shut your mouth. Here! there is the purse entirely for you," said the black man.

"I suppose there is no danger, sir," said Seadhna, "that there would not be enough for the time in it. There is many a day in thirteen years. 'Tis many a shoe a man would have made in the lapse of that portion of time, and many a way he would want a shilling."

"Don't be uneasy," said the black man, putting a bit of a laugh out of him. "Draw out of it as hard as ever you can. It will be as plump the last day as it is to-day. You will not have much business of it from that forward."

“NÍ AR DÍA A BUIÓEACAS.”

Do tarrtais Diarmuid a dúroin duib donn ar a póca, 7 do rin einge í, 7 d’iméiz 7 do éusid reirean annsan go meataclán teimead do bí ar bair na tréga, beirear ar meacán airtí 7 réitear, réitear í go tréan tiuḡ tearuít; acé tóá tréine a anál 7 da tiuḡa a réitead, ní raib maic do ann; réitear airtí 7 airtí eile níor tréine, níor tiuḡa, níor tearuít ná ceana, acé do bí a ḡnó ’n-a fáraé aih, mar do bí an tear ion éas aih an rppréiz. Beirear ar rppréiz eile 7 réitear fúití go fearḡac fuinneamail fíochmar, 7 a fúile ar úearḡlarpó, 7 réiteanna a múiníl cómh acuiḡte rin go maḡadair 7 peacé a bpléarḡta: do’ fánaé do a réitead aih. Beirear ar an rppréiz 7 caitear irteac 7 ḡcomleacáan an éuam í, aḡ maó, “Go réitid mátair an áiróbeirpéora tú mar teinid!” 7 tugḡar buille tóá coir deir do’n éuro eile do’n teinid 7 ceapḡear ar fuo an báin í. Do connaic an éuro eile é úipeacé donn le n-a linn rin, 7 do cuirpḡar don ulaó-ḡáirpéiz aiháin arca do tóḡfadó na maib ar a n-uaiḡib. Éirpḡar uile—an méio a’r nac raib í n-a fearam díob—7 tagair í n-a tímcioll, aḡ lúbarḡaiz le leacáan-ḡáipe 7 aḡ rceapḡad ar a lán-úicioll. Beirear duine ar rppréiz, duine eile ar rppréiz eile, 7 mar poim doib riar fíor go hearbail tímcioll, an beas 7 an móir, an t-ós 7 an t-aorḡa; 7 reo aḡ réitead íad, ar énaí a n-úicioll, aḡ tñúḡ le teinid 7 tear do cup airtí 7 nḡac rppréiz, 7 é riar orra, do bpiḡ ḡar rḡar teoḡacé le ḡac rmeacáir díob beas nac o lúib laḡair.

“Acá teine im’ rppréiz-re,” arpa neac éigin.

“Séir leac a buacáil!” arpa Domnall. “Cá bfuil tú?—réir leac go tḡagad éúḡat.”

Do léim ré de lúit-pḡeib 7 táinic í n-a aice—“Séir! réir, a thabail!” ar reirion, “7 ná leis an rmeacáir ion eus—réir!—ar do báir réir!”

Do leis an buacáil rceapḡa 7 do rḡop de’n tréitead.

“Tairbeáin orú, a thabail!” ar reirion.

Do éuit an buacáil ar báinid ḡáipid; beirior réim ar an rppréiz, le amplad 7 aice éun ḡail, tóḡtar a órḡós 7 caitear an rppréiz uad úiarpacé. Éuit rí ar an mbán; níor úpír rí ánaé. Cuirpḡar a órḡós í n-a béal le coir na píopa.

“Tarrḡaiz! tarrḡaiz anoir!” arpa áilḡteoir éigin í n-a mearḡ.

Do bí ré ar buile,—beirior ar an rppréiz le n-a láim éilé, 7

THE THANKFULNESS OF DERMOT.

BY PATRICK O'LEARY.

DERMOT drew his dark-brown *dudeen* from his pocket and handed it to him, and he went then to a smouldering fire which was at the top of the strand. He catches a dying coal of fire out of it and blows, blows it strong, quick, fierce; but though strong his breath, and though quick his blowing, it was in vain for him. He blows again and again stronger, quicker, fiercer than before, but his labour was of no avail, for the heat had died in the ember. He seizes another ember and blows it angrily, livelily, wrathfully, his two eyes flaming, and the veins of his neck swelled to such an extent that they were ready to burst; his blowing was to no purpose, however. He catches the ember and flings it into the centre of the harbour, saying, "May the devil's mother blow you for a fire!" and deals a blow of his right leg to the rest of the fire and scatters it about the *bawn*. The others saw him just at that very moment, and they raised one wild, ringing shout that would wake the dead out of their graves. They all rise—such of them as were not standing—and they gather round him, breaking their sides with broad mirth, and laughing their level best. One catches up an ember, another another, and so on of all the rest from first to last, small and big, young and old, and they set to blowing as well as ever they could, fain to put fire and heat again into each ember, and it impossible, for warmth had parted from each little coal of them all but a few.

"There is fire in my coal," said someone.

"Blow on, my boy!" said Donal. "Where are you?—blow on till I come to you."

He jumped quickly and came to his side. "Blow! blow, you devil!" says he; "and don't let the little ember die—blow!—for your life, blow!"

The boy laughed and stopped blowing.

"Fetch it to me, aroo, you devil!" says he.

The boy burst into a fit of insuppressible laughter; himself seizes the coal through greed and burning desire for a smoke; he burns his thumb and throws down the coal all of a sudden. It fell on the *bawn*; but it did not break though. He puts his thumb in his mouth along with the pipe.

"Smoke! smoke now!" says some arch fellow in the crowd.

He was raging mad. He seizes a coal with his left hand and blows it so furious that sparks flew from it. He blows

féidear cóm hairtinnead roin i sup rppéad pí: Séidear arí 7 léimear rmeadair do'n deapz lapaiz irtead i n-a uét, mar do bí buillad a léinead ar leatad, 7 uógar é láidead. Do con gaid ré greim ar an rppéiz ám, 7 brúgar an lapaiz ríor i mbéal na píopa 7 tarrpaizear, tarrpaizear; tarrpaizear, ar cuma sup gárrí so paid deatad as éiríge so sorm glóimhar n-a flamaiz-cíob or cionn a éinn.

Annpán do bí ré ar a cóil: Do fuid na daoine so léir as bpeitnuíad ar an mór as luafad or a gcóimhar, 7 é as tead irtead so meap. Do bí Dóinnall as dúrad a píopa 7 gan don duine as cur éirge ná uair. Níor b'fada sup éiríge rtaile dá píopa ámaet, do tarrpaiz ré i dár nódiz ar éndá a díeill, aet níor b'fuid duit feudaint ar an ngal beas báir do bí as tead amad air. Annpán do cur ré rgnuzal ar féin, ir róibead ná'r ceangail a beal íoctair dá beal uactair le doic tarrpaize aet ní paid bríge i n-a gno.

“Fagbad duine éigin réiteoir dom—ar ron Dé fagbad!” ar reirion, 7 do luíge ré níor dúluigte ar an tarrpac; i n-agaib beic as baint an tralaadair ar poll na píopa, ir amlaib bí re as a dainnuíad ann—gan coinne leir gan ainneap. Faoi deiríob, 'nuair do fuair ré an réan rgará le n-a fáotair, 7 so paid as uil de, dá éiríne luíge re éirge, do tóg ré an duir ar a beal, 7 do glaoib so hairtinnead ar duine éigin, réiteoir o'fagbáil do. O'imtíz truír nó ceatmar de buadailíob so ruis páire do bí lán de éráitníob, aet do bí ré rteannz maic uairpani. O'fan reirion as reitíom orpa so otioceairí ear n-air, anoir as cur na píopa ion a beal, 7 arí as a baint ar, 7 arí eile as fáad a lúitín inni o'feudaint a paid moáil an teair imtízge air. 'Nuair do éairí fuil ear reiteamantair aize, do léim ré féin ear éloirde irtead; reo as cuapad é anonn 'r anall, 7 biar ar a fúitib le fagair éun fagbála, dá mb'éiríoir. Do bí pac ion áiríom air fá ceann tamail—fuair ré bpoib cuibeadac reamhar, 7 do fáitíz i gcró na píopa é so tapad. Annpán euz ré foza faoi n-a tarrpac, aet o'fan an bpoib mar a bí, 7 ní córrí-óeab ar a lúitípacáib. Do éréall ré an at-uair, aet b'é an rgeal céatna é. I ndeiriob rparéa do, bpoir an tráitín so caillte air, irtiz i gcró na píopa. Do léim ré i n-a éairí buile ear éloirde, ní paid fulaz (=fulang) na foitíne aize, 7 do éair an duirí far a upéair amad annpán mair móir. Ní paid méam ar donnead le heagla bpuighe, mar do bí toza an eolair ada so léir ar Dóinnall, 7 cat é an fagar b'eab é, 'nuair do beiréad ré amuz leir féin. O' fan na daoine so léir i n-a fuid so

again, and a spark of the red flame jumps into his breast, for the front of his shirt was open, and it burns him immediately. He kept his hold on the coal though. He bruises the flame down into the mouth of the pipe, and draws, draws, draws, in a manner that soon smoke was rising blue and glorious in wreaths above his head.

Now was he perfectly happy. All the people sat looking at the seaweed rocking right before them, while it was coming in fast. Donal was smoking his pipe, and nobody interfering with him. But it was not long till his pipe grew sulky; he pulled it, of course, as best he could, but it would not be worth your while to look at the little dying fume that was coming out of it. He then put a long neck on himself, the lower lip all but adhered to his upper lip through the strain of pulling, but his work was to no purpose.

"Let someone get a '*cleaner*' for me—for God's sake, let him!" says he, and he applied himself more earnestly to pulling, but instead of taking the dirt out of the hole of the pipe, he was only fastening it in it—unwittingly, of course. At last, when he found success separated from his labour, and that he was failing, though energetically he set about it, he took the *diuid* out of his mouth, and called furiously to somebody to fetch him a '*cleaner*.' Three or four boys went to a field that was full of *trahneens*, but it was a good distance from him. He remained behind waiting till they should come back, now putting the pipe in his mouth, again taking it out, and again thrusting his little finger into it to ascertain whether the feeling of heat had left it. When at length he could bear this waiting no longer, he himself jumped in over a fence, he commences searching hither and thither, and his eyes blazing through madness for finding, if possible. Luck was his in a little while. He got a pretty thick *brobh* and shoved it quickly into the tube of the pipe. He then tried to pull it back, but the *brobh* remained as it was, and would not move from its place. He tried again, but it was the very same as before. In the end of the pulling, the *trahneen* meanly broke *on him* inside in the tube of the pipe. He jumped out over the fence blazing mad; he could not keep his passion in check, and he threw the *diuid* as far as he could cast it into the great sea. There was not a tittle out of anybody for fear of a quarrel, for they all knew Donal full well, and what manner of man he was when he would happen to be ill at ease within himself.

ceann réalait, 7 ar an bfead ro bí an múr as dhuirim leir an tcríais go bog rí. Táinig don tonn aithne, i ndeireadh na dála, do lion an cuan ruar go baic le múr ríogógaí fada deas. Do bhead Dóinnall i n-a coile-íreann 7 do éirí é féin ar a srua anuar ar éirí do'n múr 7 do bí as a réitíoch le fuirre, 'nuair seo irtead tonn eile, do éirí lea'rtuair 'oe 7 pul ra feut reirion cuimneadh ar don-ní (áit ar an múr) do reuab ar léi amad é roir fúe fead. Do béic 7 do ríreath ar éirí, ní ní raib bheir deaibair ar donne'—ní ná b'iongnad—dul bfuirtar a éiríte cun eirion do fáorad.

“Cuirimir iarrair ar éirí ruar go tís Dáirmuad léit,” arfa Diarar Paor.

“Buiréad re báitte pul a ríoríoch lea'rtuair ruar,” arfa Paoruis Buiré.

“Cuir an raicín amad 7 b'feut go ngréamógaí ré é,” arfa Miceál ós.

Le n-a linn rin do luig an báitteadán 7 do glaoir i n-áir a éinn 'ra srua as iarrair cabra, as rá, “Ar ron Dé 7 Paor mé! Paor mé! a daoine, Paor mé! ó a Dia, táim báitte! Paor mé, Paor mé órá!” Níor ríat ré do beir as callairíoch mar rin, mar do bí uéad maí aige.

“Rágaí 7 ríamfao amad éirí,” arfa Diarmuid Mac Amhlaoir.

“Ná teirí,” arfa na daoine go léir i n-aon béal.

“Rágaí,” ar reirion. “Ní buiréad a cuillead as feudaint ar annran amuig, as fágbáil báir ar ar scómair.”

Rug Miceál Meata ruar ar brollaí a léinead 7 duibair, “Máire, go deirín ní rágaí, ir fada ruar go scuimneógaínn ar tú liogaint amad éirí.”

“Bos tíom,” arfa Diarmuid, “bos do sruim tíom.”

“Ní bogfaí,” arfa Miceál Meata, “ní beas a bfuil cuille 7 fain-pe irí.” Bíreath donn do béic Dóinnall de éiríreath amuig. “Ní'l donne' cuille fíor,” arfa Diarmuid. “Bos tíom, a deirim leat, bos tíom;” áit ní bogfaí. Do rírac reirion é féin uad 7 do éirí de a cuir éirí 7 do léim irtead 'ran múir 7 'ran múr; do ríam amad cun Dóinnall do bí beas náí cabra 7 do rírac irtead leir é ar cúma éirí go tís an tcríais. Cuir Dóinnall i laige 'mar ar go tóiníe ar an tóiníe tír 7 do 'fan inní go ceann i bfuí. Nuair táinig ré éirí féin, duibair duine éirí leir sup éirí do buiréadair do bheir le Dia i tóad náí báit é.

All the people remained sitting for some time, and during that time the seaweed was drawing near the strand slowly and gradually. One wave came at long-last which filled the harbour up to the brim with branchy, long, red seaweed. Donal jumped to his feet, and flung himself on his hunkers down on a heap of seaweed, and was freeing it in a great fuss, when in comes another wave which went above him, and before he could think of anything (except the seaweed) it swept him clear out. He screamed and shrieked for help, but there wasn't too much haste on anybody—a thing not to be wondered at—to go at the peril of his life in order to save him.

“Let us send up for a rope to Dermot Liath's,” said Pierce Power.

“He would be drowned before one would reach half-way up,” says Paddy Buidhe.

“Put out the rake, and perhaps he would catch on to it,” says Mick Oge.

Just then, the drowning man screeched and called with erect head, and at the highest pitch of his voice, imploring aid, saying, “For God's sake and save me! save me! O men, save me! O God, I am drowned! save me, save me, oroo!” He never stopped but calling thus, as loud as he could, for he was long-winded.

“I'll go and swim out to him him,” says Dermot MacAuliffe.

“Don't,” said all the people in one voice.

“I will,” said he. “I won't be any longer looking at him there outside, dying before our very eyes.”

Meehawl Meata seized him by the bosom of his shirt, and said, “Wisha faith you won't. It is long, indeed, till I'd think of letting you out to him.”

“Let me go,” says Dermot MacAuliffe; “loose your hold of me.”

“I won't,” says Meehawl Meata; “there is enough lost, and let you stay inside.” Just then Donal screamed with a shrill shriek outside. “There's nobody lost yet,” says Dermot; “let me go, I tell you, let me go,” but he wouldn't. He tore himself from him, divested himself of his clothes, and jumped into the sea and into the seaweed, swam out to Donal, who was nearly exhausted, and dragged him with him, some way or other, to the beach. Donal fell into a faint just as he reached the dry ground, and remained in it a long time. When he came to himself, somebody said to him that he ought to

“Ná bí im boðradh,” ar reirion; “má táim rábáilte, ní ar Óia a buirdeadar, mar ní mór do bí ré im éiríam; o’fágsaó annran amuis mé go mberdinn báite, múcta, 7 ir beas an gearraduaid do cuirpead ré ar aileir, seallaim-re duit; áct berbeao buirdeas do Diaimair MacAmhlaoib, an fear glan glánta, éuaib i n-eineas a cáilte cun mé fadrad. A! a duine, má táim rábáilte,

Ní ar Óia a buirdeadar!”

SEATRÚN CÉITINN:

[Leir an Achar O Duinnín.]

Ní’l don ugdar do pinne an oiréad le Céitinn cum léigeanann ir luirgeaéct do congáil beo i mearg na n-daoineas, go mórmóir daoine leata moga. Níor b’eas sup reiríob Seatrún reanóar mó-beaéct, mó-cinnce, áct sup cuir pé le céile i n-don bolg amáin na tuairgíde do bí le fagbáil ar éirínn in na rean-leabrais. Ní raib tuairg eile le fagbáil com deas, com fuinnce ir do leat pé ar fuaid na tíre. Ní raib doinne ’n-a reoláire foáanta ná raib eolar aise ar rtdár Céitinn, ir ní raib críochuáad deanta ar reoláire i reoil go mbeas macraíail deanta aise do’n “b’fórar feara.” I mearg na dtuatac rim-plíde ní leompaó doinne amhar do cup ar an geunntar túsann Céitinn ar fagbáil na h’éireann le paríolan, ir leir an geuro eile do’n treib rin tar leas. Ní leompaó doinne réanaó sup créim-easó Saebéal Glar le naáar nime, ir sup éneapuis Maoir a éneasó ’ran éisirt le fearcaib Dé. Bíodas na daoine reabuirge o’fírinne na rgeal rain, ir bí a n-ur-móir ’n-a mbéal dea, ir ní raib d’an ná laoir gan tagairt éigin doir na móir-fairgíob ar ar tráct Céitinn. Ir dóig linn muna mbeas sup rgríobas an “fórar feara” ná beas cuimne na rean-aimpíre, ná ainmeas na rean-plaite, ná éasá na leomhan leat com abair i n-aigineas na n-daoineas ir bíodas leir-céas bliadán ó foín.

Ir fíor, go deimhín, go raib na neite reo i leabrais eile ar ar tós Seatrún ias, áct ní’l ur-móir doir na leabrais reo le fagbáil i n-don. Do cáilleamar ias, ir tá an “fórar feara” ’n-ar mearg, gan focaí, gan luir aís teapabáil uaid. Tamail ó foín ir ar éigin do bí duine uaral i gcúigeasó Mumhan ná raib a macraíail do’n “fórar feara” go ceanaíail i geomíeas aise. Bí



THE REV. PATRICK S. DINEEN

Photographed from the painting by Jack B. Yeats



return thanks to God since he was not drowned. "Don't be bothering me," says he; "if I am saved, God is not to be thanked for it, for 'tisn't much He was in my care; He would leave me there outside till I'd be drowned and suffocated, and it is little it would affect Him, I assure you; but I will be thankful to Dermot MacAuliffe, the good, decent man, who in the face of his being lost went to save me. Why, man alive, if I am saved,

God is not to be thanked for it!"

GEOFFREY KEATING.

Extract from "Irish Prose," by Rev. PATRICK S. DINEEN.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent, and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips, and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written, the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time

ré aḡ na daoineib boḡta éom maíḡ leir na huairlib. Iḡ cuimín linn féin fíḡeadóir boḡt do maíḡ i nlaḡtar Ċarrpaíḡe, náḡ mór i tceannta doḡain na hoíḡe do bí 'n-a feíḡ, do ḡairbeáin dom a maḡramail do Ċéitinn go ceanaḡail, caḡta i linn-éaḡaḡ, iḡ ḡan toul aḡ páirḡe bḡeíḡ aḡ, ná oíḡḡáil aḡ bit do tḡeanaḡ tḡ. Ba ḡeall le leaḡar naomḡa é aḡ a mear, iḡ níor oíḡmaoin do bí an leaḡar pain, maḡ iḡ blaḡta epainn do bí tuairḡs aḡ ḡaḡ leaḡanaḡ de i ḡceann an fíḡeadóir, aḡur ba tḡeacair áiteam aḡ go paib focaḡ aḡt fíḡinne 'ḡan méíḡ do ḡḡríoḡ Céitinn aḡ fenniuḡ fear-ḡaḡ, aḡ ḡaḡtolan, iḡ an éur eile aḡa. Tá cuimíne Ċéitinn fḡr i mearḡ daoinead náḡ léiḡ, iḡ ná feacaíḡ maíḡ a éur paḡaíḡ. Iḡ tḡíḡ leir a lán go paib oḡaíḡeacḡ éiḡin aḡ an nḡuine, nó ḡur ó neam do ḡáinḡ ré cum cunnḡar aḡ fean do ḡaḡaíḡ oíḡinn. Ní mór an t-ionḡnaḡ ḡur éreíḡ na daoine náḡ oíḡne daonna Seatrún. Do tḡreíḡ ḡallḡa do b'eaḡ é, aḡt 'n-a oíḡaíḡ rin bí ré iḡir *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*. Caḡoiliceaḡ ó éḡoíḡeíḡmaḡ, ḡaḡaḡ, Doḡtúir Oíḡaḡaḡa do b'eaḡ é. Fear léiḡeannḡa i laíḡin iḡ i leaḡaíḡ na n-áíḡeacḡ do b'eaḡ é, iḡ caíḡ ré a lán tḡa faḡḡal 'ḡan bḡpaine: aḡt 'nuair tḡ'fíll ré a baile tḡḡ ré é féin ḡuar aḡ faḡ tḡobaíḡ na hCaḡlaíḡe le oíḡḡaíḡ ionḡantaíḡ ḡur cuíḡeaḡ ḡuaḡaíḡ ḡeaḡa aḡ, iḡ ḡur b'éiḡean tḡ toul i bḡolaḡ i ḡcumar oíḡib i nḡleann Caḡaḡlaḡ. Iḡ é an ḡud iḡ ionḡantaíḡe i mbeaḡaíḡ Seatrún go bḡuaíḡ ré uain iḡ caoi aḡ na leaḡaíḡ do tḡaḡḡuḡ uáíḡ i ḡeóir a feanáíḡ, do baíḡuḡaḡ an faíḡ do bí fán iḡ ḡuaḡaíḡ aḡ. Do fíḡaíḡ ré go Connaḡḡaíḡ iḡ go Doíḡe, aḡt ní mór do mear do bí aḡ fearaíḡ Ulaḡ ná aḡ Connaḡḡaíḡ aḡ. I ḡeíonn tḡrí nó ceatáir do Ulaḡḡantaíḡ bí an “ḡoḡur feara” go léir curḡa i ḡceann a éíḡle aḡḡe (1631). Do ḡḡríoḡ ré fḡr tḡa leaḡar oíḡaḡ, “Ceḡaíḡ ḡḡaḡ an áíḡḡinn,” aḡur “Tḡrí Uíḡ-ḡaḡaíḡe an Uáíḡ.”

Oáḡa an “ḡoḡaíḡ feara,” coḡnuíḡeann ré ó'n bḡríḡḡoḡaḡ, iḡ taḡann anuaḡ go 1200. Tá ré lán do fean-ḡannaíḡ i n-a mbailiḡ-ḡear áinmeaḡa na oḡreab do ḡáinḡ go hÉíḡinn, iḡ i n-a ḡeíḡḡeap le éíḡle na hÉaḡḡa do baíḡ leo. Tá a bḡuíl i bḡpḡr de, leir, annḡo iḡ annḡúḡ mḡḡḡa le áinmeaḡaíḡ taḡíḡeaḡ iḡ fláíḡ iḡ a ḡeḡaḡ ḡeíḡealaḡ. Níor ceap Seatrún aon nḡó ó n-a meabáíḡ féin; ḡaḡ a oḡuḡann ré oíḡinn—na ḡḡeálḡa, na heaḡḡaíḡe, na ḡaḡá-ḡaíḡ, na hÉaḡḡa aḡ muíḡ iḡ aḡ tḡr—fuaíḡ ré íaḡ go léir i feanleabḡaíḡ do bí fá mear aḡ oíḡamḡaíḡ iḡ fáíḡib. Ní ḡunne ré aḡt íaḡ do cup le éíḡle iḡ tḡaonḡuḡaḡ. Tá mbeaḡ ré aḡ áíḡ-ḡḡríoḡaḡ na neíḡeaḡ rin i nḡu, aḡur a aḡḡeacḡ lán do léiḡeann na haíḡḡíḡe reo, ní'ḡ tḡeapḡaḡ ná go ḡeíḡḡeaḡ ré a lán oíḡó i leaḡ-ḡaíḡ, do bḡíḡ ná baíḡeann fíḡa le fíḡ-feanáḡ. Aḡt do

back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry, who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity, a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole "Forus Feasa" within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, "The Key-Shield of the Mass" and "The Three Shafts of Death."

As regards "The Forus Feasa," it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there overcrowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself; what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and *seers*. All he has

repiob ré an “Fópur Feapa” tá geall le trí céad bliadhán ó foin, agus ní mionsaib ná maib an oipead sain amhair i ucaib fírinne na n-éadé ro an trát sain. Agus ir mar an gcéadna atá an rgeal as tíoréib eile: Tá a lán éadé ir eadépa i reanear na Rómá do épeo na Rómánais go hiomlán i n-aimrii bipsil ir Oibio—ná fuit ionnta déc úir rgealta na bfeilead. Ar an nór gcéadna ní géilleann don rgealápe anoir d’éadéib hengir ir hópá agus dá leitéoiróib d’eadépaib i reanear na bpeatame:

Adc ’n-a diaib rin, ní ceap a deapmao go mbíonn bunadap fírinne inr na rgealtáib reo do gnat. Níor éum na pílre rgeal ar uáir san deallraim éigin do beic air—*nec fingunt omnia Crete*—ciot go gcuirtear leir i mte na mbliadhán, i upeo ná haicneodáiré é pá deipead. B’ole an bail ar trí ná beic úir-rgealta do’n tragar sain cuinnighe ir meapgea trío a cuio reanear. Ba éomápa é ná maib pite ná fáir le rinreapáib i meap a daoinead, ir náir móir aca a cáil ná a glóir.

Ir álainn an díon-bpóllac a cuipéann Seachtúin le n-a “Fópur Feapa.” O teadé an dapa hénri anall éugainn ir moine, níor gab for ná ruaimnear na huáoir Sasannais déc as eir ríor bpeaga ir rgealta aicpe ar ar nuútear. Giorroio de Dappa, Stanhupre, Camden, Hanmer, ir an treab sain uile—ní maib uata déc rinne do eir pá éoir ar uáir, ir ó teip rin opea, rinne do marluagó i ráréaib fallra. Agus tar eir ar bpeapann do baic uinn, ba bpeaguisge ir ba tapéapnighe do bíodar ’ná ruam. Do tug Seachtúin fúta ’ran díon-bpóllac le fuinneam ir le feipis. Do ptoil ré ar a éile an páiméir marluighead do eir an Dappaé ’n-a leabap, níor fás ré puinn do Stanhupre san réabab, ir tpiom é turpains a láimhe ar Camden ir ar Spenser. Go deimín ir geall le gairgíreac móir éigin é—le Coin Cúlainn nó Aicill—a cuio airin gléapta ’n-a láimh, éadé pláca ó mullac cinn go tpiogéib air, ir é as gabáil le víogáir ir le dian-feipis ar na daoineib beaga ro do deapbuis éitead i geoinnib a uútear, ir do marluig a muinncear. Dá mbead ré ar maipcean i ntiu, tabap-pad ré paobar bata uor na reanearóib atá anoir pá móir-meap, ar fíoude ir ar illac Amblaom, ir ar Hume.

Adc ré ’n-a díon-bpóllac:—

“Ní’l rtaipde dá rgríobann ar éipinn naé as iarpáir loéta agus toibéime do tabairt do rean-áalláir agus do ádebealaib bío; bíot a fiathuire rin ar an teip do beir Cambpenrip, Spenser, Stanhupre, Hanmer, Camden, Dapclíó, Moripon, Dabir, Campion, agus gac nuad-áall eile dá rgríobann uipce o

done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote "The Forus Feasa" almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other countries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. "The Cretans even do not invent all they say"—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognise it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his "Forus Feasa." From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanihurst, Camden, Hanmer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia* with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanihurst that he did not rend to bits; heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia*:—

"There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not

roin amac, ionnup supabé nór beagnac an pñompolláin do gñíó as rsgíobad ar Éireannaicib . . : : ir é do gñíó enomad ar béarab fo-úaoinead asur eallleac mbeas n-úir-íreal ar otabairt maic-gñíom na n uaral i nbearmad, asur an méio a baineas iur na rean-šaebealaib do bí as áitiugad an oileán reo ma ngabáitair na rean-šaili,” 7c.

Ir minic a goirtear an Herodotus šaebealac ar Seatpún, asur ir deimhin sup mór a bfuil do córmaitleac eacortá araon. Tá eaint Seatpún deap, rimpliúe, milir-briatrac, map éaint “Átar an tSeanáir.” Séanair araon baot-foeail, neamh-briogmápa, neamh-íarúmeamla, acé ’n-a n-ionad acá fuinneamh ir tatáe i ngac line dá ráráitib. Cuipio araon irteac na húir-rséalta baineas le n-a uáir, gan amhar do cúir ar a bfuinne. U’é Herodotus an éeao ráráirde do cúir reanár na nšpéigeac i n-easair ir i gepuineas, asur eioð sup b’raoa ’n-a úair do rsgíob ré, u’é Céitinn an éeao reanárde o’órouis ir do éeartuis i plaéc, ir i n-easair reanár na nšaebeal. Do bain na filíde—na špéigis ir na Románaig—á lán ar ráráitib Herodotus, asur ’ran guma géeona eus Céitinn innbeas a nócain doir na filírib šaebealac, o’áoagán ua Rátaille, do šeagán Clárac Mac Domnáil, ir o’eošan Ruad. Acé ní feicimíó uiošair i otaob na fíunne, ná fearš eum namáo a éipe ar an nšpéagac: bíonn ré eium, roeair, réim i gcomnuirde i mears rárá ir úir-rséil, *et quidquid Grecia mendax audet in historiis*, acé ní léisfead an šaebealac puinne do éeart ná do éail a éipe le n-a dears namáo.

Obair léigeannta, doimhin ir ead “Táir Bior-šaoite an Úair,” lán do rmuaintib úiaoa ir do máctnamh íarúmeamla ar an beacair óaonna, ir ar a épióc. Ir ionganac ar éós ré ar rean-uštarab ir ar oibreacab na naom, asur ir blarta tá an obair ar fao roinnite i leabhair asur i n-alcab. Acé ir trom, lairineamail an éaint acá ann ó cúir go uéiread, bíó go bfuil rí larta ruar annpo ir annpúo le ršéal beas špéannmair map an eacétra pain ar “Mac Reccan.”

Obair an-léigeannta i nuaóacé ir i nóranab na nCaglaire ir ead “Eocair šgiac an Áirpinn.” Mí léir uúinn don uštar eite cúirear an oiread pain do éuairpš ar neitib baineas leir an Áirpeann, eom beacé, eom einnite rin i leabair dá méio. Acé ’n-a éeannta pain, tá an éaint eom rimpliúe, eom špéannnta, eom binn, eom briogmair pain, gan laot-foealab ná íarútib earta sup purapšre o’aoinneac é léigead sup i ntiu.

endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hanmer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle . . . This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting the illustrious actions of the nobility and everything relating to old Irish who were the inhabitants of this island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan ORahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with astonishing fulness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mac Reccan."

"The Key-Shield of the Mass" is a work of great learning in theology and in Church ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled

Ó aimhir Céitinn anuas níor fgníobad a lán do phór buna-
dara. Do cuirtead dóibh eadtráide le déile agus rsealta ar
gníomharthaib aca, agus ní mór 'n-a tceannta rian. Do luis-
eadaib na huathair Gaediala a rianna do nárzailt, ir ba
mílir, doibinn a fcuio dán ir amháin.

Sóir nó fíar ir fearr an baile—An Cneamhaire.

(le h-úna ní fáirceallais.)

Ní raib an rinnceóir ead i bfa ar riubal nuair fleannuis an
Cneamhaire amac uata a san-fíor oíth.

Suar an capán leir as déanaí ar taobh na n-ailltreac do'n
oileán. Thiomáin ré air go dtí go raib ré ar bair na tuíca.
Do rtao ré annrin. Sé gur érean láirib an fear é, do bí an
aoir as ceannad go daingean air, 7 níor mírde dó a ríit do
leigean.

Bhí an gealaí go hárd 'ra rreir, agus do b'féirib an t-oileán
agus an fáirre d'féirib go glan roiléir.

Do b'áluinn ciúin an t-amair do bí or a coimair amac, aet
iríis i gcóirde an tfean-fir do bí anfa ar riubal. B'amlaí
nár airis ré a coim fear ir do fáirleis an doim i n-a timéoil.
Ní raib a fíor aet as Dia amáin cao do bí 'gá fuatao.

Chraic ré a lámha or eionn a éinn, agus doibair or áro:

"Liom féin ir ead é! Liom-ra amáin! Ní fuil éan-baint as
tuine ar bit eile leir. D'iocar go maic ar—go dian-maic!"

Ar afaí leir arir as riubal agus as rir-riubal, oíreac ir dá
mbéad 'n-a aighead rtoirir a éiríde do laíruagad ar an nóir
roin.

Níor b'faoa dó as imtead mar rin go dtí go raib ré i ngar
do na hailtreacáib:

Annroin do rtao ré go hobann, mar ba dóis leir go gualair
ré gut tuine éigin: Chuir ré cluar le héirtead air féin, agus
do b'amlaí d'éir asad o'ampir go raib ré einnte 'n-a taobh.
Gut mná as caoi do b'ead é, san gó.

Ar mbreathnugad dó ar an áir ar a tóainis an fuaim, ba léir
dó, rgaatá beas uair, tuine éigean leagta leir an gclairde.

Thuir ré leir an áir, agus o'airis ré san moill gur b'i Máire
bhán do bí ann roime.

Ní raib a fíor aic tuine ná daonraide do beir i n-a haice,
agus do fáiré rí le neart rgeóin nuair do leas ré a lám ar a
ceann.

expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating's time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.

EAST, WEST, HOME'S BEST.

FROM "AN CNEAMHAIRE."

By UNA NI FHAIRCHEALLAIGH.

(Miss Agnes O'Farrelly.)

THE dancing had not long begun when the Cneamhaire slipped out unnoticed.

Up the path he went towards the cliff side of the island. Still onwards until he was on the top of the height. He paused there. Though a strong, stout man, age was pressing on him, and he had, perforce, to rest.

The moon was high in the sky, and the island and the sea could be plainly seen. The scene before him was beautiful and calm, but within the heart of the old man a storm was raging. Thus it was he did not notice how beautiful the world seemed about him. God only knew what was oppressing him.

He waved his arms above his head and spoke aloud:

"It is my own! Mine alone! Nobody else has any claim to it. I paid well for it—right well."

On he went again, walking, ever walking, just as if he had it in his mind thus to subdue the storm in his heart.

He was not long walking at that rate until he drew near to the cliffs.

Then he stopped suddenly, for he thought he heard somebody's voice. He set himself to listen, and after a short space of time he was certain of it. The voice of a woman crying, that it was, without doubt.

When he looked towards the place whence the sound came he saw clearly somebody leaning against the fence.

He drew near, and perceived at once that it was Máire Bhán who was there before him.

“Ná corruis, a leanair. Ná bíod fairsdear ort, éor ar bit!”

Ní dubhairt Máire focal, agus seo ar aghaid é le n-a cúro cainte.

“Ní ceart duit, a Mháire, a ródair, beir amuis i n-donraic 7 an oíche atá ann. Tá an comhluadar ag fairsdeacht leat ‘ra scir-din.”

Ní meafad éinneas sup b’é an Cneamhaire do bí ag caint.

“Ué! a Shéamair! an tura atá ann? Ná bac liom! Cailtí mé leisint dom’ cúro bhróin. Déad níor fearr dá bárr i gceann tamail.”

“Aé dubhadair liom, a Mháire, sup tú réin ar cionntaé leir an turar 7 an airdear seo. Tuise naé bhranpá ag do mádar ‘ra mbailé 7 ag Peadar fáda!”

“Tuise, a n-ead? tá fáct go leór leir, muir, aé cia an maist beir ag caint anoir?” Ar an toirt, do fíl na deóra léici 7 érom rí ar sul ariir.

Níor cúir an Cneamhaire irtead uirri an fáro do lean rí ar beir ag caoi, aé nuair d’éirí rí níor ciúine ar ball d’fairsruiis ré tí cia an fáct tí beir ag imteacht ar éireann.

“Ná ceit orim éin-éad do’n fíunne” ar’ reirean ra deoir. “Cao faoi ndeara go bfuil tú ag imteacht uainn?”

“Do bhrí go bfuil earbair aigrí orim” ar’ an cailín boét.

“An t-airgead! an t-airgead!” ar’ an Cneamhaire go neam-foirdeach, “S é an rgeal céadna é i gcomhairle; aé bíod ‘fíor agat, a cailín, go bfuil a lán ruadai ‘ra domhan níor fearr i bfaot ‘ná an t-airgead réin.”

Ní tug Máire freagra ar bit air, do bí an oirgead roin iongan-tair uirri.

“Nac bfuil Peadar agat!” ar’ reirean “agus naé leór duit é rin?”

“Tá—Peadar—agam; ir fíor duit, é, “Arfa Máire i ndeir-ead na dálaé, “Aé—ní tuigim tú. Nac bfuil túil agat réin ‘ran airgead? Gabaim pároúin agat, a Shéamair; ní ‘gá éarad leat atáim, éor ar bit.”

“Ní fíul focal bhríge ann, a ingean ó. Ir móir i mo túil ‘ran airgead le leat-céad bliadan, aé ní raib an rgeal mar rin agam riam. Bhí lá eile agam Bhí mé ós 7 bíor i ngráó com maist leat-ra, 7 b’féoir níor doimne ‘ná mar atáir-re. Bhíor boét, 7 bí ríre boét, freirín. D’fágbair mo céad rlan aici 7 do baili-gear liom go haimpeiricá le capnán aigrí do éur ar muin a céile 7 le bean uaral do déanam dom’ rreir-bean. D’imtigear liom ríar sup fíroidear lartair na Stát ndontuighe. Chaitgear roinnt bliadanta ann 7 d’éirí an raogal liom go geal. Ir

She did not know that there was man or mortal near her, and she started in affright when he laid his hand on her head:

"Do not stir, child. Don't be the least afraid."

Máire did not say a word, and he proceeded:

"It is not right for you, Máire a stóir, to be out alone this night. The company are watching for you in the kitchen."

Nobody would think it was the Cneamhaire who was talking.

"Och! Séamas! Is it you that is in it? Don't mind me! I must give way to my sorrow. I shall be the better of it after a little."

"But they told me, Máire, that it is you yourself are accountable for this journey. Why would you not stay at home with your mother and with Peadar Fada?"

"Why is it? There is plenty of reason for it; but what is the use of talking now?" Her tears fell on the moment and she began to cry again.

The Cneamhaire did not disturb her whilst she wept, but when she grew calmer by-and-by, he asked her why she was leaving Ireland.

"Don't conceal one scrap of the truth from me," he said at last. "What is the cause of your leaving us?"

"Because I am in want of money," said the poor girl.

"Money! money!" said the Cneamhaire impatiently. "The same story always; but know, girl, that there are plenty of things in the world better far even than money."

Máire was so surprised that she did not answer him.

"Have you not Peadar," he said, "and is not that enough for you?"

"I have—Peadar—it is true for you," said Máire at long last; "but—I don't understand you. Don't you yourself care for money? Forgive me, Séamus; it is not upraising you with it I am at all."

"There is not a word of lie in it, girl. I have been eager for money for the past fifty years; but it was not so with me always. I was once otherwise. I was young, and I was in love as well as you. I was poor, and she was poor also. I bade her a long farewell, and I took myself off to America to put some money together, and to make my sweetheart a lady. I moved on till I reached the west of the United States. I spent some years there, and the world throve with me. I used seldom get a letter from Ireland, except, now and again, a couple of words from her, to say she was well, or the like of that.

Once, a year went by, and never a word from her. I could

annam a geibinn leitiú ó Éirinn aet amáin cúpla focal anoir 7 aipir uaiti-pean 'sá pád go raib rí go maí, agus a leitéirí rin.

"Don uair amáin éuaib bliadain earainn 7 san focal asam uaiti. Níor b'féidir liom a fúlans beic san tuairis uirri, 7 ó tápla an t-am rin go raib ponnit maí aipis 7 ocairis asam, eus mé asaró ar an mbaile aipir. Oe? mo léan géar ir mo lomaó luain! ní raib iomam aet a huais. 'San uais éaona cuiread na comuiprain uilis nae móir, bliadain na gopta. Sáit-eaó irteaé le éile iao 7 n-éan-poll amáin.

"Ó a Ohia na nspáta! í as fasbáil báir leir an ocpas ar éaib an bótair 7 mire i bpaó uaiti 7 san rmeapóio eólaip asam ar a cár! Sipe san ruo le cup 7 n-a beal aici 7 mire éall 7 n-dimeipocá, mo póca lán go beal o'airgead."

Do famluis éadon an tfean-fir go míltead fa folas na geat-aisge. O'iompuis pé uaiti beasán 7 érom pé ar amare amac ear an bpaipise ó éuaib:

Uní a fíor as Máire go raib pé as éeanam mapanta ar uais níoir bliadna na goptan éuar 7 sCondae Mhuigeó 7 níoir leis rí focal ar láir. Í n-a leabair rin, ir amlaib go ruis rí ar láim aipir. O'airis rí fuar san bpiis san fuinneam í:

Uní an eailín as bailléiré aet ní fuact na hoirde fa nveara é. Níor b'é an Cneamairé do bí or a comair aet taibbre o'airis éuici ar laeteanntaib a oise.

"A Shéamair boict! a Shéamair boict!" ar' ríre or írealt. Níor éuir an pean-fear éan-tfaim innit, aet o'fan pé as amare amac do éaib an Ohá Dheinn Oéas san corraige ar.

Uníodar mar rin ar fead tamail maí aipir.

"B'féidir supab é an fát go bfuil dúil asam 'ran aipgead," ar' an Cneamairé fa éeiread, "sup íocar éom daor rin ar. Bíonn an t-airgead mar fuil or comair mo dá fúil—go deap, go deap 7 scomhairde. Ir mar rin a éim-pe é."

Do érom Máire a ceann fíor 7 póg rí a láim. O'airis Séamar deór as tuicim léiti.

Uníodar aiaon 7 n-a ocopt go ceann tamail.

"Ní imteóga ar an oileán, éor ar bit," ar' Máire go haibré.

"Ní imteóga tú, an n-eaó? An é rin a n-abpánn tú? Aet an ocairgeann tú n-a éeart méad na boctanaécta a beap as goill-eaó oit anpao, má fanair?"

"Ní fuil duine 'ra éoman a tuigeannr níor fearr 'ná mire éom érom 7 a bíonnr an ganntar 7 an boctanaéct as sabáil do muinntir ápánn—aet 'n-a éiaib rin féim fanpaó 'ra mbaile 7 n-ainm Oé."

not bear to be without tidings of her, and since it happened, that time, that I had a good deal of money saved, I faced for home. Och! my sharp sorrow and my lasting woe! I found only her grave before me. In the same grave nearly all the neighbours were buried, the famine year. They were all cast into the one hole."

"Oh! God of Grace! she dying with hunger by the side of the road, and I far from her, without a gleam of knowledge as to her state! She without anything to put in her mouth, and I beyond in America, my pocket chock-full with money!"

The face of the old man looked wan in the light of the moon. He turned from her a little and gazed out over the sea to the north.

Máire knew that he was thinking deeply of the big grave of the famine year up in County Mayo, and she never let slip a word. Instead, she took hold of his hand. She felt it cold and nerveless and clammy.

The girl was trembling, but not from the coldness of the night. It was not the Cneamhaire who was before her, but a ghost which came to her from the days of his youth.

"Poor Séamas! poor Séamas!" she said softly. The old man did not heed her, but continued to look towards the Twelve Pins without ever stirring.

Thus they remained for a long while.

"Perhaps the reason I have such a desire for money," said the Cneamhaire at last, "is because I paid for it so dearly. Money is like blood before my two eyes—red, red, always. That is how I see it."

Máire bent her head and kissed his hand. Séamas felt a tear falling from her.

They were both silent for a time.

"I shall not leave the island at all," said Máire hastily.

"You will not go, is it, Is that what you say? But do you rightly understand the greatness of the poverty that will weigh on you if you stay?"

"There is no one in the world understands better than I do how heavy want and poverty lie on the people of Aran; but, even so, I shall stay at home, with the help of God."

"It is well," said the Cneamhaire.

* * * * *

The next morning the island folk went eastwards, one by

“Tá go maí,” ar’ an Cneamáire.”

* * * * *

Ar maidin lá ar n-a báraé éuaðdar muinntear an oileáin i n-oidiú a céile roir go dtí an ránán. Uí na curacá i gcóir eum na gcailíní do bí le dul tar lear do bheir ar boró an long-sháile.

“Tuige go bfuil tura as caoinead?” arfaí deardar fáda nuair d’áiríodh Máire. Uí na gcailíní a gcailíní maí le cá. “Ír muirne a bheir as caoinead in do díad.”

“Táim as caoinead i n-oidiú na gcailíní atá ar tí imteacht, uainn,” arfaí Máire.

“An dá ríar atá tú, a Máire? ‘Ar n-ó,’ ní ceart duit beir as fonnáir fúm inoiu i ualaé ar mo éirí.”

“Ní as déanaim fonnáir” fúit atáim, muir. Tá m’inntinn rocair asam ar fannat leat, eibé boct fadóir tú, nó eibé an fáir a caiteam beir as fiteam le n-a céile.”

Ní éiríodh deardar a éuaí fém.

“Ír as mazaí fúm atá tú, tá mé as ceapad.”

“Ní head go deimín! Ní déanaim a leicéir ort ar an domán.”

“Ceiríom tú anoir, muir. Áet ní tuigim an ríad éir ar bí. Cao a tuig ort an t-áiríodh inntinn’ reo?”

“Áiríodh a bí asam aréir, a pheardar, nó bhuigléir, mar acaíatá. Shaoilear go raib tura ír’ fann-fear éiríodh fann-fann i do gcaíad ná gcaíad d’éinne’ i do éiríodh. Uí tú ír’ iarfáir compoíamail ann. Uí mire éirí ameiríodh, clóca ríodh oim i hata gléir go deir le ríodh asur a leicéir eile, áiríodh mo d’áiríodh im’ ríarán asam i ‘é uile éineál maoin’ im’ fíle. Uíor-ra as gcaíat fann an bóirí i n-aice na ríodh’ i mé as teacht a baile. Carad dam annrín tú, áet níor áirín tú mé, éir ar bí.”

“Mire Máire Uí na, áiríodh leat.

“Ní tú,” arfaí tura go fannad; ‘ní tú go deimín. Uí Máire—mo Máire íe—i n-a eil n-ó fannáir, asur cao mar fannáir ort-ra? Sean-dean poíamail fannáir tú atá cóiríodh meiríodh i n-óiríodh ríodh. Ní tura Máire go deimín.”

“D’fannáir ríodh i bpoil uirge a bí tairíodh liom i do b’ éirín an éiríodh uiríodh d’áiríodh mé fém aoríodh fannáir; bí an ceart asat.

“Ír mire Máire Uí na, áiríodh aríodh.

“D’fannáir tú oim annrín ríodh an dá fíle i an fáir a bíor mar don leat níor éirí tú do fíle díom.

“Ír amláir áiríodh tú,” arfaí tura, ‘áet ní éiríodh tú—ní tura an Máire a tairíodh fannáir bí fáir ó. Thíor’ fann ríodh úiríodh b’fannáir

one, towards the slip. The curachs were ready to bring the girls who were going abroad on board the steamer.

"Why are you 'caoining'?" said Peadar Fada, when Máire Bhán raised her voice like the others. "It is we who shall be 'caoining' after you."

"I am 'caoining' for the girls who are about to leave us," said Máire.

"Are you serious, Máire? In troth, it is not right for you to make fun of me to-day and a load on my heart."

"It is not making fun of you I am, maiseadh. I have my mind made up to stay with you, whether you are rich or poor, or however long we must wait for each other."

Peadar would not believe his own ears.

"It is making fun of me you are, I am thinking."

"It is not indeed! I would not do the like on you for the world."

"I believe you now, indeed! But I don't understand the story a bit. What caused you this change of mind?"

"A vision I had last night, Peadar, or a dream, as you might say. I thought that you had become an old, contrary man, without energy in your limbs, or love to anyone in your heart. You were a comfortable fisherman here. I had come back from America. I had a silk cloak on me, and a hat beautifully decked with ribbons and such like things, with plenty of money in my purse and every kind of means in my possession. You were going up the lane near the graveyard when I was on my way home. I met you there, but you did not recognise me at all."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said. 'You are not,' you replied angrily; 'not you, indeed. Máire—my Máire—was a fine young girl; and what about you? A proud, ugly, old woman, titivated like a peacock in silken rags! You are not Máire Bhán indeed.'"

"I looked down in a pool of water beside me, and that was the first time I noticed myself old and ugly. You were right."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said again.

"You looked at me then between the two eyes, and as long as I was with you you did not lift your eyes from me.

"'So you say, but I don't believe,' you said. 'You are not the Máire I loved long ago. Down in the graveyard yonder I would rather her to be than to resemble you now. I don't know you at all.' And saying that, you went off. I was

liom i 'beit 'ná beit mar tura anoir. Ní aithníim tú éor ar bit.' Agus 'sá rábó rin, ar go bráe leat. Bhíor fásta im' donarán go brónaé. Sin i an bhionglóir a bí aham. Nac airt-eac é ?”

“Ní fuil tú ió' rean-bean fóir, a rúin! Do b'ághmarac an bhionglóir daim-ra í, cibé rgeal é. Agus, an n-abrann tú, a Mháire, gur bhionglóir a tug ort fanacht 'ra mbaile ?”

Níor méar Máire gur éapit ví rgeal an Chneamháire o'innrínt san ceao aici uairé. Mar rin adubairt rí :—

“É rin agus ruarí eile.”

“Buirdeacur móir do Ohia,” arsa Peadar.

* * * * *

“Nac móir an t-iongantur nac mbéiteá as brait le do díol mná 'fagbáil ?” adubairt aair pheadair leir cúpla lá i n-a díaró rin. “Nac deas dactamail an cailín i Máire Chatac, in-Sean na baintreabaiže tiar i gCionn an Bhaile ?”

Chuir Peadar cluar le héirteacé airt féin. Dá mba gur tuic an grian anuar ar an rreír ní cuirteacé ré níor mó iongantur airt

Ní raib ré i n-innim oireac le focal do rábó.

“Tá ré i n-am do Cháit, rreirín, cur fúit i n-áit ví féin. Ní racacó beirt máizirtear le céile i n-éin-teac amáin. Cao é do méar ar Mhac Uí Ohonnacáda. Ní fuil fóir talman aize, acé mar rin féin, 'ar noó', ir breas láirir an buacail é. Daoine macánta a b'eacó iao a rreacé rinnirí ríomhe.”

Níor féac Peadar focal do cur ar, agus níor tuiz ré rraio na ceirte cuize 'ná ar éan-éor. Go deimín, níor tuiz acé an oireac le ceap bróize, mar adéaracá, acé dá mbíor ré do láirir 'ra reomra beas taobh tiar do'n éiróin rgeacám beas i n-a díaró rin ír dóca go dcuirteacé ré an t-ionplán go dianmáit. Ír rean-focal é, agus ír fíor, go dcuirbeánann rraicínín rreó na gaoite.

Ar bail nuair do bí an t-aor ós tíor ar an Muirbeac, reo é an Cneamháire irteac cum acar pheadair agus mála aize i n-a láim.

Seo é as tarraing lán a gláice do píoráib óir amac ar an mála, agus as áiream rí píro punnt ar an gclár or a comair, agus reo é fóir 'sá rábó, agus é as féacain go glinn gcar ar an bfeair eile :

“Ní cuiréir Tomár Sheagáin Ruaróirí barr a méire ralaiže ar mo cúir airtio go deó. Dar rábó, ní cuiréir. Ír do'n ghráb agus do'n óize acáim 'sá acubairt.

left alone, deserted and in sadness. That is the dream I had. Is it not strange?"

"You are not an old woman yet, a ruin! It was a lucky dream for me anyhow. And, do you say, Máire, that it was a dream caused you to stay at home?"

Máire did not think herself justified in telling the Cneamhaire's story without leave from him; so she answered:

"That and other things."

"Great thanks be to God!" said Peadar.

* * * * *

"Isn't it a great wonder you wouldn't be looking out to get a wife to suit you," said Peadar's father to him a couple of days later. "Isn't Máire Chatach, the daughter of the widow over in Cronn-an-Bhaile, a nice, good-looking girl?"

Peadar set himself to listen. If the sun fell down out of the sky it would not surprise him more. He was unable to say as much as a word.

"It is time for Cáit, too, to settle down in a place of her own. Two mistresses would not go well together in one house. What do you think of young Mac Donnchadha? He has not a sod of land, but, even so, he is a fine, strong boy. Honest people they were, his seven generations before him."

Peadar could not get out a word, and he did not understand the state of the question at all. In truth, he did not, any more than a shoemaker's last, as one might say; but if he were present in the little room beyond the kitchen afterwards, it is likely that he would understand the whole matter right well. It is an old proverb, and it is a true one, which says that a straw shows how the wind blows.

By-and-by, when the young people were down in the muirbheach, the Cneamhaire comes in to Peadar's father and a bag in his hand.

He draws the full of his hand of gold pieces from the bag, and counting out sixty pounds on the table before him, he says, looking steadily and sharply at the other man:

"Tomás Sheaghán Ruaidhri will never put the top of his dirty finger on my money. By heavens, he'll not. It is to love and to youth I am giving it."

AN UAIÍM.

SIOGA AR AN “NĠIOBLACÁN.”

(ŪIRRGÉAL LE TOMÁR O N-DOGA.)

Ūiŋ aŋ réacaint timceall oġm an fáio do bí ré aŋ caint, aŋ bpeactnuŋaŋ ar an reompa aŋur an éaoi 'n-a ŋaib ré curta le éeile aŋur 'ŋá fíarpuige im' aigneao réin cá bfuair ré na rúŋáin ar fao nuair toubairt ré :

“Tá tú aŋ déanaí ionŋantair dem' teaglac aŋur dem' aicill-ídeact. Ilác deap-lámác an duine me?”

“'Seao, ar m' focal; aet cá bfuair na rúŋáin ŋo léir? aŋur má'r uaií atá annro, ar nŋóis ní ŋaib éin-éaal leir an mbotán ro i n-éan-éor.”

“Inneorao mipe ŋuit ar ball; aet an mb'ait leat an uaií ar fao ŋ' feircint?”

“Ū'ait liom,” arpa mipe, “aet tá ré ró-luaé fó'r an éor do éur fúm.”

“Ní'l, ploc,” ar reirean, “éom faoa ip tá ré reo aŋat,” aŋur éos ré maive cpoire ó'n ŋcúinne aŋur fín ré éuŋam é.

“Raŋamaoro amaé ŋo fóill ŋo bfeiciró tú mo ríogaet-fa ar fao,” ar ré.

“Aet cá bfuair an maive cpoire?” arpa mipe leir.

“Cuirear le éeile i an fáio do bí tú íŋ' éoŋlaŋ. ŋab i leir annro anoir aŋur tabair aipe do'n éor.”

Éos ré an tŋillreán ó'n mbóro aŋur ŋ' orŋail ré doŋar beaŋ taoŋ leir an teallac aŋur éuaŋmar aŋaon írteaé. Ní faea mé a leicéio de ŋaŋar é ó'n lá ŋuŋaŋ me ŋo ŋc'í ŋin aŋur ní faea mé ŋaŋar mar é ó ŋoin. Ūi an reómpa beaŋ téanta ŋo ŋipeac ŋlan ar an ŋcaoi éeatoa i ŋaib an ceann eile, aet do bí ré lionta ŋuar ŋo ŋc'í an doŋar le harmaib de ŋac cineál, aŋur bíŋoar ŋo léir éom ŋlan aŋur éom ŋoillreac ŋoin ip ŋur baíneaŋar an ŋaŋar éiom, naé móŋ, nuair do éuaŋar írteaé ar ŋcúr. Ūiŋoar ar cpoéao aige ŋr cionn a éeile ar na ballaib éart timceall an tpeómpa éom faoa ip b'féioir leir rúŋe ŋ' fáŋail éóib—ŋunná ŋearpa aŋur píoŋtail ŋo leór, aŋur a lán de élaíŋmciŋ aŋur de baíŋeiciŋ—aŋur bí curto eile aea cŋuaceta i nŋróŋánaib ar an ŋrlar. Ūi ŋirnéir beaŋ, inneóin aŋur ŋirlirí ŋabann i ŋcúinne, aŋur binnre aŋur ŋirlirí ríuínéara i ŋcúinne eile. Ūi an fear aŋur an áit aŋ éirúŋe níŋor airtúŋe ŋac éan-nóimint.

“Ír éóis liom ŋo bŋuilm fá ŋŋaŋíŋeact,” arpa mipe, nuair do éóŋar lán mo fúl dé'n tpeómpa.

“Ní'lip, maire, i n-éan-éor,” arpa an “ŋioblacán.”

THE CAVERN.

From the Novel "An Gioblachán," by Tomás O h-Aodha,
(i.e., Thomas Hayes).

I WAS looking round me, while he was speaking, examining the room and the manner in which it was constructed, and asking myself in my own mind where did he get all the hay-ropes, when he said:

"You are making a wonder of my dwelling and of my skill. Am I not a handy man?"

"You are, on my word; but where did you get all the hay-ropes? And if this is a cavern, there was certainly no necessity for the cabin at all."

"I'll tell you by-and-by; but would you wish to see the cavern entirely?"

"I would, indeed," I said, "but it is too soon yet to put the foot under me."

"Not a bit," he replied, "while you have this," and he took a crutch from the corner and handed it to me.

"We shall go out awhile," he said, "until you see my entire kingdom."

"But where did you get the crutch?" I said to him.

"I put it together while you were asleep. Come hither now and take care of the foot."

He took the lamp from the table, opened a little door beside the hearth, and we both went in. I did not see a sight like what I saw since I was born till then, nor did I see a sight like it since. The little room was made exactly in the same way as the other one, but it was filled to the door with arms of every description, and they were all so clean and so bright that they almost dazzled me when I entered first. They were hanging above each other, on the walls round the room, as far as he could find room for them—muskets and pistols in plenty, and many swords and bayonets—and others were stacked in heaps on the floor. There was a little furnace, an anvil, and a smith's tools in one corner, and a bench and a joiner's tools in another corner. The man and the place were getting stranger every moment.

"I think I am under some enchantment," said I, when I had taken the full of my eye of the room.

"You are not, indeed," said the Gioblachán.

He took up one of the guns and rubbed it affectionately with his hand.

Do tós ré ruar ceann de na gunnaibh agus do cuimil ré a go cineálta le n-a láimh.

“Féac,” ar seirlean, “nac deap an úirlir í rin. Táinig sí o Americea agus do cuirfeadh sí piléar tré dúine nac móir mile ó baile; aet éirimíó an cúro eile aca arís. Sab i leir annro.”

D’forsaíl ré doap eile agus bagair ré amac oim. Níor féadar mo lámh o’ seirleint bí ré com dopea roim. Níor cuim-nigear go rabdamar inr an uaim agus nuair o’ féadar amac duibear.

“Ué, nac dopea i an oirde!”

Leis an “Sioblaacán” rinut gáire ar.

“Nac dopea i an oirde,” arsa sué taobh amuis oim. “há! há!” arsa sué eile. Annroim do labair beirt nó tríúr eile i n-éimfeacht níor fuirde amac, “Ué! nac dopea”—“há! há!”—“an oirde”—“há! há! há!”—“nac”—“nac dopea”—“há! há!”—“an oirde”—“há! há! há!”—agus mar rin leó as rsiirleacht agus as déanamh masair fúm go raib an áit lan ruar de suéannuib. Bíodar éir fúm, éuar or mo éionn, ar m’asair amac agus ar sac taobh oim. O’ miteigeadar uaim i n-oirde a éirle agus o’ írligeadar fá deirlead ar nóir na raib ionnta aet rioparnac as creataó i gcúinnib na huaima.

Deir mire suir baim ré ppeab aram. Táinig rsgannraó oim ar tóir agus ’na díaró rin táinig iongantar agus uacébar an traos-aíl oim, ar nóir náir féadar corruige ar an áit ’n-a rabdar im fearam ar fead cúis nóiminte. Do bagair an “Sioblaacán” irteac oim.

“Mac-alla,” arsa mire, nuair bí an doap dúnca aige.

“Sead,” ar ré, “nac breas é?”

“Níor airigear ruam roimie reo éan-ruo mar é aet éan-uair amáin; aet ní raib teacé ruar ar bí leir reo aige. Tá an uaim go han-móir ir dóca.”

“Bí einnte de rin. Táir io’ fearam anoir ar bpuac sáca uacébarige agus má tá éan-órolac amáin ann, tá ré ór éionn mile trois i n-oomineacé. Ná téigir ró-fada amac nuair a bead as cairbeant na huaima dúit, nó b’féidir go bfuigtea dúbáir io’ éeann; coinnis taobh éir oim-ra agus ní beir baosai ar bí oré.”

Tós ré rlipeós giuimaire agus éir ré rgoilt beas ’na héatán le tuais. Annroim fuair ré rop barrraig agus rocuig ré irteac ’ran rgoilt é agus éar ré an barrac i mbacall mar bead méaróis ar barr na rlipeóige. Nuair bí ré rocuigte go daingean aige, éum ré an rlipeós agus an barrac i bpoa ola agus o’fás ré ann iad go raib an ola rúigte irteac go maic ionnta. Tuasar fá n-eara lom-láirlead go raib ré as déanamh tóirre éun na huaima do cairbeant dam.

"Look," said he, "is not that a pretty tool? It came from America, and it would put a bullet through a person almost a mile from home; but we'll see the remainder again. Come over here."

He opened another door, and he motioned me out. I could not see my hand it was so dark. I did not recollect that we were in a cavern when I looked out, and I said:

"Ugh! is it not a dark night?"

The Gioblachán let a little laugh out of him.

"Is it not a dark night!" said a voice outside me. "Ha! ha!" said another voice. Then two or three spoke together further out. "Ugh! is it not"—"Ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"Is it not"—"Is it not a dark"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—and so on with them, mimicking and making fun of me till the place was filled with voices. They were beneath me and over my head; they were directly in front of me and on both sides. They faded away one after the other, and they lowered at last so that there was not in them but a whisper, trembling in the corners of the cavern.

I say that I was startled. Fright came on me at first, and afterwards the wonder and awe of the world came on me, so that I could not stir from the place in which I was standing for five minutes. The Gioblachán beckoned me inside.

"An echo," said I, when he had closed the door.

"Yes," said he, "is it not fine?"

"I never before heard anything like it except once, but it could not come near this at all. The cavern is very large, I suppose."

"Be sure of that. You are standing now on the brink of an awful chasm, and if it's an inch, it's over a thousand feet in depth. Do not go too far out when I am showing you the cavern, or perhaps you might get a reeling in your head. Keep behind me and there will be no fear of you."

He took a chip of pinewood, and put a split in its end with a hatchet. Then he got a wisp of tow and fixed it into the split, and twisted it into a knob just like a ball on the top of the chip. When it was firmly fixed, he dipped the chip and the tow into a pot of oil, and left them there until the oil was well soaked into them. I observed directly that he was making a torch in order to show me the cavern.

"This will give us sufficient light now," he said, and he

“Tuibairt ré seo solas ar n-óráint dúinn anoir,” ar ré, agus cuir ré teine leir. Cuasomar amac go bpuac na gága arís. Sae cor do cuirreamar dinn do cuir an mac-alla ffeasra tar air eugaimh. O’ ártuis an “Sioblaacán” an cóirre ór a éionn ar nór go bfuiginn maðarc maí ar an uaimh, agus do fear ré go dána amac ar bpuac an puill. Ní déanfaínn féin é dá bfuiginn míle púnt; áct, ar n-óig, mar aoir an sean-focal—“Neacn na caiteige méaduißeann ré an caircuirne.”

Cé go dtug an cóirre solas bpeas uair níor féadar puo ar bit o’ feirceint áct amáin poimnt beas de’n éarraig ór mo éionn agus ar sae taob d’iom. Amac uaimh ní raib ann áct doréadar tnom tiug agus ir oíis liom féin nári deim an cóirre áct é do méaduigad. Bí ré com tiug poim sur faoilear go mb’ féidir liom é searpiat le rgin, no máim de éógaint im’ láim. Úior as fiarpuige díom féin, an fear do bíor as féadaint amac, cat do bí foluigte taob éiar de’n doréadar, agus do bí ré com diamaíri spáineamail rin sur cuir ré uabár im éiríde.

“Ní’l iomarca le feirceint amac uaimh no taob éuar dinn,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán,” “áct cairbeánfard mé dunt anoir doimneac an puill.” Cuairt ré ar a glúimib.

“Luig ríor agus cairraing amac go bpuac na cairrige,” ar feirean, “táim eun an cóirre do éirceam ríor.”

Luigear ríor mar o’ órtuis ré agus óruidéar amac go hairéac go raib mo éeann tar bpuac na gága. Do deim ré féin an puo céadna. Cáit ré an cóirre amac uair agus ríor agus ríor leir trío an doréadar. Úior as bpaé sae éan-nóimint go mbualfead ré an tóin áct níor buail; agus níor cairbeán ré éan-puo dúinn. Úior as fairé air go dtí ná raib ann áct rpréac. Táinig pian im’ rúilib agus túbán im’ éeann ó beir as féadaint air, agus do éirtear go rmiop. Fá deiréad do éailleamar maðarc air ar fat.

“Anoir, cat deir tú,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán” irteac im’ éuair nuair bí an cóirre iméighe ar maðarc.

“Leig dam go fóill,” arfa mire, “go seuirpíó mé leirceat na cairrige toir mé féin agus an poll uabárac úo.” Agus do cuasóar as lapadóil irteac ran mboacán. Ní leigfead an eagla dām éirge im’ fearaí go rabar irig, agus bíor mar duime do bead i n-áirde ar luaracán. Táinig an “Sioblaacán” irteac im’ diair agus dún ré an dorar.

“Ir airdeas agus ir millteac an áit í seo,” arfa mire, “agus tá speim im’ éiríde le huabár.”

“Úior féin mar rin ar túb,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán,” “agus i bpaó níor meara ná tá curá anoir, mar ir beas nári éirtear irteac ar mullaé mo éinn ran gág an cairna huair do éánagar

set fire to it. We went out to the brink of the chasm again. Every stir we made the echo sent us back an answer. The Gioblachán raised the torch over his head, so as that I would get a good view of the cavern, and he stood out boldly on the edge of the chasm. I would not do it myself if I got a thousand pounds; but, no doubt, as the proverb says, "Familiarity breeds contempt."

Though the torch gave fine light, I could not see a thing, except a portion of the rock above me and at each side. Out from us there was nothing but a heavy, thick darkness, and I believe myself the torch only increased it. It was so dense that I thought it possible to cut it with a knife, or to take a handful of it in my hand. I was asking myself while I was looking out what was hidden behind the darkness; for it was so hideously gloomy that it filled my heart with terror.

"There is not much to be seen in front of us or above us," said the Gioblachán; "but I shall show you the depth of the chasm now."

He went on his knees.

"Lie down and draw out to the edge of the rock," said he "I am about to fling down the torch."

I lay down as he ordered, and moved out carefully till my head was over the brink of the chasm. He did the same thing himself. He threw the torch out from him and down, down with it through the darkness. I was expecting every moment that it would strike the bottom, but it did not, and it showed us nothing. I was watching it till there was in it but a spark. A pain came in my eyes and a reeling in my head from being looking at it, and I trembled to the marrow. At last we lost sight of it altogether.

"Now what do you say?" said the Gioblachán into my ear when the torch had disappeared.

"Let me be awhile," said I, "until I put the breadth of the rock between myself and that dreadful hole," and I went crawling into the cabin. The fear would not allow me to rise until I was inside, and I felt like one who would be on a swing. The Gioblachán came in after me and shut the door.

"This is a strange and dreadful place," I said, "and there is a 'lite' in my heart with terror."

"I was like that first," said the Gioblachán, "and far worse than you are now, for it is little but I fell head foremost into the chasm the second time I came here; but I am used to it now and do not mind it."

annro; áé tá taitéige agham aip anoir agus ní éuipim fuim ar bit ann."

Tós ré anuar bóga agus raigead do bí aise ran mbotán as ó. ná

"Tairbeánfaid mé leitead na gága duit anoir."

Fuair ré máim bairraig agus éar ré ar bhoi na raighe é agus éin ré cóirre de mar do éin ré de'n tréireóis roime rin. Nuair bí a dóctaint ola rúigte as an mbairrac, do éur ré teine leir agus d'oráil ré an doirar. "Féac amac anoir," ar ré agus rgaol ré uaid é trío an doiréadar leir an mbóga. Cuaid an tráigead agus an rop bairraig ar laraó go roillreac amac, b'féoir céad plac, gan an taob éall do buataó; agus annpoin do élaonuig ré ríor i nuaid a éile agus éuit ré mar do éuit an cóirre, agus i gceann tamail do rluigead i ndoimnead na gága é gan éan-pu do tairbeánt dúinn. Ilí muid a ráó sup méaduig ré reo an méad iongántair do bí im' éroide éana:

Éur ré ríol taob amuig de'n doirar. "Suir ríor annro go ríol," ar reiréan, "go sguiréid tú aithe ar an sguiréadéain a bíonn annro agham go minic."

an mac alla:

Rug ré ar éeann de na sunnaib agus éur ré piléir ann. Sul a raib a fíor agham ead do bí gá éeanaib aise d' áruig ré an sunna agus éait ré uréar ar.

"Comraige Dé éugainn," arfa mire, agus do priesbar im fearaib leir an ngeit do bain ré aram. Saoilear go raib an rliab as tuicim irteac orainn. D'éirig an mac alla mar blaóm cóirniúge, agus bí an fuaim éom huatbárac roin sup mótuigear an éarraig as cruéad rúm. D'iméig ré uainn agus éainig ré ar aip aríar agus aríar eile, ar nóir sup b'éigin dam mo méaraéa do éur im' éluaraib éun an "ruaille buaille" do éongbáit amac. Ar otúr bí ré éom borb bagaréac leir an cóirniú; annpoin bí ré go garb gluagaréa fa mar beaó fuaim na fairrige as bupreac go epom ar élocar trága; agus n-a diaid rin bí ré an-éoraibail leir an bfuaim do éuicéar ó élaide as tuicim, no ó érucaillib do beaó as gabáil éar bócar garb; agus trío an bpoérom agus an trurcar go léir éainig éugainn fuaim mar pléarfad sunnaí móir i bpaó uainn. Éait an "Sioblaéan" a to nó a trí d'uráraib eile agus bí fonn aip leanaibaint do'n gnó, áé d'iarpar aip a éabairt ruar. Bí an mac alla go han-breag ar paó áé bí mo dóctaint agham de an uair rin go háiríe. Áé ní

He took down a bow-and-arrow, which he had in the cabin, saying :

“ I shall show you the breadth of the chasm now.”

He got a handful of tow, and wound it round the point of the arrow, and made a torch of it, as he did of the pinewood chip previously. When it had soaked a sufficient quantity of oil he set fire to it, and opened the door.

“ Look out now,” said he, and he sent the torch away through the darkness by means of the bow. The arrow, with the wisp of tow lighting brightly, went out, perhaps, a hundred yards without striking the other side ; then it inclined downwards gradually, and fell as the torch did, and after awhile it was swallowed in the depths of the chasm without showing anything to us. It is unnecessary to say that this increased the wonder which was already in my heart.

He placed a stool outside the door.

“ Sit down here awhile,” said he, “ until you make the acquaintance of the company I have, often here.”

THE ECHO.

FROM “AN GIOBLACHÁN,” BY THOMAS HAYES.

He took one of the guns and put a cartridge in it. Before I knew what he was about he raised the gun and fired a shot.

“ The protection of God to us !” said I, and I jumped to my feet with the start he gave me. I thought the mountain was falling in on us. The echo arose like a burst of thunder, and the sound was so awful that I felt the rock trembling beneath me. It faded away and came back, again and again, so that it was necessary for me to put my fingers in my ears to keep out the roar of it. At first it was as fiercely threatening as thunder, then it was roughly rumbling, just like the sound of the sea breaking heavily on a stony shore, and afterwards it closely resembled the sound that would arise from the falling of a dry wall, or from carts going over a rough road ; and through all the clamour and confusion came a noise like the explosion of big guns far away. The Gioblachán fired two or three other shots, and he was inclined to continue the business, but I asked him to desist. The echo was very fine indeed, but I had got quite enough of it, for this time at all

raib an “Sioblaacán” páirta fóir. Tós re anuas fíoil bí ar
croidéad, de’n balla, agus cuip ré i gcóir í.

“An dtaitneann ceól leat?” ar reirean.

“Taitneann go maí,” arfa mife, “tá rpeir móir agam ann i
scoinnuidé.”

“Má’r mar pin atá an rseal,” ar ré, “seobair tú ceól anoir
nó puam.”

“Má tá ré mar an ceól do eus an mac alla uair ó éianaid
ná bac leir.”

“Éirt,” ar reirean, as leigint záire ar, “agus tabair do
bheit nuair táim croidneugte.”

Tornuig ré as reinn, agus dá mbéinn as caint go ceann reacht-
maine ní féadfaínn tuaragbáil éaric do tabairt ar an
“Sioblaacán” agus bí ré ’n-a cúmar, “ó neart na taitige,” ir
tódá, ceól do buaint ar an mac alla com maí leir an bfiol.
Dá mbead gac éin-gléar ceól i n-éirinn bailigte irtead i n-éan-
halla amáin agus iad go léir ar riubal i n-éirfead, ní féadfaí
riad ceól níor binne ná níor áilne ná níor taitneamáige do
tabairt uata ná an ceól do eus an fíoil agus an mac alla dúinn
an oirde úd. Tós ré an croidé agus an t-anam aram. Níor
mótuigeap pian ná tuirpe ná eagla ná éinnid eile aet amáin
aoidneap agus páram aignid an fáir do bí an “Sioblaacán” as
reinn agus d’ fanfaínn annpoin as éirtead leir ar fead lae
agus oirde san beit tuirpead de.

Nuair bí ré páirta cuip ré uair an fíoil agus tornuig ré as
caint ar ceól na hÉireann agus bí cup ríor móir agáinn mar seall
air. Caintéir áluinn dob’ ead an “Sioblaacán” agus b’ait
leat beit as éirtead leir. Da líomta agus da léigeannta na
rmaointe do bí aise agus do éuit an gaeóilg ó n-a béal com
blaró le ceól. Ní raib ré dall ar éinnid. Do bíor as rmaoin-
eam, anoir agus arí, an fáir do bí ré as caint, ar an gcaoi ’na
raib re as caiteam a coida aimpire agus as riappuige díom réin
eas é an fáir bí leir. Díor deimnead go raib ré leat-éadotiom
agus sup b’in é an éall go raib ré as imtead, mar a tóarfa, le
haer an traogail agus as cup a muineil i gcontabairt; aet ní
raib ríor agam an uair pin ar an méir ar éuair ré trío.

Níor leis ré dam dul po-fada leir na rmaointib reo mar
tarpaing ré cuige feadóg agus tornuig ré as reinn uirri. Dá
feabhar an ceól do buain ré ar an bfiol, b’earr ná pin reat
n-uair an ceól do buain ré ar an bfeadóg. Do páruig ré ar
gac uile níd t’airuigeap ruar go tci pin. Ní éuibrad éanlaic na
cruinne dá mbeirir go léir ’ran uaim as cantain le éile ceól

events. But he was not satisfied yet. He took down a fiddle which was hanging on the wall, and got it ready.

"Do you like music?" said he.

"I do, well," I said. "I always take a great delight in it."

"If that is so," said he, "you'll get music now or never."

"If it is like the music which the echo gave us awhile ago, do not mind it."

"Listen," said he, laughing, "and pass judgment when I am finished."

He began playing, and if I were speaking for a week, I could not give a proper description of the harmony which arose in the cavern. The Gioblachán was a splendid violinist, and he was able, from experience I suppose, to take music from the echo as well as from the violin. If every musical instrument in Ireland was gathered into one great hall, and that they were all playing together, they could not give sweeter, nor more beautiful, nor more delightful, music than the fiddle and the echo gave us that night. It lifted the heart and soul out of me. I felt no pain, no weariness, no fear, no anything but delight and satisfaction of mind, while the Gioblachán was playing, and I would stay there listening to him for a day and a night without being tired.

When he was satisfied he put aside the violin, and began to talk about the music of Ireland, and we had a long chat about it. The Gioblachán was a splendid speaker, and you would like to be listening to him. His ideas and thoughts were refined and learned, and the Irish *féil* from his lips as sweetly as music. He was not ignorant about anything. I was thinking, now and again, while he was speaking, of the way in which he was spending his time, and asking myself what was the reason for it. I was certain that he was half crazy, and that was why he was drifting, as you might say, with the winds of the world, and putting his neck in danger; but I had no knowledge then of all he had suffered.

He did not let me go too far with those thoughts, for he drew out a flute and began playing on it. Though excellent the music which he extracted from the fiddle, the music which he took from the flute was seven times better. It excelled everything I had heard till then. All the birds of the universe, if they were gathered in the cavern singing together, could not give more heavenly or more delectable music. The flute brought out the echo far better than anything else.

níor neamhda ná níor doibne uatha. Do éus an fearóis an mac alla amac i bfao níor fearr agus níor binne ná éan-puó eile.

“Cao veir tú leir rin?” ar’ an “Sioblaacán” nuair rghuir ré dá reinneamaint.

“Ní fearoar fóir,” arfa mife, “ná fuilim fá d’raoibead. Dá mbeinn as caint ar fearó lae agus bliadhna, ní fearófaínn a mhrinc tuit an méad doibhir agus taitéimh agus páraim éiríde do éus an ceól úo dam. Ní’l éin-teaét ruar leat.”

“Ná bac leir an bplámár anoir,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán.”

“Ní’lim as plámár i n-éan-éor,” arfa mife, aét b’féidir gur éirte dam a ráó ná fuil éin teaét ruar le deaplámáét an “fíir i n-áiríde.”

“Tá tú as caint so ciallmáir anoir,” ar reiréan, as cur rghairte ar.

“B’féidir é,” arfa mife, “aét bíor éun a ráó nuair bíor as éirteaét leat—”

“Agus leir an mac alla,” ar reiréan.

“Agus leir an mac alla, ar eagla an plámáir—do éuir ré i n-uimail dam an tuarpargháil do léigear agus do éualar so minic i dtaob ceóil na n-áingear ir na flaitir.”

“Ní’lim éiríde i n-éan-éor fóir,” ar reiréan, agus d’éiríis ré n-a fearam.

Tornuis ré as amháin. Bí gur breasí fonnmáir ceólmáir as an “nSioblaacán” agus níor éail re éanpuó i dtaob veit iréis ran uaim. Ní fearoar féin cia aca do b’fearr éun an mac alla do tabairt amac—an fíoir, an fearóis nó gur an “Sioblaacán”—nó cia aca a raib an bairr aise i gcóimfeim; aét ir uóis liom gur páruis an gur orra so léir. Éualar trí éeat daoine as gháil amháin i n-éirteaét éan-uair aiháin i halla móir i mBaile-Áta-Cliaé; aét cé so raib an ceól agus an cóimfeim so han-breasí ar fao, ní raib éin-teaét ruar aise le ceól an “Sioblaacán” nuair éus ré uair “An Raib tú as an gCarraig,” agus nuair do bí an mac alla agus an uóir do éuir ré ruar ran uaim as cuirteaétain leir:

"What do you say to that?" said the Gioblachán, when he ceased playing.

"I don't know yet, but I am under some spell," said I. "If I were talking for a year and a day, I could not describe to you the amount of pleasure, and delight, and satisfaction of heart, that music gave me. There is no coming near you."

"Do not mind the flattery now," said the Gioblachán.

"I am not flattering at all," I said; "but perhaps it would be more correct to say there is no coming near the handiwork of the Creator."

"You are talking sensibly now," he said, laughing.

"Perhaps so," said I; "but I was about to say when I was listening to you—"

"And to the echo," he said.

"And to the echo—to guard against flattery—it reminded me of the descriptions which I often read and heard about the angel music in heaven."

"I am not finished at all yet," he said, and he stood up.

He began to sing. The Gioblachán had a fine resonant musical voice, and it lost nothing by being in the cavern. I do not know which of them was the best to bring out the echo—the violin, the flute, or the Gioblachán's voice—or which of them excelled in harmony; but I think his singing surpassed the others. I heard three hundred people singing together in a great hall in Dublin at one time, but though the music and the harmony were very, very fine, they could not come near the Gioblachán's singing when he rendered "Were You at the Rock," and when the echo and the musical murmur which he aroused in the cavern were accompanying him.

CASA D' AN TSUGÁIN.

DRAMA AON-GHÍM.

NA DAOINE :—

TOMÁS O h-ANNRÁCÁIN, file Connacéac atá ar feadhán.
MÁIRE NÍ RÍOŠÁIN, bean an tíge.

ÚNA, inígean Mháire:

SÉAMUS O h-IARÁIN, atá luathóir le Úna:

SÍGLÉ, cómharrá do Mháire.

Piobaire, cómharranna agus daoine eile.

ÁIT.—

Teac feilméir i gCúige Múman céad bliadhán ó shin. Tá sí ar
asur mná as dul tríd a céile in san tíg, no 'na fearaí coir
na mbaila, aithní asur dá mbeir dampra criochnuighe dea.
Tá Tomás O h-Annraacáin as caint le Úna i bfiom-torac na
rtáir. Tá an piobaire as fársad a piobairí air, le torusad
ar feinn air, acé do beir Séamús O h-Iarainn deoó cúige,
asur rtaoann ré. Táasann fear ós go h-Úna le n-a tabairt
amaó ar an uirlár cum dampra, acé diúltann sí dó.

ÚNA.—Ná bí m'boóruşad anoir: Nac bfeiceann tú go bfuil
mé as éirteacé le n-a bfuil feirlean d'a mado liom. !Leir an
h-Annraacánaó]: lean leat, cao é rin do bí tú 'mado ar bail?

TOMÁS O h-ANNRÁCÁIN.—Cao é do bí an boadé rin d'a
iarrad óir?

ÚNA.—As iarrad dampra oim, do bí ré, acé ní tiúbairinn
dó é:

MÁC UÍ h-ÁIN.—I cinnce nac tciubréa. I r dóig, ní meairinn
tú go leigfinn-re do duine ar bié dampra leat, com fáo asur
tá mife ann ro. Á! a Úna, ní mab rólár ná rócanail agam le
fao go tóainis mé ann ro anoó asur go bfeacáir mé turá!

ÚNA.—Cao é an rólár duit mife?

MÁC UÍ h-ÁIN.—Nuair atá mairde leat-dóighe in san
teime, nac bfeáasann ré rólár nuair dóirtear uirge air?

ÚNA.—I r dóig, ní'l turá leat-dóighe.

MÁC UÍ h-ÁIN.—Tá mé, asur tá trí ceatramhna de mo
éoirde, dóighe asur loighe asur caitte, as tpiro leir an
raoşal, asur an raoşal as tpiro liom-ra.

ÚNA.—Ní fécéann tú com dona rin!

MÁC UÍ h-ÁIN.—Ué! a Úna ní Ríogáin, ní'l don eólar asao-
ra ar beata an báir boióc, atá şan teac şan céasair şan tíog-

THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

HANRAHAN.—*A wandering poet.*

SHEAMUS O'HERAN.—*Engaged to OONA.*

MAURYA.—*The woman of the house.*

SHEELA.—*A neighbor.*

OONA.—*Maurya's daughter.*

Neighbors and a piper who have come to Maurya's house for a dance.

SCENE.—*A farmer's house in Munster a hundred years ago. Men and women moving about and standing round the wall as if they had just finished a dance. HANRAHAN, in the foreground, talking to OONA.*

The piper is beginning a preparatory drone for another dance, but SHEAMUS brings him a drink and he stops. A man has come and holds out his hand to OONA, as if to lead her out, but she pushes him away.

OONA.—Don't be bothering me now ; don't you see I'm listening to what he is saying. [*To HANRAHAN*] Go on with what you were saying just now.

HANRAHAN.—What did that fellow want of you ?

OONA.—He wanted the next dance with me, but I wouldn't give it to him.

HANRAHAN.—And why would you give it to him ? Do you think I'd let you dance with anyone but myself as long as I am here. Ah, Oona, I had no comfort or satisfaction this long time until I came here to-night, and till I saw yourself.

OONA.—What comfort am I to you ?

HANRAHAN.—When a stick is half-burned in the fire, does it not get comfort when water is poured on it ?

OONA.—But sure, you are not half-burned ?

HANRAHAN.—I am, and three-quarters of my heart is burned, and scorched and consumed, struggling with the world and the world struggling with me.

OONA.—You don't look that bad.

HANRAHAN.—Oh, Oona ní Regaun, you have not knowledge of the life of a poor bard, without house or home or havings,

bay, aét é ag imíteadé agur ag ríor-imíteadé le fán ar fuo an tpaogail mhóir, gan duine ar bié leir aét é féin. Mí'l maidin in ran tpeadéimain nuair éirighim ruar naé n-abraim liom féin go mb'feárrí d'am an uairg 'ná an reacrán. Mí'l don ruo ag reacrán d'am aét an bponntanur do fuair mé ó Dúa—mo éuro abrán. Nuair toraighim oipra rin, imítegeann mo bhrón agur mo buairpead d'iom, agur ní éumhigim níor mó ar mo gēar-ēpáð agur ar mo mí-áð. Agur anoir, ó donnaic mé tura, a ūna, éim go bfuil ruo eile ann, níor binne 'ná na n-abrán féin!

ŪNA.—Ir ionganac an bponntanur ó Dúa an bāruigeaét. Com pava agur tá rin agad naé bfuil tú níor fairbhre na luét rēuic agur rēoir, luét bó agur eal aig.

MAC UÍ h-ALIN.—A! a ūna, ir móir an beannaét aét ir móir an mállaét, leir, do duine é do beir 'na báro. Feuc mire! bfuil capar agam ar an paogal ro? bfuil fear b ó ar maic leir mé? bfuil gráð ag duine ar bié oim? Bim ag imíteadé, mo cadan boét donpánaé, ar fuo an tpaogail, mar Oirín anuair na féinne. Bionn ruat ag h-uile duine oim, ní'l ruat agad-ra oim, a ūna?

ŪNA.—Ná h-abair ruo mar rin, ní féoir go bfuil ruat ag duine ar bié oir-r.

MAC UÍ h-ALIN.—Tar liom agur ruidrimir i gcúinne an tige le éile, agur déarfair mé duit an t-abrán do rinne mé duit. Ir oir-ra rinnear é.

[Imítegeann ruo go tó an coirneull ir fairde ón rēáro, agur ruidcann ruo anaice le éile.]

[Tis Sígle arteaé.]

SÍGLE.—Táinig mé eugad com luat agur o'feuo mé.

MÁIRE.—Céad fáilte róimad:

SÍGLE.—Cad tá ar riúbal ag o anoir?

MÁIRE.—Ag torugað acámuir. B'i don pōrt amáin agaimn, agur anoir tá an píobaire ag ól tige. Torócáir an dampra arir nuair bēirdear an píobaire péir.

SÍGLE.—Tá na daoine ag bailuigað arteaé go maic, bēir dampra bpeáig agaimn.

MÁIRE.—Bēir a Sígle, aét tá fear aca ann agur b'fearr liom amuig ná artig é! Feuc é.

SÍGLE.—Ir ar an bfeair pava donn acá tú ag caint, naé ead? An fear rin acá ag cóimráð com tlat rin le ūna in ran gcoirneull anoir. Cá'r b'ar é, no cia h-é féin?

MÁIRE.—Sin é an rēparrte ir mó táinig i n-ēiminn aruam, Tomár O h-Annpacáin eugann ruo air, aét Tomár Rógaire buð éoir do baircead air, i gcearr. Óra! naé fair an mí-áð oim, é do ceaét arteaé eugaimn, éoir ar bié, anóet!

but he going and ever going a-drifting through the wide world, without a person with him but himself. There is not a morning in the week when I rise up that I do not say to myself that it would be better to be in the grave than to be wandering. There is nothing standing to me but the gift I got from God, my share of songs; when I begin upon them, my grief and my trouble go from me, I forget my persecution and my ill luck, and now, since I saw you Oona, I see there something that is better even than the songs.

OONA.—Poetry is a wonderful gift from God, and as long as you have that, you are more rich than the people of stock and store, the people of cows and cattle.

HANRAHAN.—Ah, Oona, it is a great blessing, but it is a great curse as well for a man, he to be a poet. Look at me! have I a friend in this world? Is there a man alive who has a wish for me, is there the love of anyone at all on me? I am going like a poor lonely barnacle goose throughout the world; like Ushcen after the Fenians; every person hates me. You do not hate me, Oona?

OONA.—Do not say a thing like that; it is impossible that anyone would hate you.

HANRAHAN.—Come and we will sit in the corner of the room together, and I will tell you the little song I made for you: it is for you I made it. [*They go to a corner and sit down together. SHEELA comes in at the door.*]

SHEELA.—I came to you as quick as I could.

MAURYA.—And a hundred welcomes to you.

SHEELA.—What have you going on now?

MAURYA.—Beginning we are; we had one jig, and now the piper is drinking a glass. They'll begin dancing again in a minute when the piper is ready.

SHEELA.—There are a good many people gathering in to you to-night. We will have a fine dance.

MAURYA.—Maybe so, Sheela, but there's a man of them there, and I'd sooner him out than in.

SHEELA.—It's about the long brown man you are talking, isn't it? The man that is in close talk with Oona in the corner. Where is he from and who is he himself?

MAURYA.—That's the greatest vagabond ever came into Ireland; Tumaus Hanrahan they call him, but it's Hanrahan the rogue he ought to have been christened by right. Aurah, wasn't there the misfortune on me, him to come in to us at all to-night.

SÍSLÉ.—Cia'n rórc tuine é? Nac fear déanta abrán ar Connaétabh é? Cúlaibh mé caint air, céana, agus deir ríad nac bfuil damróir eile i n-Éirinn comh maic leir: buí maic liom a feicfint ag dampra.

MÁIRE.—Sráin go deó ar an mbiteamhac! Tá'r agam-ra go ró maic cia 'n cineál atá ann, mar bí rórc carthanair ioir é féin agus an céad-fear do bí agam-ra, agus ip minic cúlaibh mé ó Dáirmuid boét (go ndéanair Dia trócaire air!) cia 'n rórc tuine bí ann. Bí ré 'na máigirtir rgoile, ríor i gConnaétabh, déct bíod h-uile cleair aige buí meara ná a céi e. As ríor-déanamh abrán do bíod ré, agus as ól uirge beata, agus as cup imir ar bun amearg na gcómarran le n-a cúro cainte. Deir ríad nac bfuil bean in rna cúis cúisibh nac meallfaíó ré. Ip meara é ná Dómnall na Sreine faíó ó. Déct buí é deirfaíó an rgeíl gur ruais. n ragar amac ar an bparraírte é ar faíó. Fuair ré áit eile ann rin, déct lean ré do na clearrannaibh céana, gur ruaisfaíó amac air é, agus air eile, leir. Agus anoir ní'l áit ná teaíó ná daíab aige déct é beir as gabail na tíre, as déanamh abrán agus as fágaíl lóirín na h-oiríóe ó na daíuibh. Ní díul-tócaíó tuine ar bíó é, mar tá faicíor oppa roime. Ip móir an ríle é, agus b'éirir go ndéanfaíó ré rann opt do rreomócaíó go deó díut, dá rcurfaíó fearg air.

SÍSLÉ.—Go bfuíó Dia oppainn. Déct créat do tug arteaíó anoct é?

MÁIRE.—Bí ré as cairteal na tíre, agus cúlaibh ré go raib dampra le beir ann ro, agus táiníó ré arteaíó, mar bí eólar aige oppainn,—bí ré móir go leóir le mo céad-fear. Ip ionganfaíó mar tá ré as déanamh amac a ríge-beata, éor ar bíó, agus gan aige déct a cúro abrán. Deir ríad nac bfuil áit a raíabíó ré nac ocugann na mná sráíó, agus nac ocugann na ríir faíó óó.

SÍSLÉ [as breir ar gualainn Máire].—Iompúis do céann, a Máire, feuch é anoir; é féin agus o' ingean-ra, agus an' dá ilóigíonn buailte ara céile. Tá ré car éir abrán do déanamh dí, agus tá ré o'á múnab dí as cogarnuís in a cluar. Óra, an bíteamhac! beir ré as cup a cúro rírtreós ar úna anoir.

MÁIRE.—Oí ón! go deó! Nac mí-dámaíl táiníó ré! Tá ré as caint le úna h-uile móimíó ó táiníó ré arteaíó, trí uairé ó ríoin. Rinne mé mo díctíoll le n-a rgarab ó céile, déct teir ré opt. Tá úna boét tugta do h-uile rórc rean-abrán agus rean-raíméir de rgealcaibh, agus ip binn leir an rreácaíur beir as éirteaíó leir; mar tá beal aige rin do breaífaíó an ríolac de'n éraíóib: Tá'r agat go bfuil an róraíó ríóite rocruíste

SHEELA.—What sort of a person is he? Isn't he a man that makes songs, out of Connacht? I heard talk of him before, and they say there is not another dancer in Ireland so good as him. I would like to see him dance.

MAURYA.—Bad luck to the vagabond! It is well I know what sort he is, because there was a kind of friendship between himself and the first husband I had, and it's often I heard from poor Diarmuid—the Lord have mercy on him!—what sort of person he was. He was a schoolmaster down in Connacht, but he used to have every trick worse than another, ever making songs he used to be, and drinking whiskey and setting quarrels afoot among the neighbours with his share of talk. They say there isn't a woman in the five provinces that he wouldn't deceive. He is worse than Donal na Greina long ago. But the end of the story is that the priest routed him out of the parish altogether; he got another place then, and followed on at the same tricks until he was routed out again, and another again with it. Now he has neither place nor house nor anything, but he to be going the country, making songs and getting a night's lodging from the people. Nobody will refuse him, because they are afraid of him. He's a great poet, and maybe he'd make a rann on you that would stick to you for ever, if you were to anger him.

SHEELA.—God preserve us, but what brought him in to-night?

MAURYA.—He was traveling the country and he heard there was to be a dance here, and he came in because he knew us; he was rather great with my first husband. It is wonderful how he is making out his way of life at all, and he with nothing but his share of songs. They say that there is no place that he'll go to that the women don't love him and that the men don't hate him.

SHEELA (*catching MAURYA by the shoulder*).—Turn your head, Maurya, look at him now, himself and your daughter, and their heads together: he's whispering in her ear; he's after making a poem for her and he's whispering it in her ear. Oh, the villain, he'll be putting his spells on her now.

MAURYA.—Ohone, go deo! isn't a misfortune that he came? He's talking every moment with Oona since he came in three hours ago. I did my best to separate them from each other, but it failed me. Poor Oona is given up to every sort of old songs and old made-up stories, and she thinks it sweet to be listening to him. The marriage is settled between herself and

roir ūna ašur Séamar O h-lapainn ann rin, náite ó'n lá inoíu: feuc Séamur boct aš an doipur ašur é aš faipe orpa. Tá brón ašur ceannfaoi aip. Ir fupur a feicpint go mbuó máit le Séamur an ršpaipde rin do taeatd an móimio reo. Tá faicéior móp orp go mbéir an ceann iompuiſte ar ūna le n-a cuio blaó-aipaeet. Com cinnite a'p tá mé beó, tiucepaó ole ar an oiróce reo.

SÍGLE.—Ašur nac b'féatpá a cup amac?

MÁIRE.—O'féatpáinn; ní'l duine ann ro do cúroedóat leir, muna mbeir bean no dó. Aet ip file móp é, ašur tá mallaeet aige do ršoitpéat na cpáinn ašur do réabpá na cloca. Oeip ríat go lobtánn an píol in ran talam, ašur go n-imtígeann a gcuio bainne ó na bat nuair tūgánn file map é rin a mallaeet dóib, má puaiſgeann duine ar an teac é. Aet dá mbeir ré amuiſ, uipe mo bannuioe nac leiſpinn arteach aip é.

SÍGLE.—Dá paatd ré péin amac go toileamail. ní beir don bpiſ in a cuio mallaeet ann rin?

MÁIRE:—Ní beir. Aet ní paatd ré amac go toileamail, ašur ní tís liom-pa a puagad amac ar eagla a mallaeet.

SÍGLE.—feuc Séamur boct. Tá ré dul anonn go h-ūna.

[Cúipgeann Séamur 7 téirdeann ré go h-ūna.]

SÉAMUS.—An noamróatd tú an píil reo liom-pa, a ūna, nuair béirdear an píobaire péir.

MÁC UI h-ANIL [aš eipſe].—Ip mipe Tomár O h-Annpacáin, ašur tá mé aš labairt le ūna ní Ríogáin anoir, ašur com pat ašur béirdear fonn uipre-re beir aš caint liom-pa ní leiſpíó mé u'aon duine eile do taeet eapáinn.

SÉAMUS [ſan aipe ar m'ac ui h-Annpacáin].—Nac noamróatd tú liom, a ūna?

MÁC UI h-ANIL [go píocmáir].—Nár dubairt mé leat anoir ſur liom-pa do bí ūna ní Ríogáin aš caint? Imtíſ leat ar an móimio, a boadaiſ, ašur ná tós clampar ann ro.

SÉAMUS.—a ūna——

MÁC UI h-ANIL [aš béicil].—páſ rin!

[Imtígeann Séamar ašur tís ré go tóí an beirt pcan-mnaoi.]

SÉAMUS.—a máipe ní Ríogáin, tá mé aš iarpáir ceat orp-pa an ršpaipde mí-áóamail meirſeamail rin do áiteam amac ar an tís. Má leiſgeann tú áam, cuipíó mipe ašur mo beirt deap-bpáatd amac é, ašur nuair béirdear ré amuiſ roóróatd mipe leir.

SHEAMUS O'Herin there, a quarter from to-day. Look at poor Sheamus at the door, and he watching them. There is grief and hanging of the head on him; it's easy to see that he'd like to choke the vagabond this minute. I am greatly afraid that the head will be turned on Oona with his share of blathering. As sure as I am alive there will come evil out of this night.

SHEELA.—And couldn't you put him out?

MAURYA.—I could. There's no person here to help him unless there would be a woman or two; but he is a great poet, and he has a curse that would split the trees and that would burst the stones. They say the seed will rot in the ground and the milk go from the cows when a poet like him makes a curse, if a person routed him out of the house; but if he were once out, I'll go bail that I wouldn't let him in again.

SHEELA.—If himself were to go out willingly, there would be no virtue in his curse then?

MAURYA.—There would not, but he will not go out willingly, and I cannot rout him out myself for fear of his curse.

SHEELA.—Look at poor Sheamus. He is going over to her. [SHEAMUS gets up and goes over to her.]

SHEAMUS.—Will you dance this reel with me, Oona, as soon as the piper is ready?

HANRAHAN (*rising up*).—I am Tumaus Hanrahan, and I am speaking now to Oona ni Regaun, and as long as she is willing to be talking to me, I will allow no living person to come between us.

SHEAMUS (*without heeding HANRAHAN*).—Will you not dance with me, Oona?

HANRAHAN (*savagely*).—Didn't I tell you now that it was to me Oona ni Regaun was talking? Leave that on the spot, you clown, and do not raise a disturbance here.

SHEAMUS.—Oona——

HANRAHAN (*shouting*).—Leave that! (SHEAMUS goes away and comes over to the two old women).

SHEAMUS.—Maurya Regaun, I am asking permission of you to throw that ill-mannerly, drunken vagabond out of the house. Myself and my two brothers will put him out if you will allow us; and when he's outside I'll settle with him.

MÁIRE.—O ! a Séamair, ná déan. Tá faicéoir oim poimeí
tá mallacé aige rin do rgoiltead ná crainn, veir ríad.

SÉAMAS.—Iy cuma liom má tá mallacé aige do leasrad ná
rreáda. Iy oim-ra tuiteir ré, asur cuirim mo dúbhlán faoi.
Dá marbódad ré mé ar an móimio ní leigfir mé dó a éirí pír-
treóds do éirí ar úna. A Máire, tabair 'm ceat.

SÍGLE.—Ná déan rin, a Séamair, tá cómairle níor fearr 'ná
rin asam-ra.

SÉAMUS.—Cia an cómairle i rin ?

SÍGLE.—Tá rúge in mo éeann asam le n-a éirí amac. Má
leanann ríu-re mo cómairle-re iadair re féin amac éom rocair
le uan, d'á éoil féin, asur nuair seobair ríu amuis é, buairí
an doirur air, asur ná leigir arcead air go bráde é.

MÁIRE.—Rat ó Úia oré, asur innir dam cat é tá in do éeann.

SÍGLE.—Déanra daoir é éom deas asur éom rimpl de asur
éonac tū amam. Cuirimio é as capad rugán go bfuigimio
amuis é, asur buairimio an doirur air ann rin.

MÁIRE.—Iy forur a ráde, déc ní forur a déanam. Déanrair
ré leat “ déan rugán, tū féin.”

SÍGLE.—Déanra daoir, ann rin, nac bfaicir duine ar bié ann
ro rugán féir amam, nac bfuil duine ar bié an ran tig ar féirir
leir ceann ada déanam.

SÉAMUS.—Déc an seiréir ré ruo mar rin—nac bfaicamar
rugán amam ?

SÍGLE.—An seiréir ré, an cat ? Seiréir ré ruo ar bié,
seiréir ré go raib ré féin 'na rúg ar éirinn nuair adá glaine
óica aige, mar adá anoir.

SÉAMUS.—Déc cat é an cpoiceann cuirfeair rinn ar an
nóiréis reo,—go bfuil rugán féir as ceartál uainn ?

MÁIRE.—Smuain ar époiceonn do éirí air rin, a Séamair.

SÉAMUS.—Déanrair mé go bfuil an gaoe as eirige asur go
bfuil cúmhac 'n tige d'á rguabad leir an rtoim, asur go
ceairimio rugán ceairimio air.

MÁIRE.—Déc má eirteann ré as an doirur bír fíor aige nac
óruil gaoe ná rtoi m ann. Smuain ar époiceonn eile, a Séamair.

SÍGLE.—'Noir, tá an cómairle ceair asam-ra. Abair go

MAURYA.—Sheamus, do not; I am afraid of him. That man has a curse, they say, that would split the trees.

SHEAMUS.—I don't care if he had a curse that would overthrow the heavens; it is on me it will fall, and I defy him! If he were to kill me on the moment, I will not allow him to put his spells on Oona. Give me leave, Maurya.

SHEELA.—Do not, Sheamus. I have a better advice than that.

SHEAMUS.—What advice is that?

SHEELA.—I have a way in my head to put him out. If you follow my advice he will go out himself as quiet as a lamb, and when you get him out slap the door on him, and never let him in again.

MAURYA.—Luck from God on you, Sheela, and tell us what's in your head.

SHEELA.—We will do it as nice and easy as ever you saw. We will put him to twist a hay-rope till he is outside, and then we will shut the door on him.

SHEAMUS.—It's easy to say, but not easy to do. He will say to you, "Make a hay-rope yourself."

SHEELA.—We will say then that no one ever saw a hay-rope made, that there is no one at all in the house to make the beginning of it.

SHEAMUS.—But will *he* believe that we never saw a hay-rope?

SHEELA.—Believe it, is it? He'd believe anything; he'd believe that himself is king over Ireland when he has a glass taken, as he has now.

SHEAMUS.—But what excuse can we make for saying we want a hay-rope?

MAURYA.—Can't you think of something yourself, Sheamus?

SHEAMUS.—Sure I can say the wind is rising, and I must bind the thatch, or it will be off the house.

SHEELA.—But he'll know the wind is not rising if he does but listen at the door. You must think of some other excuse, Sheamus.

SHEAMUS.—Wait, I have a good idea now; say that there is

bhuil cóirte leagta ag bun an énuic, agus go bhfuil ríad ag iarraidh ruigáin leir an gcóirte do learuigad. Ní feicfidh sé com-páda rín ó'n doimur, agus ní b'éid fíor aige naé fíor é.

MÁIRE.—Sin é an ríeal, a Sígle. 'Noir, a Séamur, gab imear na n-aoine agus leis an rún l. ó. Inniu dóibh cad tá aca le rá—naé b'facaibh duine ar b' é fan tír peo ruigán féir riamh—agus cuir cpoicíonn maí ar an mbéir, tú féin.

[Imtígeann Séamur ó duine go duine ag cogairnais leó. Toraisgeann cuí aca ag fáirpe. Tagann an píobaire agus toraisgeann sé ag feinn. Éirígeann trí no ceachtar de cúplaíob, agus toraisgeann ríad ag dampra. Imtígeann Séamar amach.]

MÁC UÍ N-ANN. [Ag éiríge tar éir a beir ag féadaint oirra ar fear cúpla móimí.]—Pruir! ríopagaib! An t-ruigáin ríob dampra ar an ríparairead rín! Tá ríob ag bualaibh an uirláir mar beir an oiríad rín d'eallad. Tá ríob com t'rom le builláin, agus com ciotaib le arail. Go t'adactar mo píobán dá mb'fearr liom beir ag féadaint oirraib 'na ar an oiríad rín laéain bacad, ag léimniis ar leat-cóir ar fuo an tige! Fágaibh an t-uirlár fá úna Ní Ríogáin agus fúm-ra.

FÉAR [atá tuit ag dampra].—Agus cad fáit a b'fágraíoir an t-uirlár ríob-ra?

MÁC UÍ N-ANN.—Tá an eala ar b'ruad na toinne, tá an phoénic ríogáib, tá péarla an b'polaibh bán, tá an b'énur amear na mban, tá úna Ní Ríogáin ag fearaí ríar liom-ra, agus áit ar bit a n-éirígeann ríre ríar úmhuigeann an g'ealad agus an g'uan féin dí, agus úmhuíobáib ríob-ra. Tá ríob ríob áluinn agus ríob ríobáiríle le n-aon bea eile do beir 'na n-aice. Adt fan go fóil, ríob áirbeáiníam daobh mar g'huíobann an buadail b'eadh Connadad rínnce, d'earraib mé an t-ábrán daobh do rínnce mé do Reult Cúige Múman—o'úna Ní Ríogáin. Éiríge, a g'uan na mban, agus d'earraíob an t-ábrán le éile, gac le b'earra, agus ann rín múníomí doib cad é ir rínnce ríreannaé ann.

[Éirígeann ríad 7 gabáibh ábrán.]

MÁC UÍ N-ANN.

'Sí úna bán, na g'ruaige buíob,
An cúilfíonn 'érad in mo láir mo éroíob,
Ir ire mo rún, 'r mo éumann go buan,
Ir cuma liom cóiríob bea adt í.

ÚNA.

A báir na ríle buíob, ir tú
Fuar buaib in fan raogal a' r clú,
G'oiríom do béal, a' r molaib tú féin,
Do éuir mo éroíob in mo éleib amúg.

a coach upset at the bottom of the hill, and that they are asking for a hay-rope to mend it with. He can't see as far as that from the door, and he won't know it's not true it is.

MAURYA.—That's the story, Sheela. Now, Sheamus, go among the people and tell them the secret. Tell them what they have to say, that no one at all in this country ever saw a hay-rope, and put a good skin on the lie yourself. (SHEAMUS goes from person to person whispering to them and some of them begin laughing. The piper has begun playing. Three or four couples rise up.)

HANRAHAN (after looking at them for a couple of minutes).—Whisht! Let ye sit down! Do ye call such dragging as that dancing? You are tramping the floor like so many cattle. You are as heavy as bullocks, as awkward as asses. May my throat be choked if I would not rather be looking at as many lame ducks hopping on one leg through the house. Leave the floor to Oona ni Regaun and to me.

ONE OF THE MEN GOING TO DANCE.—And for what would we leave the floor to you?

HANRAHAN.—The swan of the brink of the waves, the royal phœnix, the pearl of the white breast, the Venus amongst the women. Oona ni Regaun, is standing up with me, and any place where she rises up the sun and the moon bow to her, and so shall ye. She is too handsome, too sky-like for any other woman to be near her. But wait a while! Before I'll show you how the fine Connacht boy can dance, I will give you the poem I made on the star of the province of Munster, on Oona ni Regaun. Rise up, O sun among women, and we will sing the song together, verse about, and then we'll show them what right dancing is! (OONA rises).

HANRAHAN.—She is white Oona of the yellow hair,
The Coolin that was destroying my heart inside me;
She is my secret love and my lasting affection,
I care not for ever for any woman but her.

OONA.—O bard of the black eye, it is you
Who have found victory in the world and fame;
I call on yourself and I praise your mouth;
You have set my heart in my breast astray.

MAC UI N-ANN.

'Sí úna bán na truaige óir,
 Illo fearc, mo éumann, mo ghrád, mo rctor,
 Radaid pí féin le n-a báir i gcéin,
 Do loic pí a éiríde in a éiléib go móir;

ÚNA.

Illoir b'fada oirde liom, ná lá,
 As éirtead le do cóirpáid b'ead.
 I' binne do béal ná feinn na n-éan;
 Óm' éiríde in mo éiléib do fuair ghrád;

MAC UI N-ANN.

Do riúbaíl mé féin an domán iomlán,
 Sacraha, éir, an f'raic 'r an Spáin,
 Ní f'acaid mé féin i mbaile ná 'gcéin
 Don ainneir f'a'n n'gáin mar úna bán.

ÚNA.

Do éulaid m'ir an élairead binn
 San trpáid rin éirtead, as feinn linn,
 I' binne go móir liom féin do glóir;
 I' binne go móir do béal 'ná rin.

MAC UI N-ANN.

Do bí mé féin mo éadan boct, trát,
 Illoir léir dam oirde tar an lá,
 Go b'f'acaid mé í, do goir mo éiríde;
 A' r do díbir díom mo b'ón 'r mo érad.

ÚNA.

Do bí mé féin ar maidin inóe
 As riúbaíl coir coille le páinne an laé,
 Bí eun ann rin as feinn go binn,
 "Mo ghrád-rá an ghrád, a' r nac áluinn é!"

[Glaod asur torann asur buaileann Séamus O n-lapainn an
 torur artead.]

SÉAMUS.—Ob ob á, oé ón í ó, go deó! Tá an cóirte móir
 leagta as bun an énuic. Tá an mála a b'f'uil litreada na tíre
 ann pléarsta, asur ní'l r'peang ná téad ná rópa ná daidair aca
 le na éangailt arí. Tá ríad as glaothac amac anoir ar r'ugán
 féir do b'eanam díob—cibé róir p'uit é rin—asur deir ríad go
 mbéir na litreada 7 an cóirte caillte ar oarbur r'ugán féir
 le n-a gceangailt.

MAC UI N-ANN.—Ná bí 's ar mboorugaó! Tá ar n-abrán
 páirte asainn, asur anoir cámaoir dul as daíra. Ní tágann
 an cóirte an bealac rin ar don éor;

HANRAHAN.—O fair Oona of the golden hair,
My desire, my affection, my love and my store
Herself will go with her bard afar;
She has hurt his heart in his breast greatly.

OONA.—I would not think the night long nor the day,
Listening to your fine discourse;
More melodious is your mouth than the singing of birds
From my heart in my breast you have found love.

HANRAHAN.—I walked myself the entire world,
England, Ireland, France and Spain;
I never saw at home or afar
Any girl under the sun like fair Oona.

OONA.—I have heard the melodious harp
On the street of Cork playing to us;
More melodious by far did I think your voice,
More melodious by far your mouth than that.

HANRAHAN.—I was myself one time a poor barnacle goose,
The night was not plain to me more than the day
Until I beheld her, she is the love of my heart,
That banished from me my grief and my misery.

OONA.—I was myself on the morning of yesterday
Walking beside the wood at the break of day;
There was a bird there was singing sweetly
How I love love, and is it not beautiful.

(A shout and a noise, and SHEAMUS O'HERAN rushes in).

SHEAMUS.—Ububu! Ohone-y-o, do deo! The big coach is
overthrown at the foot of the hill! The bag in which the
letters of the country are is bursted, and there is neither tie
nor cord nor rope nor anything to bind it up. They are
calling out now for a hay sugaun, whatever kind of thing that
is; the letters and the coach will be lost for want of a hay
sugaun to bind them.

HANRAHAN.—Do not be bothering us; we have our poem
done and we are going to dance. The coach does not come this
way at all.

SÉAMUS.—Tá gan ré an bealaí rín anoir—áit ír dóigí gur ríamhréarí tura, agus naé bfuil eólar agha air. Nac tótagann an cóirte tar an ghenoc anoir a éomáiranna?

ÍAD uile.—Tá gan, tá gan go cinnte.

MAC UÍ h-AMH.—Ír cuma liom, a tēáit no gan a tēáit. Áit b'féar liom fíde cóirte beit bhírte ar an mbótar ná go gcuirfeá réarla an bhollais bái ó dháirí dúinn. Abair leir an gcóirteóir nóra do carad dō féin.

SÉAMUS.—O muirí, ní tís leir, tá an oiréad rín de' fuinneam agus de tēar agus de ríreacá agus de lút in rna caplaib aigeanta rín go gcaití mo cóirteóir boét bheit ar a gcinn. Ír ar éigin-báir ír féirí leir a gcearad ná a gcongbáil. Tá fíreoir a anam' air go n-eireócaí ríad in a mullaí, agus go n-imteócaí ríad uair de ríais. Tá gac uile fíreacá arta, ní facaí tū ríam a leití de caplaib ríadāine!

MAC UÍ h-AMH.—Má tá, tá dāoine eile iní an gcóirte a dēanfar nóra má'í éigin do'n cóirteóir beit ag ceann na gcapall: fás rín agus leis dúinn dháir.

SÉAMUS.—Tá; tá ríur eile ann, áit maidir le ceann aca, tá ré ar leat-lám, agus fear eile aca,—tá ré ag crí agus ag crataí leir an ríannraí fúair ré, ní tís leir fearam ar a dā cóir leir an easla atá air; agus maidir leir an ríomáí fear ní'l duine ar bit rín tír do leirféad an focal rín “nóra” ar a beil in a fíadhuir, mar naé le nóra do cpoed a dāir féin anuiríais, mar gēall ar dāoiríis do goir.

MAC UÍ h-AMH.—Carad fear aghaí féin ríán dō, mar rín, agus fásad an t-uráir fúinn-ne. [Le úna] 'Ní, a ríit na mban tairbeán dóib mar imtígeann lúnó imearí na nōitē, no helen fá'r rímuarad an Traoi. Dar mo lám, ó d'ēas dēiríre, fá'r cuiréad nāoirí mac Uiríis cum báir, ní'l a hoiríre i nēirínn inuá áit tu féin. Torócamāoir.

SÉAMUS.—Nā torais, go mbéir an ríán aghann. Ní tís unn-ne ríán carad. Ní'l duine ar bit annro ar féirí leir nóra do dēanam!

MAC UÍ h-AMH.—Ní'l duine ar bit ann ro ar féirí leir nóra dēanam!!

ÍAD uile.—Ní'l.

SÍGLE.—Agus ír fíor dhāib rín. Ní dēarad dūine ar bit iní an tír reo ríán féirí amā, ní mēarim go bfuil dūine in ran tís reo do cōnnaic ceann aca, féin, áit mīre. Ír maí cūnníisim-re, nuair naé ríab ionnam áit gíreac beas go bfacar mé ceann aca ar gādar do ríus mo fēan-dāir leir ar Connac-

SHEAMUS.—The coach does come this way now, but sure you're a stranger and you don't know. Doesn't the coach come over the hill now, neighbors?

ALL.—It does, it does, surely.

HANRAHAN.—I don't care whether it does come or whether it doesn't. I would sooner twenty coaches to be overthrown on the road than the pearl of the white breast to be stopped from dancing to us. Tell the coachman to twist a rope for himself.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, murder, he can't. There's that much vigor and fire and activity and courage in the horses that my poor coachman must take them by the heads; it's on the pinch of his life he's able to control them; he's afraid of his soul they'll go from him of a rout. They are neighing like anything; you never saw the like of them for wild horses.

HANRAHAN.—Are there no other people in the coach that will make a rope, if the coachman has to be at the horses' heads? Leave that, and let us dance.

SHEAMUS.—There are three others in it, but as to one of them, he is one-handed, and another man of them, he's shaking and trembling with the fright he got; it's not in him now to stand up on his two feet with the fear that's on him; and as for the third man, there isn't a person in this country would speak to him about a rope at all, for his own father was hanged with a rope last year for stealing sheep.

HANRAHAN.—Then let one of yourselves twist a rope so, and leave the floor to us. [*To Oona*] Now, O star of women, show me how Juno goes among the gods, or Helen for whom Troy was destroyed. By my word, since Deirdre died, for whom Naoise, son of Usnech, was put to death, her heir is not in Ireland to-day but yourself. Let us begin.

SHEAMUS.—Do not begin until we have a rope; we are not able to twist a rope; there's nobody here can twist a rope.

HANRAHAN.—There's nobody here is able to twist a rope?

ALL.—Nobody at all.

SHEELA.—And that's true; nobody in this place ever made a hay sugaun. I don't believe there's a person in this house who ever saw one itself but me. It's well I remember when I was a little girsha that I saw one of them on a goat that my

taib. B'íod na daoine uile ag ráð, “ara! cia 'n róir nait é rin éor ar bit?” agur dubairt reirean gur rugán do b'íann, agur go gnuíor na daoine a leictéir rin fíor i gConnadtaib. Dubairt ré go raedó fear aca ag congáil an féir agur fear eile o'á carad. Congbódair m'ire an fear anoir, má téirdeann tura o'á carad.

SÉAMUS.—D'éarfaid m'ire glac féir arteaó.

[Imtígeann ré amad.]

MAC UÍ N-ANN [ag gabáil].—

D'éarfaid mé cáinead cúige Múman,
Ní fásgann ríad an t-urldár fúinn;
Ní'l ionnta carad rugáin, féin!
Cúige Múman gan ríad gan reun!
Gráin go deó ar cúige Múman,
Nac b'fásgann ríad an t-urldár fúinn;
Cúige Múman na mbailiréoir mbréan,
Nac ois leó carad rugáin, féin!

SÉAMUS [ar air].—Seó an fear anoir.

MAC UÍ N-ANN.—Tabair 'm ann ro é. Tairbeárfaid m'ire daoib ead d'éarfar an Connadtaó deag-múinte dearlámad, an Connadtaó eóir clirte eiallmair, a b'fuil lút agur lán-rtuaim aise in a láim, agur eiall in a éeann, agur eoráirte in a époirde, aet gur feól m'ad agur mórbuaidreod an traogail é amearg leibivini cúige Múman, aet gan doirde gan uairte, aet gan eólar ar an eala ear an laéain, no ar an ór ear an brrár, no ar an uile ear an b'rótanán, no ar reult na mbán ós, agur ar péarla an b'rollaig bán, ear a gcuir r'raoille agur gíobad féin. Tabair 'm cipín!

[Sineann fear maide oó, cuireann ré rop féir timéioil air; toraigean ré o'á carad, agur Sígle ag tabairt amad an féir oó.]

MAC UÍ N-ANN [ag gabáil].—

Tá péarla mná 'tabairt roluir dúinn;
Ír i mo gráó, ír i mo rún,
'S i úna bán, an ríge-bean éuin,
'S ní cuigro na Muimniis leat a rtuaim:

Aet na Muimniis reo dallda ag Dia,
Ní aetnigro eala ear laea liae,
Aet tiuefard ri liom-ra, mo Hélen b'reá;
Mar a molfar a pearra 'r a r'grém go b'ráe.

Ara! m'uire! m'uire! m'uire! Nac é reo an baile b'reá; l'gae, nac é reo an baile ear bárr, an baile a mbíonn an uirde reo

grandfather brought with him out of Connacht. All the people used to be saying: Aurah, what sort of thing is that at all? And he said that it was a sugaun that was in it, and that people used to make the like of that down in Connacht. He said that one man would go holding the hay, and another man twisting it. I'll hold the hay now, and you'll go twisting it.

SHEAMUS.—I'll bring in a lock of hay. [*He goes out.*]

HANRAHAN.—I will make a dispraising of the province of Munster:
 They do not leave the floor to us,
 It isn't in them to twist even a sugaun;
 The province of Munster without nicety, without
 prosperity.
 Disgust for ever on the province of Munster,
 That they do not leave us the floor;
 The province of Munster of the foul clumsy people.
 They cannot even twist a sugaun!

SHEAMUS (*coming back*).—Here's the hay now.

HANRAHAN.—Give it here to me; I'll show ye what the well-learned, handy, honest, clever, sensible Connachtman will do, who has activity and full deftness in his hands, and sense in his head, and courage in his heart, but that the misfortune and the great trouble of the world directed him among the *lebidins* of the province of Munster, without honor, without nobility, without knowledge of the swan beyond the duck, or of the gold beyond the brass, or of the lily beyond the thistle, or of the star of young women and the pearl of the white breast beyond their own share of sluts and slatterns. Give me a kippeen. [*A man hands him a stick. He puts a wisp of hay round it, and begins twisting it, and SHEELA giving him out the hay.*]

HANRAHAN.—There is a pearl of a woman giving light to us;
 She is my love; she is my desire;
 She is fair Oona, the gentle queen-woman.
 And the Munstermen do not understand half her courtesy.
 These Munstermen are blinded by God.
 They do not recognise the swan beyond the grey duck,
 But she will come with me, my fine Helen,
 Where her person and her beauty shall be praised for ever.

Aurah, wisha, wisha, wisha, isn't this the fine village, isn't this the exceeding village! the village where there be that

ródaire croícta ann naé mbíonn don earbúir rópa ar na daoineib,
leir an méad rópa goirdeann ríad ó'n gcroídaire Cráirteacáin
atá ionnta. Tá na rópaib dea agus ní tógann ríad uata iad—
aé go gcuirfeann ríad an Connactaé boét as carad rúgáin doib!
níor éar ríad rúgáin féir in ran mbaile reo ariamh—agus an
méad rúgáin enáibe atá dea de bárr an croídaire!

Goirdeann Connactaé ciallmair

Rópa dó féin,

Aé goirdeann an Muirneac

Ó'n gcroídaire é!

Go breicir mé rópa

Breágh enáibe go fóill

Dá fársad ar rúgáib

Tá doinne ann ro!

Mar gheall ar don mhnaoi amáin o'imeigeadar na Spéadais, agus
níor rtoradair agus níor mhór-cómnuiigeadar no gur rghioradair
an Traoi, agus mar gheall ar don mhnaoi amáin béir an baile reo
damanta go deo na ndoer agus go bfuinne an bráta, le Dia na
nspár, go ríorruirde rúctain, nuair náir tuiigeadar gur ab í úna
ní Ríogáin an dara Helen do rúgáib in a meaf, agus go rúg
rí bárr áille ar Helen agus ar Dénur, ar a tóáinís roimprí agus
ar otiucfar 'na tóais.

Aé tiucfaid rí liom mo péarla mná

Go cúige Connact na ndoaine breágh:

Seobaid rí féarta fion a' r feoil,

Rinnceanna árd, rporc a' r ceól.

O! múire! múire! náir éirigir an ghian ar an mbaile reo, agus
náir laraib réalta air, agus náir—

[Tá ré ran am ro amuis éar an doir. Éirigeann na fíir uile
agus tóndair é o'don ruais amáin air. Tugann úna léim cum
an doir, aé beirir na mná uirir. Téirdeann Séamur anonn
cuici.]

ÚNA.—O! O! O! ná cuirigirde amac é. Leis ar air é. Sin
Tomár O h-Annpácin, ir file é, ir báir é, ir fear iongantac
é: O leis ar air é, ná déan rin air!

SÉAMUS.—A úna bán, agus a cuirle díleap, leis dó. Tá
ré imtígte anoir agus a cuirle pírtreós leir. Béir ré imtígte
ar do ceann amárac, agus béir tupa imtígte ar a ceann-ran.
Náir bfuil fíor asat go maí go mb'fearr liom tu 'ná céad míle
Déirre, agus gur tupa m'don péarla mná amáin o'da bfuil in
ran domán.

MÁC UÍ h-ANN [amuis, as buata ar an doir].—Forsail!
forsail! forsail! Leis ar ardeac mé. O mo fearc gcéad míle
mallaet oppaib,

many rogues hanged that the people have no want of ropes with all the ropes that they steal from the hangman!

The sensible Connachtman makes
A rope for himself;
But the Munsterman steals it
From the hangman;
That I may see a fine rope,
A rope of hemp yet
A stretching on the throats
Of every person here!

On account of one woman only the Greeks departed, and they never stopped, and they never greatly stayed, till they destroyed Troy; and on account of one woman only this village shall be damned; go deo, na ndeór, and to the womb of judgment, by God of the graces, eternally and everlastingly, because they did not understand that Oona ni Regaun is the second Helen, who was born in their midst, and that she overcame in beauty Deirdre and Venus, and all that came before or that will come after her!

But she will come with me, my pearl of a woman,
To the province of Connacht of the fine people,
She will receive feast, wine and meat,
High dances, sport and music!

Oh wisha, wisha, that the sun may never rise upon this village, and that the stars may never shine on it, and that——. [*He is by this time outside the door. All the men make a rush at the door, and shut it. OONA runs towards the door, but the women seize her. SHEAMUS goes over to her.*]

OONA.—Oh, oh, oh, do not put him out, let him back, that is Tumaus Hanrahan; he is a poet, he is a bard, he is a wonderful man. Oh, let him back, do not do that to him.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, Oona bawn, acushla deelish, let him be, he is gone now, and his share of spells with him. He will be gone out of your head to-morrow, and you will be gone out of his head. Don't you know that I like you better than a hundred thousand Deirdres, and that you are my one pearl of a woman in the world.

HANRAHAN (*outside, beating on the door*).—Open, open, open, let me in! Oh, my seven hundred thousand curses on you, the curse of the weak and of the strong, the curse of the poets and of the bards upon you! The curse of the priests on you

[Buailteann ré an tómuir arís agus arís eile:]

Mallaé na las oghaib' 'r na láirib,
 Mallaé na ragaib agus na mbriáib,
 Mallaé na n-Carball agus an bÁra,
 Mallaé na mbaintreabac 'r na nSarlac.
 Forghail! forghail! forghail!

SÉAMUS.—Tá mé buíochas díob a dómharranna, agus béid ūna buíochas díob amaraí. Buail leat, a rghairte! Déan do dháir leat féin amuis ann sin, anoir! Mí bfuigir tú arteaí ann ro! Óra, a dómharranna nac breáí é, tuine do beic ag éirteáit leir an rtoirín taob amuis, agus é féin go rocair páirta coir na teinead. Buail leat! Sprea leat. Cá 'uit Connáct anoir?

and the friars! The curse of the bishops upon you and the Pope! The curse of the widows on you and the children! Open! [*He beats at the door again and again.*]

SHEAMUS.—I am thankful to ye, neighbors, and Oona will be thankful to ye to-morrow. Beat away, you vagabond! Do your dancing out there by yourself now! Isn't it a fine thing for a man to be listening to the storm outside, and himself quiet and easy beside the fire? Beat away, storm away! Where's Connacht now?

TERLOUGH O'CAROLAN

From a print now in the possession of J. Hardiman, after
the print engraved and published by John Martin Dublin, 1832



TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN

*From a painting formerly in the possession of J. Hardiman, after
the print engraved and published by John Martyn, Dublin, 1822*



EARLY IRISH AUTHORS, TRANSLATIONS OF
WHOSE WORKS OCCUR IN VOLUMES ONE
TO NINE OF IRISH LITERATURE.

MAURICE DUGAN.

(About 1641.)

MAURICE DUGAN, or O'DUGAN, lived near Benburb, in County Tyrone, about the year 1641, and he wrote the song to the air of "The Coolin," which was even in his time old, and which is, as Hardiman says, considered by many "the finest in the whole circle of Irish music." He was supposed to be descended from the O'Dugans, hereditary bards and historians, one of whom wrote the "Typography of Ancient Ireland," which was extensively used by the Four Masters in their "Annals." O'Reilly, in his "Irish Writers," mentions four other poems, the production of O'Dugan, namely, "Set your Fleet in Motion," "Owen was in a Rage," "Erin has Lost her Lawful Spouse," "Fodhla (Ireland) is a Woman in Decay." The translation of "The Coolin" will be found among the works of Sir Samuel Ferguson.

MAURICE FITZGERALD.

(About 1612.)

MAURICE FITZGERALD lived in Munster in the time of Elizabeth. He was the son of David *duff* (the black) Fitzgerald, and he seems to have been a man of considerable education and of refined taste. Several of his works exist, but the facts of his life are shrouded in darkness. It is supposed that he died in Spain, where many of the most eminent Irishmen of his time found an exile's home. His journey thither probably suggested the "Ode on his Ship," though as Miss Brooke says in her "Reliques of Irish Poetry," it is possible the third ode of Horace deserves that credit. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" is a list of seven poems by Fitzgerald which were in O'Reilly's possession in 1820. The translation of his "Ode on his Ship" will be found with the work of Miss Brooke.

THOMAS FLAVELL

Is the supposed author of "County Mayo" or "The Lament of Thomas Flavell," the English translation of which by George Fox will be found in its place under that author's name. He was a

native of Bophin, an island on the western coast of Ireland, and lived in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. Hardiman says of the poem that "it is only remarkable for being combined with one of our sweetest native melodies—the very soul of Irish music."

GEOFFRY KEATING.

(1570—1650.)

"GEOFFRY KEATING, the Herodotus of Ireland," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "the Four Masters, and Duall MacFirbis were men of whom any age or country might be proud, men who, amid the war, rapine, and conflagration that rolled through the country at the heels of the English soldiers, still strove to save from the general wreck those records of their country which to-day make the name of Ireland honorable for her antiquities, traditions, and history in the eyes of the scholars of Europe.

"Of these men, Keating, as a prose writer, was the greatest. He was a man of literature, a poet, professor, theologian, and historian, in one. He brought the art of writing limpid Irish to its highest perfection, and ever since the publication of his 'History of Ireland,' some two hundred and fifty years ago, the modern language may be said to have been stereotyped. . . . I consider him (Keating) the first Irish historian and trained scholar who . . . wrote for the masses, not the classes, and he had his reward in the thousands of copies of his popular history made and read throughout all Ireland."

He was born at Tubbrid, near Clogheen, in County Tipperary, about the year 1570. At an early age he was sent to Spain, and he studied for twenty-three years in the College of Salamanca. On his return he was received with great respect by all classes of his countrymen, and after a tour through the country was appointed to the ministry of his native parish. Here he soon became famous for his eloquence, and crowds came to hear him from the neighboring towns of Cashel and Clonmel. Owing to his plain speaking in the pulpit, he was in danger of being arrested, and he fled for safety into the Galtee mountains.

Here he caused to be brought to him the materials he had been collecting for years, and here wrote his well-known and important "History of Ireland," ultimately completed about the year 1625. It begins from the earliest period (namely, the arrival of the three daughters of Cain, the eldest named Banba, who gave her name to Ireland, which was called "the Isle of Banba"), and extends to the Anglo-Norman invasion. In 1603, Keating was enabled to return to his parish, where he found a coadjutor, with whom he lived and labored peacefully for many years. One of the joint works of the two men was the erection of a church in 1644, over the door of which may yet be seen an inscription speaking of them as founders, and beside which was placed afterwards the following epitaph on the poet-historian:

“ In Tybrid, hid from mortal eye,
A priest, a poet, and a prophet lie ;
All these and more than in one man could be
Concentrated was in famous Jeoffry.”

Of the other works of Keating many were a few years ago, and possibly still are, well known traditionally to the peasantry of Munster. Among them are “Thoughts on Innisfail,” which D’Arcy Magee has translated; “A Farewell to Ireland,” a poem addressed to his harper; “An Elegy on the Death of Lord de Decies,” the “Three Shafts of Death,” a treatise in Irish prose, which Irish soldiers, we are told, have long held in admiration. He died about 1650.

TEIGE MACDAIRE.

(1570—1650.)

TEIGE MACDAIRE, son of Daire MacBrody, was born about 1570. He was principal poet to Donogh O’Brien, fourth Earl of Thomond, and held as his appanage the Castle of Dunogan, in Clare, with its lands. In accordance with the bardic usage, he wrote his elegant “Advice to a Prince” to his chief when the latter attained to the title. This is the most elaborate of his poems. Dr. Douglas Hyde in his “Literary History of Ireland” tells us that his poetry is all written in elaborate and highly wrought classical meters, and that there are still extant some 3,400 lines.

We give among the selections from the work of Dr. Hyde a few of the verses translated by him into the exact equivalent of the meter in which they are written.

MacDaire was assassinated by a marauding soldier of Cromwell’s army, who, as he treacherously flung the poet over a precipice, mocked him in Irish, crying: “Go, make your songs now, little man !” This was one of MacDaire’s own countrymen.

JOHN MACDONNELL.

(1691—1754.)

JOHN MACDONNELL, “perhaps the finest poet of the first half of the eighteenth century,” says Dr. Douglas Hyde, was born near Charleville, in the County Cork, in the year 1691. He has generally been called MacDonnell Claragh, from Claragh, the name of the residence of his family. O’Halloran in his “History of Ireland” speaks of him as “a man of great erudition, and a profound Irish antiquarian and poet,” and says that he “had made valuable collections, and was writing in his native tongue a ‘History of Ireland,’” which failing health, however, prevented him completing. He also proposed translating Homer’s *Iliad* into Irish, and had at least proceeded so far as to produce several highly praised specimens of what his work would be. But this, as well as the “History of Ireland,”

was put a stop to by his illness and death, and MacDonnell's fame must now rest on his poems alone. He died in the year 1754.

Hardiman ranks him in Irish as equal to Pope in English, and believes that had he lived to complete his translation of the *Iliad* it would have been as successful in a literary sense as was that of Pope. "If," he continues, "the latter had been an Irishman, and had written in the language of the country, it would be a matter of difficulty to determine which would be entitled to the prize. But, fortunately for his genius and fame, Pope was born on the right side of the Channel."

MacDonnell was, it seems, a "rank Jacobite" in politics, and, poet and genius though he was, had often by hasty flights to save his life from the hands of the "hunters of the bards." We give a translation of one of his poems by an anonymous hand. Others, by D'Alton, will be found among the examples of his work.

GRANU WAIL AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.¹

Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe,
Tho' gems all bright its bloom enwreath;
Undeck'd by gold or diamond rare,
Near Albion's throne stood Grana fair.

The vestal queen in wonder view'd
The hand that grasp'd the falchion rude—
The azure eye, whose light could prove
The equal power in war or love.

"Some boon," she cried, "thou lady brave,
From Albion's queen in pity crave:
E'en name the rank of countess high,
Nor fear the suit I'll e'er deny."

"Nay, sister-queen," the fair replied,
"A sov'reign, and an hero's bride
No fate shall e'er of pride bereave—
I'll honors give, but none receive.

"But grant to him—whose infant sleep
Is lull'd by rocking o'er the deep—
Those gifts, which now for Erin's sake
Thro' pride of soul I dare not take."

The queen on Grana gazed and smil'd,
And honor'd soon the stranger child
With titles brave, to grace a name
Of Erin's isle in herald fame.

¹This ballad celebrates a real historical scene, the visit of the famous Grace O'Malley to Queen Elizabeth. In the "*Anthologia Hibernica*" the visit is thus described: "The Queen, surrounded by her ladies, received her in great state. Grana was introduced in the dress of her country: a long, uncouth mantle covered her head and body; her hair was gathered on her crown, and fastened with a bodkin; her breast was bare, and she had a yellow bodice and petticoat. The court stared with surprise at so strange a figure."—"Granu Wail" or "Grana Uile" was one of the typical names of Ireland, and, as Lover remarks, the mere playing of the air with that name has still a political significance. (See also the examples of the work of Cæsar Otway.)

DUALD MACFIRBIS.

(1585—1670.)

THIS famous scholar was born in County Sligo. He was the author of "The Branches of Relationship," or "Volumes of Pedigrees." The autograph copy of this vast compilation, generally known as "The Book of MacFirbis," is now in the library of the Earl of Roden. He assisted Sir James Ware by transcribing and translating from the Irish for him. His "Collection of Glossaries" has been published by Dr. Whitley Stokes. His autograph "Martyrology," or "Litany of the Saints" in verse, is preserved in the British Museum. The fragment of his Treatise on "Irish Authors" is in the Royal Irish Academy. His transcription of the "Chronicum Scotorum" was translated by the late Mr. W. M. Hennessy, and published in 1867. His "Annals of Ireland" has been translated and edited by O'Donovan, and published by the Irish Archæological Society. A transcript of his catalogue of "Extinct Irish Bishops," by Mr. Hennessy, is in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy. In the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society may be found his English version of the "Registry of Clonmacnoise," compiled in the year 1216. Some extracts from his works translated by Professor O'Donovan will be found among the examples from that gentleman's work.

ANDREW MAGRATH.

(1723 —)

ANDREW MAGRATH was born in Limerick about 1723. He was one of the most gay, careless, and rollicking of the Jacobite poets, and one of the last who wrote in his native tongue. He wrote many songs and poems, of politics, of love, and of drinking. He was, like so many of his fellows, a wild liver; and his name survives yet among the peasantry of his native Munster, among whom he is remembered as the Mangaire Sugach, or Merry Monger. The date of his death is not known, but he is said to lie buried in Killmallock Churchyard.

We append anonymous translations of two of his poems. None of them have, however, been adequately rendered into the English language.

THE COMING OF PRINCE CHARLIE.

Too long have the churls in dark bondage oppressed me,
 Too long have I cursed them in anguish and gloom;
 Yet Hope with no vision of comfort has blessed me—
 The cave is my shelter—the rude rock my home.
 Save Doun¹ and his kindred, my sorrow had shaken
 All friends from my side, when at evening, forsaken,
 I sought the lone fort, proud to hear him awaken,
 The hymn of deliverance breathing for me.

¹ The ruler of the Munster fairies.

He told how the heroes were fallen and degraded
 And scorn dashed the tear their affliction would claim ;
 But Phelim and Heber,¹ whose children betrayed it,
 The land shall relume with the light of their fame.
 The fleet is prepared, proud Charles² is commanding,
 And wide o'er the wave the white sail is expanding,
 The dark brood of Luther shall quail at their landing,
 The Gael like a tempest shall burst on the foe.

The bards shall exult, and the harp-strings shall tremble,
 And love and devotion be poured in the strain ;
 Ere " Samhain"³ our chiefs shall in Temor⁴ assemble,
 The " Lion" protect our own pastors again.
 The Gael shall redeem every shrine's desecration,
 In song shall exhale our warm heart's adoration,
 Confusion shall light on the foe's usurpation,
 And Erin shine out yet triumphant and free.

The secrets of destiny now are before you—
 Away ! to each heart the proud tidings to tell :
 Your Charles is at hand, let the green flag spread o'er you !
 The treaty they broke your deep vengeance shall swell.
 The hour is arrived, and in loyalty blending,
 Surround him ! sustain ! Shall the gorged goal descending
 Deter you, your own sacred monarch defending?
 Rush on like a tempest and scatter the foe !

MY GRAND RECREATION.

I sell the best brandy and sherry,
 To make my good customers merry ;
 But at times their finances
 Run short, as it chanches,
 And then I feel very sad, very !

Here's brandy ! Come, fill up your tumbler ;
 Or ale, if your liking be humbler ;
 And, while you've a shilling,
 Keep filling and swilling—
 A fig for the growls of the grumbler !

I like, when I'm quite at my leisure,
 Mirth, music, and all sorts of pleasure ;
 When Margery's bringing
 The glass, I like singing
 With bards—if they drink within measure.

Libation ! I pour a libation,
 I sing the past fame of our nation ;
 For valorous glory,
 For song and for story,
 This, this, is my grand recreation.

¹ Renegade Irish who joined the foe. ² The Pretender.

³ The 1st of November, the festival of Baal-Samen, so called by the Druids. ⁴ Tara.

GERALD NUGENT.

(About 1588.)

GERALD NUGENT was one of those Irishmen of English descent of whom it was complained that they became more Irish than the Irish themselves. In the reign of King John the barony of Devlin in Meath was granted to Gilbert de Nugent. By the time of Elizabeth the Nugents had taken to the Irish language, like many other inhabitants of the Pale, and Gerald Nugent was a bard and harpist. He composed in Irish, and flinging aside his harp he joined with the Irish in their attempt to throw off the yoke of the conquerors. Of course the result was failure, and Nugent became an exile. In his grief at leaving the land of his birth, he composed the ode or lamentation, a translation of which by the Rev. W. H. Drummond is given under that gentleman's name. This is the only one of his poems that has been preserved. When and where Gerald Nugent died we have been unable to discover.

TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN.

(1670—1738.)

TURLOUGH CAROLAN, or O'CAROLAN, commonly called the last of the bards, was born in the year 1670 at the village of Baile-Nusah, or Newton, in the County Westmeath, and went to school at Cruisestown, County Longford. When about fifteen (some say eighteen and others twenty-two) he lost his sight through an attack of small-pox. While at school he made the acquaintance of Bridget Cruise, whose name he made famous in one of his songs.

Many years later Carolan went on a pilgrimage to what is called St. Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in an island on Lough Dearg in County Donegal. While standing on the shore he began to assist some of his fellow-pilgrims into a boat, and chancing to take hold of a lady's hand he suddenly exclaimed, "By the hand of my gossip! this is the hand of Bridget Cruise!" So it was, but the fair one was still deaf to his suit.

Carolan moved with his father to Carrick-on-Shannon, and there a Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe had him carefully instructed in Irish and also to some extent in English. She also caused him to learn how to play the harp, not with the view to his becoming a harper, but simply as an accomplishment. In his twenty-second year he suddenly determined to become a harper, and, his benefactress providing him with a couple of horses and an attendant to carry the harp, he started on a round of visits to the neighboring gentry, to most of whom he was already known; and for years he wandered all over the country, gladly received wherever he came, and seldom forgetting to pay for his entertainment by song in praise of his host.

In about middle life he married Miss Mary Maguire, a young lady

of good family. With her he lived very happily and learned to love her tenderly, though she was haughty and extravagant. On his marriage he built a neat house at Moshill in County Leitrim, and there entertained his friends with more liberality than prudence. The income of his little farm was soon swallowed up, and he fell into embarrassments which haunted him the rest of his life. On this he took to his wanderings again, while his wife stayed at home and busied herself with the education of their rather numerous family. In 1733 she was removed by death, and a melancholy fell upon him which remained until the end. He did not survive his wife long. In 1738 he paid a visit to the house of his early benefactress, Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe, and there he fell ill and died.

Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "He composed over two hundred airs, many of them very lively, and usually addressed to his patrons, chiefly to those of the old Irish families. He composed his own words to suit his music, and these have given him the reputation of a poet. They are full of curious turns and twists of meter to suit his airs, to which they are admirably wed, and very few are in regular stanzas. They are mostly of Pindaric nature, addressed to patrons or to fair ladies; there are some exceptions however, such as his celebrated ode to whisky, one of the finest bacchanalian songs in any language, and his much more famed but immeasurably inferior 'Receipt for Drinking.' Very many of his airs and nearly all his poetry with the exception of about thirty pieces are lost."

Examples of his poetry will be found in translations by John D'Alton, Arthur Dawson, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Thomas Furlong, and Dr. George Sigerson.

There is a well-known portrait of him by the Dutch painter, Vanderhagen, which bears some resemblance to the portraits of Shakespeare.

MICHAEL O'CLERY.

(1580—1643.)

REFERRING to "The Annals of the Four Masters," Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "This mighty work is chiefly due to the herculean labors of the learned Franciscan brother, Michael O'Clery," who was born in Donegal about the year 1580. He was descended from a learned family who had been for centuries hereditary historians to the O'Donnells, princes of Tyrconnell, and at an early age became distinguished for his abilities. While yet young he retired to the Irish Franciscan monastery at Louvain, where he soon attracted the attention of the learned Hugh Ward, a native of his own country and a lecturer at the Irish College. His perfect knowledge of the Irish language and history caused him to be employed by Ward to carry out a project that enthusiastic monk had formed for rescuing the annals and antiquities of his country from oblivion.

O'Clery then returned to Ireland, where for many years he busied himself collecting manuscripts and other works and transmitting them to Louvain. In 1635 Ward died, but some time before he managed to publish from O'Clery's materials "*The Life of St. Ru-mold*," "*Irish Martyrology*," and a treatise on the "*Names of Ireland*." John Colgan, also a native of Donegal, afterwards made large use of O'Clery's manuscripts in his works on the Irish saints, "*Trias Thaumaturga*" and "*Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*." Even before Ward's death, however, O'Clery had commenced his great work, which at first went by the name of "*The Annals of Donegal*," then by the title of "*The Ulster Annals*," and is now known over the world as "*The Annals of the Four Masters*," as he and his assistants, Peregrine O'Clery, Conary O'Clery, and Peregrine O'Duigenan, a learned antiquary of Kiltonan, were named. He had also some little help from the hereditary historians to the kings of Connaught, two members of the old and learned family of the O'Maolconerys.

The work states that it was entirely composed in the convent of the Brothers of Donegal, who supplied the requirements of the transcribers while their labors were in progress. Fergal O'Gara, a member for Sligo in the Parliament of 1634, is also said to have liberally rewarded O'Clery's assistants, while it was his advice and influence that prevailed on O'Clery to bring them together and proceed with the work. In the "*Testimonials*" are also stated the names of the books and manuscripts from which the "*Annals*" were compiled, and there also we find the information that the first volume was begun on the 22d January, 1632, and the last finished on the 10th August, 1636. To the "*Testimonials*," which is a kind of guarantee of the faithfulness of the work, are subscribed the names of the Superior and two of the monks, together with the countersignature of O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell.

After the completion of the "*Annals*" O'Clery returned to Louvain, where in 1643 he published a "*Vocabulary of the Irish Language*." This seems to have been the last of his works, and this year the last year of his life.

"*The Annals of the Four Masters*" begin at the earliest period of Irish history, about A.D. 1171, and end A.D. 1616, covering a period of 444 years. The "*Annals*" were published in Dublin by Bryan Geraghty in 1846.

Examples of the translations by Owen Connellan and O'Donovan will be found among the work of these writers, also a translation by O'Donovan from the "*Annals*."

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN.

(1740—1825.)

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN was born in Cork in 1740, and died in Modeligo, Waterford, in the first quarter of the present century. He was a tall, handsome farmer. He traveled to Cork to purchase wedding presents for his betrothed, but was met on his way home by the news that she had married a wealthy suitor. He flung

all his presents into the fire, and from the shock lost his reason, which he never recovered.

A translation of an Irish poem of his by Dr. Sigerson is given among the examples of the work of that gentleman.

JOHN O'NEACHTAN.

(1695 ?—1720 ?)

JOHN O'NEACHTAN was still alive in 1715. He was a native of County Meath, but beyond this little is known about him. "He was," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "one of the earliest writers of Jacobite poetry, and perhaps the most voluminous man of letters of his day among the native Irish. One of his early poems was written immediately after the battle of the Boyne, when the English soldiery stripped him of everything he possessed in the world, except one small Irish book. Between forty and fifty of his pieces are enumerated by O'Reilly, and I have seen others in a manuscript in private hands. These included a poem in imitation of those called 'Ossianic,' of 1,296 lines, and a tale written about 1717 in imitation of the so-called Fenian tales, an amusing allegoric story called the 'Adventures of Edmund O'Clery,' and a curious but extravagant tale called the 'Strong-armed Wrestler.'

"Hardiman had in his possession a closely written Irish treatise by O'Neachtan of five hundred pages on general geography, containing many interesting particulars concerning Ireland, and a volume of 'Annals of Ireland' from 1167 to 1700. He also translated a great many church hymns, and, I believe, prose books from Latin. His elegy on Mary D'Este, widow of James II., is one of the most musical pieces I have ever seen, even in Irish :

" ' SLOW cause of my fear
NO pause to my tear,
The brightest and whitest
LOW lies on her bier.

FAIR Islets of green,
RARE sights to be seen,
Both highlands and Islands
THERE sigh for the Queen.' "

A translation by Thomas Furlong of O'Neachtan's famous song "Maggy Laidir" is given with the examples of the writings of that gentleman.

OSSIAN.

"Side by side with the numerous prose sagas which fall under the title of 'Fenian,' " says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "there exists an enormous mass of poems, chiefly

narrative, of a minor epic type, or else semi-dramatic *épopées*, usually introduced by a dialogue between St. Patrick and the poet Ossian. Ossian¹ was the son of Finn mac Cúmhail, vulgarly 'Cool,' and he was fabled to have lived in *Tír na n-óg*, the country of the ever-young, the Irish Elysium, for three hundred years, thus surviving all his Fenian contemporaries and living to hold colloquy with St. Patrick. The so-called Ossianic poems are extraordinarily numerous, and were they all collected would probably (between those preserved in Scotch-Gaelic and in Irish) amount to some 80,000 lines. . . . The most of them, in the form in which they have come down to us at the present day, seem to have been composed in rather loose metres . . . and they were even down to our fathers' time exceedingly popular, both in Ireland and in the Scotch Highlands, in which latter country Ian Campbell, the great folk-lorist, made the huge collection which he called *Leabhar na Féinne*, or the Book of the Fenians.

"Some of the Ossianic poems relate the exploits of the Fenians ; others describe conflicts between members of that body and worms, wild beasts, and dragons ; others fights with monsters and with strangers come from across the sea ; others detail how Finn and his companions suffered from the enchantments of wizards and the efforts made to release them ; one enumerates the Fenians who fell at *Cnoc-an-áir* ; another gives the names of about three hundred of the Fenian hounds ; another gives Ossian's account of his three hundred years in the Land of the Young and his return ; many more consist largely of semi-humorous dialogues between the saint and the old warrior ; another is called Ossian's madness ; another is Ossian's account of the battle of *Gabhra*, which made an end of the Fenians, and so on. . . .

"There is a considerable thread of narrative running through these poems and connecting them in a kind of series, so that several of them might be divided into the various books of a Gaelic epic of the *Odyssie* type, containing, instead of the wanderings and final restoration of Ulysses, the adventures and final destruction of the Fenians, except that the books would be rather more disjointed. There is, moreover, splendid material for an ample epic in the division between the Fenians of Munster and Connacht and the gradual estrangement of the High King, leading up to the fatal battle of *Gabhra* ; but the material for this last exists chiefly in prose texts, not in the Ossianic lays. . . .

"The Ossianic lays are almost the only narrative poems which exist in the language, for although lyrical, elegiac, and didactic poetry abounds, the Irish never produced, except in the case of the Ossianic *épopées*, anything of importance in a narrative and ballad form, anything, for instance, of the nature of the glorious ballad poetry of the Scotch Lowlands.

"The Ossianic meters, too, are the eminently epic ones of Ireland. . . .

"Of the authorship of the Ossianic poems nothing is known. In the Book of Leinster are three short pieces ascribed to Ossian

¹ In Irish *Oisín*, pronounced "Esheen," or "Ussheen."

himself, and five to Finn, and other old MSS. contain poems ascribed to Caoilte, Ossian's companion and fellow survivor, and to Fergus, another son of Finn ; but of the great mass of the many thousand lines which we have in seventeenth and eighteenth century MSS. there is not much which is placed in Ossian's mouth as first hand, the pieces, as I have said, generally beginning with a dialogue, from which Ossian proceeds to recount his tale. But this dramatic form of the lay shows that no pretense was kept up of Ossian's being the singer of his own exploits. From the paucity of the pieces attributed to him in the oldest MSS. it is probable that the Gaelic race only gradually singled him out as their typical pagan poet, instead of Fergus or Caoilte or any other of his alleged contemporaries, just as they singled out his father Finn as the typical pagan leader of their race ; and it is likely that a large part of our Ossianic lay and literature is post-Danish, while the great mass of the Red Branch saga is in its birth many centuries anterior to the Norsemen's invasion."

A. RAFTERY.

(1780?—1840?)

THE story of the discovery of the writings of Raftery by Dr. Douglas Hyde and Lady Gregory is one of the most curious and interesting in the annals of literature. We have not space for it in detail ; in brief it was on this wise : Some time in the seventies Dr. Hyde heard an old man singing a song at the door of his cottage. The old man, at his request, taught Dr. Hyde the song and the latter went away.

Twelve years after, when Dr. Hyde was working in the Royal Irish Academy, he came across some old manuscript containing a number of poems ascribed to a man named Raftery, and among them the very song that he had learned on that morning long ago.

Seven years more elapsed, and Dr. Hyde one day met an old blind man begging. He gave him a penny, and passed on, when it suddenly occurred to him that he should have spoken to him in Irish. He did so and conversed with him for an hour. Among other things they talked about was Raftery, and Dr. Hyde learned much about the poet from the old man:

This set him upon the track of the poet, and the final result was the recovery of most of his poems and considerable material for his biography, which would otherwise have been absolutely lost. Had it not been for the fact that the poems were so well known up and down the country, it would have been impossible to recover many of them.

Raftery was born about 1780 or 1790 at Cilleaden, County Mayo, of very poor parents. He was early in life deprived of his sight by smallpox, so that he never had any better occupation by which to make a living than that of a fiddler. Though he was absolutely destitute and practically dependent upon alms, no poet of the people

ever exercised so widespread an influence upon those among whom he lived. He was never taught either to read or to write; he had no access to books of any kind, or any form of literature, except what he was able to pick up through his ears as he traveled from cottage to cottage, with his bag over his shoulder, picking up his day's meals as he went.

Lady Gregory in her "Poets and Dreamers" deals very fully with his work, and from the examples which she gives we are justified in claiming for this, the last of Irish bards, the name of an inspired one. It is said that he spent the last years of his life in making prayers and religious songs, of which Lady Gregory gives some interesting examples, and of which "The Confession," printed in the present volume, is typical.

He died at an advanced age, about 1840, and is buried at Killeenan, County Mayo, where there is a stone over his grave, and where the people from all parts round about gather in August of every year to do honor to his memory.

RICHARD STANIHURST.

(1545—1618.)

RICHARD STANIHURST was born in Dublin, and in his eighteenth year went to University College, Oxford. He studied law at Furnival's Inn and Lincoln's Inn; and, returning to Ireland, married a daughter of Sir Charles Barnewell. About 1579 he took up his residence in Leyden, entered holy orders, and became chaplain to Albert, Archduke of Austria and Governor of the Spanish Netherlands. A great portion of his writings are in Latin. His first work, which was published in London in 1570, in folio, is entitled "*Harmonia, seu catena dialectica Porphyrium*," and is spoken of with particular praise by Edmund Campion, then a student at St. John's College, Oxford. His other works are "*De rebus in Hibernia gestis*" (Antwerp, 1584, 4to); "*Descriptio Hiberniæ*," which is to be found in "*Holinshed's Chronicle*," of which it formed a part of the second volume; "*De Vita S. Patricii*" (Antwerp, 1587, 12mo); "*Hebdomada Mariana*" (Antwerp, 1609, 8vo); "*Hebdomada Eucharistica*" (Douay, 1614, 8vo); "*Brevis premonitio pro futura commentatione cum Jacobo Usserio*" (Douay, 1615, 8vo); "*The Principles of the Catholic Religion*"; "*The First Four Books of Virgil's Æneid in English Hexameters*" (1583, small 8vo, black letter); with which are printed the four first Psalms, "certayne poetical conceites" in Latin and English, and some epitaphs.

OWEN WARD.

(About 1600 or 1610.)

LITTLE is known of Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Red Owen Ward, beyond the fact that he was the bard of the O'Donnells, and

accompanied the princes of Tyrconnell and Tyrone when they fled from Ireland in 1607. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" the names of nine lengthy and still extant poems of his are given. The "Lament," translated by J. Clarence Mangan, will be found among that author's contributions to this work; it is addressed to Nuala, sister of O'Donnell, the Prince of Tyrconnell, who died in Rome, and was interred in the same grave with O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone. Ward was the descendant of a long line of bards and poets of the same name.

MODERN IRISH AUTHORS, WHOSE WORK, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED, APPEARS IN
VOLUME TEN OF IRISH LITERATURE.

FATHER DINNEEN.

FATHER DINNEEN is a native of the district adjoining Killarney, in East Kerry, a district that has produced a crop of distinguished poets such as Egan O'Rahilly, Geoffrey O'Donoghue, Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan, Finneen O'Scannell. He drank in the traditional lore of this region during his boyhood, and always held the Irish language in special veneration. University and ecclesiastical studies, however, engrossed the best years of his youth and early manhood, and it was only when the enemies of Ireland's honor came forward at the Intermediate Education Commission, held in Dublin a few years ago, and sought to vilify Irish literature, to show that whatever little of it survived was either "silly" or "indecent," that he set seriously to work to lay before the world the collected works of several modern Irish poets, including those named above.

Besides collecting from manuscripts and editing for the first time the works of some six distinguished poets, Father Dinneen has in three or four years written several prose works in Irish, including an historical novel, "*Cormac Va Conaill*," a description of Killarney, and several plays. He has also finished a dictionary of the modern Irish language, with explanations in English. He is perhaps the most earnest writer of the Gaelic movement, and his *editiones principes* of the Munster poets are of the greatest value.

JAMES J. DOYLE.

MR. JAMES J. DOYLE, the most unwearying worker and, with the single exception, perhaps, of Father O'Leary, the raciest writer of Irish dialogue living, was born at Cooleanig, Tuogh, County Kerry, forty-five years ago. The son of a well-connected, well-disposed, well-to-do farmer, he had the advantage of spending his boyhood in a singularly bilingual atmosphere; but it was only on leaving the local National school to enter the Revenue Service at the age of nineteen that he commenced to study the literature of his race. To Mr. David Connyn he attributes much of his earlier interest in Ireland's hallowed literature, an interest which has been steadily deepening for upwards of a quarter of a century.

Owing to circumstances with which our readers are unhappily only too familiar, Mr. Doyle remained unknown as a writer until the Oireachtas of 1898. On this occasion, however, he leisurely carried off a prize for three humorous Irish stories, and again at the

Oireachtas of 1900 he won the "Independent" prize for a story of modern Irish life. Still later, at the "Feis Uladh," he received first prize for a paper on "Ulster Local Names." This latter is one of his pet subjects, and has constituted the theme of many a lecture delivered in the interest of the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle also won first prize in the "Irish Phrase-Book Competition" at the recent Oireachtas, 1901, and though not a teacher was fourth in the competition (open to all Ireland) for Archbishop Walsh's prize of £25 (\$125) for a bilingual school programme.

In 1881 he married Miss Mary A. Joyce, sister to Dr. King Joyce, of Dublin. She, like her devoted husband, is also bilingual, and it is not to be wondered at that they are, as the *Claidheamh* is wont to say, "bringing up seven sturdy, enthusiastic young bilingualists."

His numerous relatives and friends in the United States will share his own manifest gratification at the fact that his parents are still hale and hearty, and, as he himself is practically in the prime of life just now, there seems every hope that the readers of *An Claidheamh*—and probably of other Irish journals—will have access to his inimitable contributions for many a year to come.

As in the case of several of the most active members of the Gaelic League, his position of Supervisor in the Inland Revenue does not prevent him from rendering very efficient, if undemonstrative, service to his country. He resides at present in Derry, and is possibly the most energetic organizer in all Ulster. His assistance to Mr. Concaannon has been simply invaluable.

"Cathair Conroi," children's stories, won the first prize at 1902 Oireachtas.

He was one of the original founders of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language in 1876, and subsequently of the Gaelic Union, which founded the *Gaelic Journal* in 1882, and which might be said to have paved the way for the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle is the author of the following books, published by the Gaelic League: "Beert Fhear o' n-Tuaith," or "Two Men from the Country," a series of snapshots of Irish rural life in the form of dialogue; "Taahg Gabha," "Tim the Smith," a racy story of Kerry life; "Cathair Conroi," and other stories suitable for children; an "Irish-English Phrase Book."

AGNES O'FARRELLY.

MISS AGNES O'FARRELLY, or in Irish *Una ni Thearghaille*, comes from one of the oldest and most respected families in the County Cavan. She was born at Kiffenny House, East Breffin. She was the first lady candidate to take up Irish as subject for the M.A. examination in the Royal University, which she passed with the highest honors. She has spent much time in the Arran Islands learning to speak the language colloquially, and in 1899 she attended a course of lectures in Old Irish by Monsieur de Jubainville in Paris at the Collège de France. She has been for years one of the most prom-

inent members of the Coisde Griotha, or Executive of the Gaelic League. She is chief examiner in Celtic to the Board of Intermediate Education. Her principal writings are a propagandist tract in English called "The Reign of Humbug," and two stories in Irish, one called "Grádh agus Crádh," the other an Arran story called "The Cneamhaire," from which we give an extract, and, lastly, the splendid "Life of Father O'Growney," which has just been published and which is full of interest and information about the rise of the Irish Revival. She has nearly completed the collecting and editing of the text of John O'Neachtan's poems, and the editing of a very difficult text from the library of the Franciscans, containing an account of the wanderings of O'Neill and O'Donnell in Spain. She is an indefatigable worker in the cause of Irish Ireland.

THOMAS HAYES.

THOMAS HAYES was born in Miltown Malbay on Nov. 2, 1866, where his father was a master cooper in comfortable circumstances.

He was educated in the National school. Both his parents were very good Irish speakers, and his home language was Irish. His house was always a great rendezvous for the neighbors, who used to meet there to tell stories, and the boy with mouth, and eyes, and ears open drank in a great many of the local tales and legends. Indeed, the house during this period was more like a branch of the Gaelic League than anything else.

His father was a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, and his mother was intensely Irish.

In 1886 he was appointed as assistant teacher in Harold's Cross National School, Dublin. He went through a course in St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra, in 1891-92, and in 1895 was appointed principal of St. Gabriel's Boys' School, Aughrim Street.

He is a good amateur musician, and carried off two first prizes at the R. I. A. M. School Choirs competitions in 1898 and 1901; the Oireachtas Gold Medal for singing, and also the prize for the best original air to "Caoinead An Guinn" at the Oireachtas, besides several second prizes at the R. I. A. M. Oireachtas and Leinster Feis.

In 1893 he joined the Gaelic League, and was soon after co-opted on the Executive Committee, of which he has since remained a member. He threw himself enthusiastically into the work of the League, and devoted a considerable portion of his spare time for several years to teaching Irish and singing in different branches of the League. He was the first teacher in Ireland to apply the Tonic Sol-Fa system to the teaching of Irish songs. His first attempt at Irish prose composition was published in the *Gaelic Journal* in 1894, and since then he has been in evidence more or less over his own name; but much of his work in Irish in the shape of articles, etc., has been unsigned.

PATRICK O'LEARY.

PATRICK O'LEARY, like his friend, Dounchalh Pleinniomm of Cork, was one of the first martyrs of the Irish Revival. He died early, to the great loss of the movement, chiefly from overwork connected with it. His principal effort was the collection of Munster folk tales, called *Sgeuliugheacht Chirige Mumham*, chiefly from his native place near Eyeries, in the extreme south of Ireland. He was the first to collect the folk tales of Munster, having been incited thereto, as he says in his preface, by the Connaught collections of the "Craoibhin." He published many excellent things in the *Gaelic Journal*, and possibly elsewhere. He was a complete master of the language, and if he had lived would have undoubtedly become one of our ablest writers.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY was born in the year 1840, in the middle of a wild and mountainous district, about midway between Millstreet and Macroom, in the County Cork. Irish was at that time the language of that district. The people spoke scarcely any English. In that way it happened that Father O'Leary's childhood and youth were impregnated with Irish. He was fortunate in another way also. His mother was a highly educated woman, as well as a very talented one. When she spoke English to her children it was the best and the most correct English, and when she spoke Irish to them it was the best and the purest and the most correct Irish. His father had not received an English education, but the mastery which he had of the Irish language and the force and power with which he could use it were exceptional, even in a district where the language was, at that time, very copious and very powerful.

It is not to be wondered at that a person whose childhood and early youth were passed in the midst of such opportunities should have now the knowledge of the Irish language which Father O'Leary has. During that childhood and early youth he often passed considerable periods of time without ever speaking an English word.

The chief part of his English education was obtained at home from his mother. Having gone to a classical school in Macroom and learned some Latin and Greek, he went to the newly established College of St. Colman in Fermoy. Then he went on to Maynooth, and was ordained in 1867.

He never thought there was the remotest danger of the death of the Irish language until he went into Maynooth. When he got among the students in Maynooth he was astonished to find that there were many of them who could not speak a word of Irish. Not only that, but that there were large districts of the country where no word of Irish was spoken, and that such districts were growing larger each year, while those districts where Irish was

spoken were growing each year smaller. It was easy to see where that would end, and that the end was not very far off.

He then turned his attention to the study of Irish, determined to keep alive at least one man's share of the national speech.

Having been ordained and sent on the mission, he made it a point to preach in Irish and to speak Irish to the people whenever and wherever it was possible to do so.

But the Irish-speaking districts continued to grow small, and the English-speaking districts continued to expand, and the case continued to grow more and more hopeless every day and every hour.

At last the Gaelic League made its appearance. The moment it did Father O'Leary went into the work, determined to do at least one man's share. He has continued to do so.

Father Peter is the "good old man" of the Munster Revival. His influence in that province is unbounded. Two of his plays, the "Ghost" and "Tadhg Saor," are constantly acted in Munster, and his writings, of which "Seadhna" is perhaps the best known, are acknowledged to be the most idiomatic of those of any Irish writer. He is very prolific, and every week sees something new from his pen, either in the Cork papers or in the Dublin *Leader*. He is one of the two vice-presidents of the Gaelic League.

P. J. O'SHEA.

MR. P. J. O'SHEA is a Kerry man, from the parish of An Team-pole Nuadh. He worked for many years as a Custom House officer in Belfast, and is at present in England. Over the signature of "Conán Maol," he has contributed an immense quantity of fine idiomatic Irish to the *Claidheamh Solnis* and other papers. He is of splendid physique and immense personal strength, and is descended from a race famous for their prowess and bravery in old times. His sketch of O'Neill in this library is a fair specimen of his style.

MAP OF IRELAND IN THE PRESENT DAY

After Joyce and others

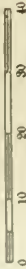
MAP OF IRELAND IN THE PRESENT DAY

After James and others



IRELAND

SCALE OF MILES



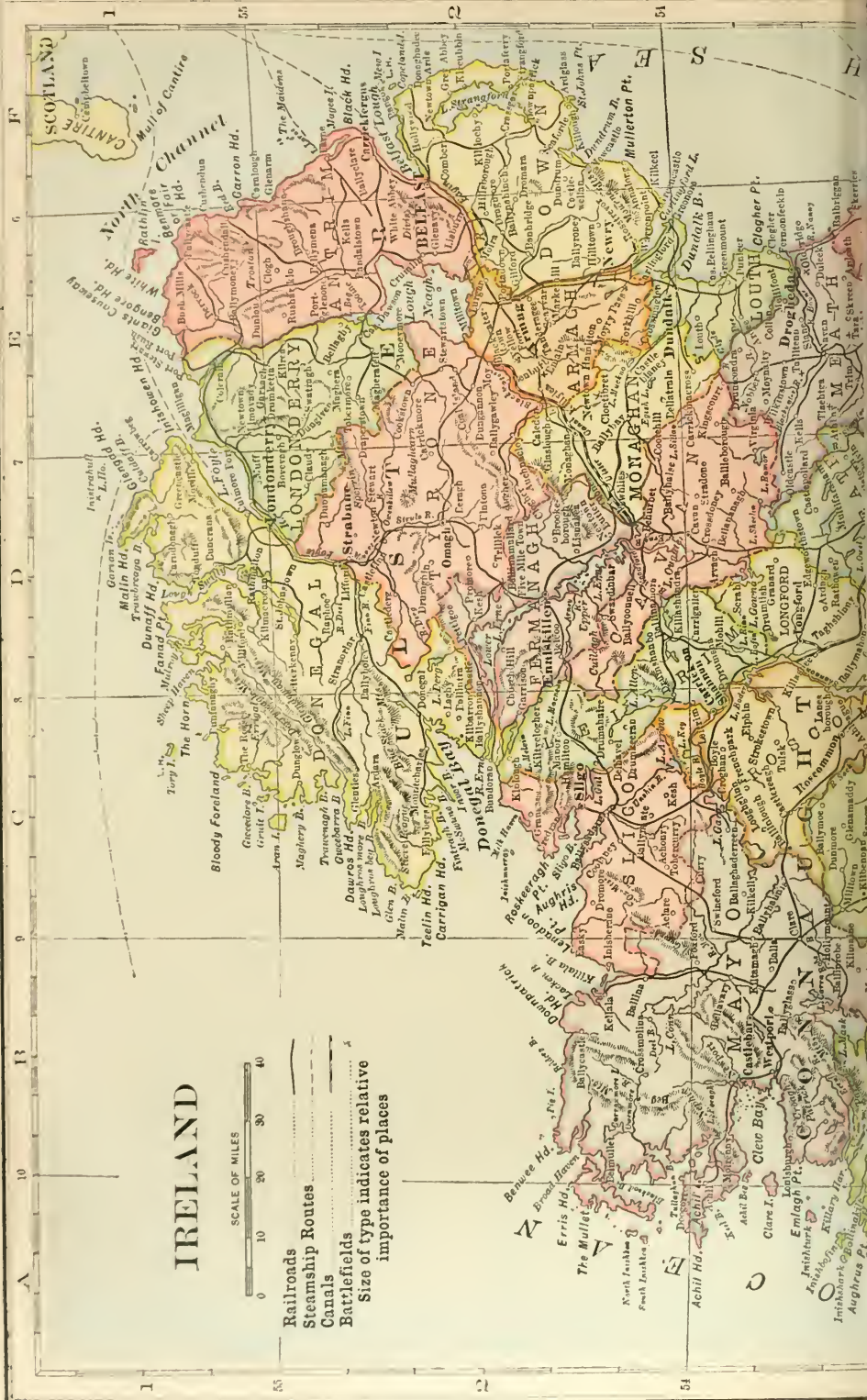
Railroads

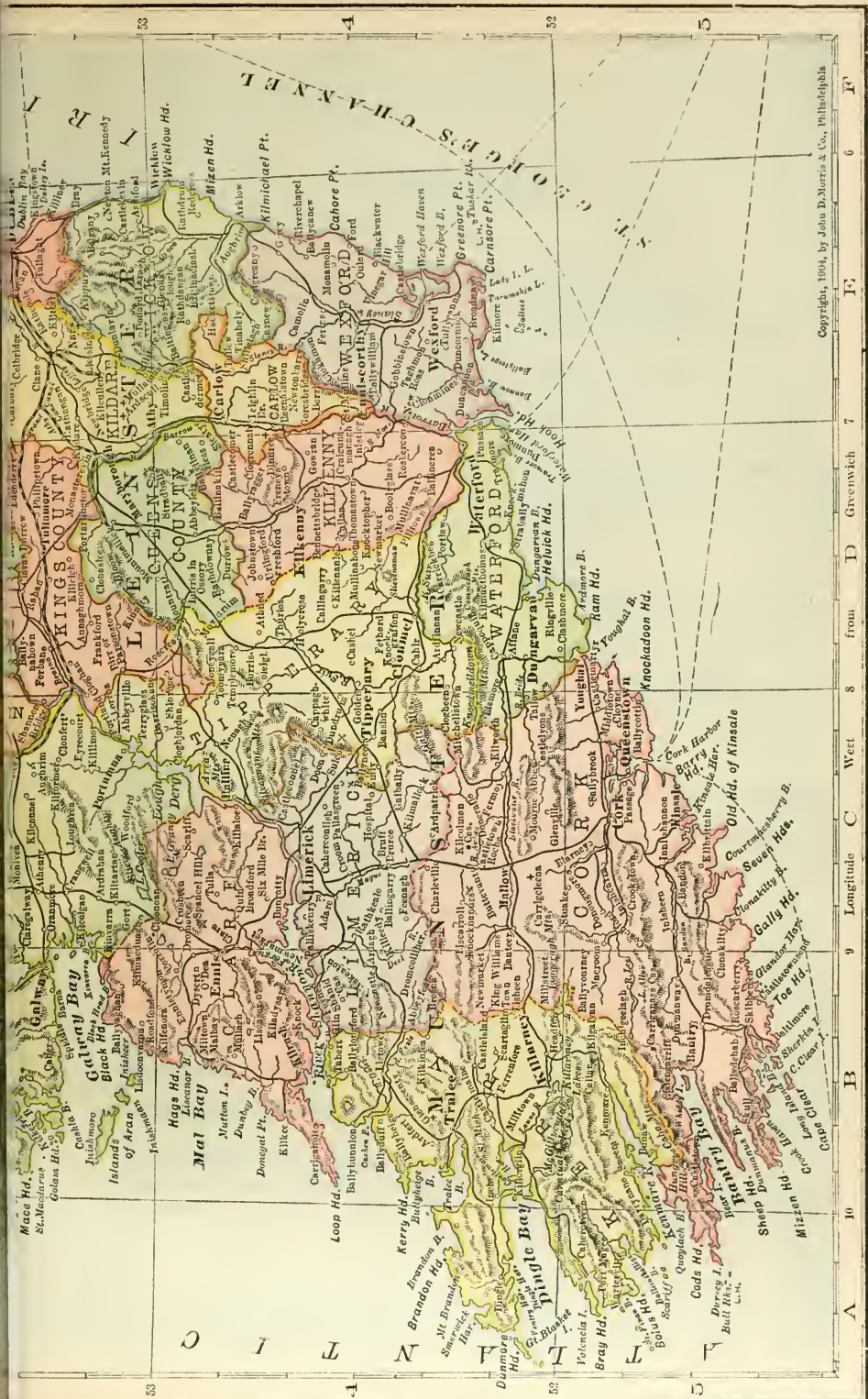
Steamship Routes

Canals

Battlefields

Size of type indicates relative importance of places





GLOSSARY.

- A BOCHAL (*A bhnuachaill*).....Boy, my boy.
 ABOO, ABÚ !.....To victory ! Hurrah !
 A CHARA, A CHORRA.....Friend, my friend.
 A COOLIN BAWN (*a chuilín ban*).....her fair-colored flowing hair.
 ACUSHLA (*a chuisle*) veín—ACUSHLA MA-
 CHREE.....Pulse of my heart.
 A CUSHLA AGUS ASTHORE MACHREE (*a*
chuisle agus a stoir mo chroidhe).....O pulse and treasure of my
 heart !
 A CUSHLA GAL MO CHREE (*a chuisle geal mo*
chroidhe)O bright pulse of my heart.
 AGRA, AGRADH (*a ghradh*).....Love, my love.
 A-HAGUR (*a theagair*).....O dear friend ! Comforter.
 AILEEN AROON (*Eibhlín a ruin*).. . . .Ellen, dear.
 ALANNA (*a leinbh*).....child.
 ALAUN.....a lout.
 ALPEEN (*alpin*)a stick.
 AN CHAITEOG.....The Winnowing Sheet (name
 of Irish air).
 ANCHUIL-FHIONN (*an chuileann*).....the white or fair-haired
 maiden.
 ANGASHORE (*aíndiseoir*).....a stingy person, a miser.
 AN SMACHTAOIN CRON.....the copper-colored stick of
 tobacco.
 AN SPAILPIN FANACH.....wandering laborer, a strapping
 fellow.
 A'RA GAL (*a ghradh geal*).....O bright love !
 AROON (*a ruin*).....O secret love ! beloved, sweet-
 heart.
 ARRAH (*ar' eadh*).....(literally, Was it?) Indeed !
 ARTH-LOOGHRA (*arc luachra or arc-sleibhe*)..a lizard.
 ASTHORE (*a stoir*).....Treasure.
 A-STOIR MO CHROIDHE (*a stoir mo chroidhe*)..Treasure of my heart.
 ASTOR GRA GEAL MACHREE (*a stoir gradh*
geal mo chroidhe).....Treasure, bright love of my
 heart.
 A SULISH MACHREE (*a sholais mo chroidhe*) Light of my heart.
 A THAISGE.....Treasure, my darling, my com-
 fort.
 AULAGONE (*ullagon*). See HULLAGONE.
 AVIC (*a mhic*).....Son, my son.
 AVOURNEEN (*a mhuirnin*)... ..Darling.
 BAITHERSHIN (*b'fheidir sin*).....That is possible ! Likely, in-
 deed ! Perhaps.
 BALLYRAGGIN.....scolding, defaming.
 BAN-A-T'GEE (*bean-an-tighe*).....woman of the house.
 BANSHEE (*bean-sidhe*) (literally, fairy-
 woman).....the death-warning spirit of the
 old Irish families.

- BANSHEE (*bean sídhe*).....fairy woman.
 BAUMASH, *raimeis*.....nonsense.
 BAWN (*ban*).....fair, white, bright, a park.
 BAWN, BADIUN.....cattle-yard or cow-fortress.
 BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUID (*beal an atha buidhe*).Mouth of the Yellow Ford.
 BEAN AN FHIR RUADH.....the red-haired man's wife.
 BEANNACT DE LA T'ANAM (*beanacht De le d'anam*).....The blessing of God on your soul!
 BEAN SHIE (*bean sídhe*). See BANSHEE.
 BEINNSIN LAUCHRA.....little bunch of rushes (Irish air).
 B'EDER SIN (*B'fheidir sin*). See BAITHERSHIN.
 BIREDH (*baircadh*).....a cap.
 BLADDERANG—BLATHERING (from *blad-aire*).....flattering.
 BLASTHOGUE (*blaslog*).....persuasive speech, a sweet-mouthed woman.
 BOCCAGH (*bacach*).....a cripple, a beggar.
 BOCCATY (*bacaid*).....anything lame.
 BODACH (*bodaghi*).....a churl; also a well-to-do man.
 BOLIAUN BWEE (*buachallan bhuidhe*).....ragwort.
 BOLIAUN DIAS (*buachallan deas*).....the ox-eye daisy.
 BOLLIOUS.....rumpus.
 BONNOCHT (*buanaith*).....a billeted soldier.
 BOREEN (*boilhrín*).....a little road, a lane (a diminutive of *bothar*, a road).
 BOSTHOON (*bastamhan*).....a blockhead; also a stick made of rushes.
 BOTHERED (*bodhar*).....deaf, bothered.
 BOUCHAL (*buachaill*).....a boy.
 BOUCHELLEEN BAWN (*buachaillín ban*).....white (haired) little boy.
 BREHONS (*breitheamhain*).....the hereditary judges of the Irish Septs.
 BRIGHIDIN BAN MO STORE (*brighidín ban mo stor*).....White (haired) Bridget, my treasure.
 BRISHE (*brisheadh*).....breaking; a battle.
 BROCHANS (*brochan*).....gruel, porridge.
 BROGUE (*brog*).....a shoe.
 BRUGAID (*brughaidh*).....a keeper of a house of public hospitality.
 BRUIGHEAN.....a fair mansion, a pavilion, a court.
 BRUSHNA (*brosna*).....broken sticks for firewood.
 BUNNAUN (*buinnean*).....a stick, a sapling.
 CAILIN DEAS.....a pretty girl.
 CAILIN DEAS CRUIDHE NA MBO (*cailín deas cruídhle na m-bo*).....the pretty milkmaid.
 CAILIN OG.....a young girl.
 CAILIN RUADH.....a red (haired) girl.
 CAIRBERGA (*caoire dearga*).....a red berry, the rowan berry.
 CAISH (*ceis*).....a young female pig.
 CAISTLA-NA-KIRKA.....Castlekerke.
 CALLIAGH (*cailleach*).....a hag, a witch.
 CANATS.....a term of supreme contempt.
 CANNAWAUN (*ceanna-bhan*).....bog cotton.
 CAOCH.....blind, blind of one eye.
 CAOINE (*caoineadh*).....a keen, a wail, a lament.

- CAPPAIN D'YARRAG (*caipin dearg*).....a red cap.
 CASADH AN TSUGAIN.....the twisting of the straw rope.
 CAUBEEN (*caibín*).....a hat, literally "little cap," the diminutive of *caib*, a cape, cope, or hood.
 CEAD MÍLE FAILTE.....A hundred thousand welcomes!
 CEANBHAN (*ceanna-bhan*).....bog cotton. See *Cannawau*.
 CEAN DUBH DEELISH (*acheann dubh dhílis*)..Faithful black head, dear dark-haired girl.
 CLAIRSEACH.....harp.
 CLEAVE (*cliabh*).....a basket, a creel.
 CLOCHAUN (*clochan*).....a stone-built cell, stepping-stones.
 COATAMORE (*cota mor*).....a great coat, an overcoat.
 CODHLADH AN TSIONNAIGH.....The Fox's Sleep (name of Irish air). Pretending death.
 COLLAUNEEN (*coileainín*).....a little pup.
 COLLEAGH CUSHMOR (*cailleach cos-mor*)...a big-footed hag.
 COLLEEN BAWN (*cailín ban*).....a fair-haired girl.
 COLLEEN DHAS (*cailín deas*).....pretty girl.
 COLLEEN DHAS CROOETHA NABO (*cailín deas cruídhite na m-bo*).....the pretty milkmaid.
 COLLEEN DHOWN.....a brown-haired girl. "Dhown" is the Munster pronunciation of *down*, brown.
 COLLEEN RUE (*cailín ruadh*).....a red-haired girl.
 COLLIOCH (*cailleach*).....an old hag, a witch.
 COLLOQUE.....collogue, whispering; probably from colloquy.
 COLLOGUIN.....talking together, colloquy.
 COLUIM CUIL (*St. Columbeille*).....St. Columba of the cells. The dove of the cell.
 COMEDHER (*comether*).....Come hither.
 CONN CEAD CATHA.....Conn of the hundred battles, King of Ireland in the second century.
 COOLIN (*cuilin*).....flowing tresses, or back hair. From *cul*, back.
 COOM (*cum*).....hollow, valley.
 COTAMORE. See COATAMORE.
 COULAAN (*cuileann*).....a head of hair.
 CREEPIE.....a three-legged stool, a form or bench.
 CREEVEEN EEEVEN (*Chraoibhín aoibhinn*)..Delightful Little Branch.
 CROMMEAL (*eroimbheal*).....a mustache.
 CRONAN.....the bass in music, a deep note, a humming.
 CROOSHEENIN.....whispering.
 CROPPIES.....the democratic party—alluding to their short hair, or round heads.
 CROSSANS (*crosan*).....gleeman, gleemen.
 CROUBS (*crub*).....a paw, clumsy fingers.
 CRUACH.....a conical-topped mountain, a stack.
 CRUACHAN NA FEINNE.....Croghan of the Fena of Erin.
 CRUADABHILL.....Dabhilla's rock, a lookout on the coast of Dublin.

- CRUISKEEN (*cruisein*) a flask, a little jar, a cruet.
 CRUISTIN throwing.
 CRUIT a harp.
 CUBRETON (*cu-Breatan*) a man's name, the hero of Britain.
 CUR CODDOIGH comfortable.
 CURP AN DUOUL (*corp o'n diabhal*) Body to the devil!
 CUSHLA MACHREE (*a chuise mo chroidhe*) Pulse of my heart.
 CUSSAMUCK (*cusamuc*) leavings, rubbish, remains.

 DALTHEEN (*daillín*) a foster child; also a puppy.
 DAR-A-CHREESTH (*Dar Criost*) By Christ!
 DAUNY (*dona*) puny, weak.
 DAWNSHEE (from *damhainisí*) acuteness.
 DEESHY small, delicate.
 DEOCH AN DORAIS the parting drink, the stirrup-cup.
 DEOCH SHLAINTÉ AN RÍOIGH Health to the King!
 DHUDEEN (*dúidín*) a short pipe, what the French call *brûle-gueule*.
 DIURAGH (*duthracht*) a generous spirit, something extra.
 DILSK, DULSE (*duileas*) sea-grass, dulse.
 DINA MAGH (*Daoine naithe*) the good people, the fairies.
 DOONY. See DAUNY.
 DRAHERIN O MACHREE (*Dreabhraíthrin o!*
mo chroidhe) O little brother of my heart.
 DRIMIN DON DILAS (*Dhrúimeann donn dhlí-*
leas) Dear brown cow.
 DRIMIN (*dhrúimeann*) a white-backed cow.
 DRIMIN DHU DHEELISH (literally, the dear
 cow with the white back, but used figur-
 atively in Ireland) name of a famous Irish air.
 DRIMIN DUBH DHEELISH (*Dhrúimeann*
dubh dhíleas) white-back cow.
 DRINAWN DHUNN (*droighnean donn*) brown blackthorn.
 DROLEEN (*drocoilín*) the wren.
 DROOTH thirst (*cf.* "drought").

 EIBHLIN A RUIN Dear Ellen.
 EIBHUL (*uibeal*) clew.
 ERENACH (*airchiúneach*) a steward of church lands, a caretaker.
 ERIC (*círic*) a compensation or fine, a ransom.
 ERIN SLANGTHAGAL GO BRAGH (*Éire Sláinte*
geal go brath) Erin, a bright health forever.

 FADH (*fada*) tall, long.
 FAG-A-BEALACH (*Fag an Bealach*) Clear the way! Sometimes
Faugh a Ballagh!
 FAUGHED despised.
 FAYSH (*feis*) a festival.
 FEADAIM MA'S AIL LIOM I Can if I Please (name of Irish
 air).
 FEASCOR (*feascar*) evening.
 FEURGORTACH (*fear gortach*) hungry-grass; a species of
 mountain grass, supposed to
 cause fainting if trod upon.
 FLAUGHLOCH (*flaitheamhlach*) princely, liberal.

- FOOSTHER.....fumbling.
 FOOTY.....small, mean, insignificant.
 FOSGAIL AN DORUS.....Open the Door (name of Irish
 air).
 FRECHANS (*fraochan*).....a mountain berry; huckle-
 berries.
 FUILLELUAH (*fuil a lugh*).....an exclamation.
 FUIRSEoir.....a juggler, buffoon.
- GAD.....withes, etc., for attaching cows.
 GANCANERS. See GEAN-CANACH.
 GARNAVILLA (*Gardha an bhile*).....The Garden of the Tree; a place
 near Caher.
 GARRAN MORE (*gearran mor*).....*Garran*, a hack horse, a geld-
 ing; *more*, "big."
 GARRON (*gearan*).....hack or gelding, a horse.
 GEALL.....a pledge, a hostage.
 GEAN-CANACH.....a love talker; a kind of fairy
 appearing in lonesome val-
 leys.
 GEASA.....an obligation, vow, bond.
 GEERSHA (*girseach*).....a little girl.
 GEOCACH.....a gluttonous stroller.
 GILLY (*giolla*).....servant; hence the names Gil-
 christ, Gilpatrick, Kilpatrick,
 Gilbride, Kilbride, etc. (*Gi-
 olla-Chriosda*, servant of
 Christ; *giolla-Phaidrig*, ser-
 vant of Patrick, etc.).
- GIRSHA. See GEERSHA.
 GO-DE-THU, MAYOURNEEN SLAUN (*Go dleith
 tu mo mhuirnin slan*).....May you go safe, my darling;
i.e. Farewell.
 GO LEOR.....plenty, a sufficiency, enough.
 GOLLAM (*Golanu*).....a name of Milesius, the Spanish
 progenitor of the Irish Mile-
 sians.
 GOMERAL.....a fool, an oaf.
 GOMMOCH (*gamach*).....a stupid fellow.
 GOMSH.....otherwise "gumption"—sense,
 acuteness.
 GORSOON, GOSsoon (*garsun*).....a boy; an attendant (*cf.* French
garçon).
 GOSTHER (*gastuir*).....prate, foolish talk.
 GOULOGUE (*gabhalog*).....a forked stick.
 GRACIE OG MO CHROIDHE.....Young Gracie of my heart.
 GRAH (*gradh*).....love.
 GRAMACHREE (*gradh mo ehroidhe*).....Love of my heart.
 GRAMACHREE MA COLLEEN OGE, MOLLY
 ASTHORE (*gradh mo chroidhe mo cailin og,
 Molly a stoir*).....Love of my heart is my young
 girl, Molly, my treasure.
- GRAMMACHREE MA CRUISKEEN (*gradh mo
 ehroidhe*, etc.).....Love of my heart my little jug.
 GRAWLS.....children.
 GREENAN (*grianan*).....a summer house, a veranda,
 a sunny parlor.
- GUSHAS. See GEERSHA.

- *HULLAGONE (*Uaill a chan*).....an Irish wail, grief, woe.
- IAR CONNAUGHT.....Western Connaught.
- INAGH (*An-eath*).....Is it? Indeed.
- INCH (*inse*).....an island.
- IRISHIAN.....(English word) one skilled in the Irish language.
- JACKEEN.....a fop, a cad, a trickster.
- KATHALEEN BAWN (*Cuillín bán*).....Fair-haired Kathleen.
- KEAD MILE FAULTE (*cead míle fáille*).....A hundred thousand welcomes!
- KEEN. See CAOINE.....the death-cry or lament over the dead.
- KIERAWAUN ABOO.....Kirwan forever! Hurrah for Kirwan!
- KIMMEENS.....sly tricks.
- KINKORA (*Cionn Coruath*)....."The Head of the Weir," the royal residence of Brian Boru.
- KIPEEN (*cipín*).....a bit of a stick.
- KISH (*ceis*).....a large wicker basket.
- KISHOGUE (*cuiscóg*).....a wisp of straw, a stem of corn, a blade of grass.
- KITCHEN.....anything eaten with food, a condiment.
- KITHOGUE (*ciotóg*).....the left hand.
- KNOCKAWN (*cnocán*).....a hillock.
- KNOCK CUTHIE (*cnoc coise*).....the mountain-like foot.
- LAN.....full.
- LANNA.....i.e. *alanna*, child (which see).
- LAUNAH WALLAH (*Lan an Mhala*).....the full of the bag.
- LEANAN SIDHE.....Fairy sweetheart.
- LEIBHIONNA.....a platform or deck.
- LENAUN (*leaman*).....a sweetheart, or a fairy lover.
- LEPRECHAUN.....a mischievous elf or fairy.¹
- LONNEYS.....expression of surprise.
- LULLALO (*Lúigh lúigh leo*).....Scream, scream with them! (Burthen-words in lullaby.)
- LUSMORES (*lus mor*).....a foxglove, fairy-finger plant.
- MA BOUCHAL (*Mo bhnaichail*).....My boy.
- MACHREE (*mo chroidhe*).....My heart.
- MA COLLEEN DIAS CRUTHEEN NA MBHO....."The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow," a famous Irish air.
- MAGHA BRACH (*amach go bragh*).....out for ever.
- MAHURP ON DUOL (*Mo chorp on deabhadh*).....My body to the devil!
- MALAVOGUE.....to trounce, to maul.
- MAVOURNEEN (*Mo mhúirín*).....My darling.
- MERIN (*meirín*).....a boundary, a mark.
- MILLE MURDER (*míle murder*).....A thousand murders!
- MILLIA MURTHUR.....A thousand murders (a common ejaculation).
- MO BIRON.....My sorrow.
- MO BHEAICHAILIN BUIDHE.....My yellow-haired little boy.
- MO BOUCHAL (*Mo bhuaichail*).....My boy.
- MO CRAOIBHIAN CNO (*Mo chraoibhín cno*).....My little branch of nuts.

¹ The popular idea in Ireland is that if you catch one working at his usual occupation (behind a hedge) of shoemaking, and do not take your eyes off him, which he endeavors to induce his captor by various ruses to do, he will discover where treasure is hidden.

- MO CROIDHE (*Mo chroidhe*).....My heart.
 MOIDHERED.....saine as "bothered."
 *MO LEUN (*Mo lean*).....My sorrow.
 MO MHUIRNIN.....My darling.
 MONADAUN (*monadan*).....a bog berry.
 MONONIA (MUNSTER).....Latinized form of Irish *Mumhan*, pronounced "Moo-an."
 MOREEN (*morrin*).....the diminutive of *Mor*, a woman's name, now obsolete.
 MORYAH (*mar 'dh cadh*)... but for.
 MOY MELL (*Magh meall*).....The Plain of Knolls—a druidic paradise.
 MULVATHERED.....worried.
 MUSHA (*Ma is cadh*)... well (in such phrases as "Well, how are you?" "Well, how are all?") Also, If it is! Well indeed!
- NACH MBAINEANN SIN DO.....(him) whom that does not concern (Irish air).
 NEIL DHUV (*Niall Dubh*).....black-haired Neil.
 NIARROUGH (*narrach*).....cross, ill-tempered.
 NIGH (*naoi*).....nine.
 NI MHEALLFAR ME ARIS.....I shall not be deceived again.
 NORA CREINA (*Nora chriona*).....Wise Norah (an Irish air).
- *OCH HONE.....exclamation expressing grief.
 *OCHONE MACHREE (*Ochon mo chroidhe*)...Alas, my heart!
 OGE (*og*).....young.
 OH, MAGRA HU, MA GRIENCHREE HU (*O mo ghradh thu! Mo ghraidhin croidhe thu!*)...O my love thou art! My heart's loving pity thou art!
 OLLAVES (*ollaml*).....a doctor of learning, professor.
 OMADHAUN (*amadan*).....a fool, a simpleton.
 ORO.....an exclamation.
 OWNA BWEE (*Amain bhuidhe*).....Yellow river.
 OWNY NA COPPAL (*Eoghan na capall*).....Owen of the horses.
- PADIHEREENS (*paidrin*, from *paidir*, the pater).....the Rosary beads.
 PASTHEEN FINN (*paistin fionn*).....little fair-haired child.
 PATTERN.....(English word) a gathering at a saint's shrine, well, etc.; festival of a patron saint.
- PAUDAREENS. See PADHEREENS.
 PAUGH.....flutter, panting.
 PEARLA AN BHIROLLAIGH BHAIN.....Pearl of White Breast (Irish air).
 PHAIDRIG NA PIB (*Padraig na bpiop*).....Patrick of the pipes; Paddy the piper.
 PHILLALEW (*fuil el-luadh*).....a ruction, hullabaloo.
 PINCIN. See PINKEEN.
 PINKEEN (*pincein*).....a very small fish, a stickleback.
 PLANXTY (*plaingstigh*).....Irish dance measure.
 POGUE (*pog*).....a kiss.
 POLSHEE.....diminutive of Polly.
 POLTHOGE (*pulltóg*).....a thump or blow.
 POREENS (*poirin*, a small stone).....small, applied to small potatoes.

- POTEEEN (*poitín*).....(literally, a little pot) a still;
hence illicit whisky.
- RANNa verse, a saying, a rhyme.
- RATHa circular earthen mound or
fort, very common in Ire-
land, and popularly believed
to be inhabited by fairies.
- REE SHAMUS (*Rígh Seamus*).....King James.
- RHUA (*ruadh*).....red or red-haired.
- ROISIN DUBHBlack Little Rose.
- ROSE GALB (*Roise Géal*).....Fair Rose.
- RORY OGE (*Ruaidhri og*).....young Rory.
- SALACHS (*salach*)dirty, untidy people.
- SALLIES (*saileog*).....a willow, willows.
- SAVOURNEEN DHEELISH (*S' amhuirín dhílis*)And my faithful darling.
- SCALPEEN (from *scalp*).....a fissure, a cleft.
- SCUT (*scuid*).....a thing of little worth.
- SEAN VON VOCHT (*sean bhean bhocht*)....poor old woman.
- SHAMUS (*Seamus*) .. James.
- SHAN DHUdark John.
- SHAN MORE.....big John.
- SHANE RUADH.....red-haired John.
- SHAN VAN VOGH (*an Tsean Bhean Bhocht*) Poor Old Woman.
- SHAROOSE (*Searbhas*)bitterness.
- SHEBEEN (*sibín*).....a place for sale of liquor, gen-
erally illicit.
- SHEEINyoung pollack, or of any fish.
- SHEELAH (*Sighle*).....Celia.
- SHEE MOLLY MO STORE (*Sí Molly mo stor*)..It's Molly is my treasure.
- SHEILA NI GARA (*Sighle ní Ghadhra*).....Celia O'Gara (an allegorical
name of Ireland).
- SHEMUS RUA (*Seamus Ruadh*).....red (haired) James.
- SHILLALY, SHILLELAH.....an oak stick, a cudgel. From
the wood of Shillelagh in
County Wicklow.
- SHILLOO.....a shout.
- SHOHEEN HO, SHOHEEN SHO (*Scóithín scóidh*)Burthen words of lullaby.
Hush-a-by.
- SHOOLING.....strolling, wandering. From the
word *siubhal*, tramping.
- SHOUGH (*seach*)...a turn, a blast or draw of a
pipe.
- SHUGUDHEIN (*'Scadh go deimhin*).....Yes, indeed!
- SHULE AGRA (*Siubhail a ghradh*)... Walk, love; *i.e.* Come, my love.
- SHULERS (*siubhalóir*, a walker).....tramps.
- SÍOS AGUS SÍOS LIOM.....Up with me and down with me.
- SLAINTE GEAL, MAVOURNEENBright health, my darling.
- SLAINTE GO BRAGH (*Slainte go bhrath*)....Health forever!
- SLAN LEAT!.....Adieu! Farewell!
- SLEEVEEN.....a sly, cunning fellow. From
stiobh, sly.
- SLEWSTHERINGflattering.
- SLIABH NA M-BAN.....The Mountain of the Women.
- SMADDER.....to break. From *smíot*, a frag-
ment.
- SMIDDEREENSsmall fragments. Probably
from *smíot*, as above.

SMULLUCK (<i>smullog</i>)a fillip.
SOGGARTH AROON (<i>Shagairt a ruin</i>)Dear Priest!
SONSYhappy, pleasant. Probably from <i>sonas</i> , happiness.
SOOTHERto wheedle. From the English.
SOWKINSsoul.
SPEAMANfortune-teller.
SPALPEEN (<i>spailpin</i>)a common laborer; also a conceited fellow with nothing in him.
SPARTH (<i>spairt</i>)wet turf.
SPIDHOGUE (<i>spideog</i>)a puny thing or person.
SPRAHAUNS (<i>spreasan</i>)an insignificant fellow.
STHREEL (<i>straileadh</i>)a slut, a sloven.
STOOKAWN (<i>stuacan</i>)a lazy, idle fellow.
STRAVAINGrambling.
STRONSHUCK (<i>stroinse</i>)a big lazy woman.
SUANTRAIGHEa sleeping or cradle song.
SUGGAWN (<i>tsugan</i>)a rope of hay or straw.

TARBHbull.
TH' ANAM AN DHIHA (<i>D'anam do Dhia</i>)My soul to God!
THE CRUISKEEN LAWN (<i>Cruisgín lan</i>)Full little flask or jar.
THIRANEEN, TRANEEN (<i>traithnía</i>)a little; a trifle; a stem of grass.
THUCKEENS (<i>tuicin</i>)an ill-mannered little girl.
TILLOCH (<i>talach</i>)small plot of land, a hillock.
TIR FA TONN (<i>Tir fa Tonu</i>)Land under the wave--Holland.
TIR-NA-MBOO (<i>Tir na m-beo</i>)Land of the live (beings).
TIRNANOGE (<i>Tir nan og</i>)Land of the young.
TRUMAUNS (<i>troman</i>)a reel on a spindle.
TUGthe middleband of a flail.

UCHLUAIMthe breast or front hem of a sail.
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ULICAN. See HULLAGONE.

ULLAGONE (*ullagou*). See HULLAGONE.

USHA. See MUSHU (*nhuise*).

Vo.....Alas! Oíne, ay de mí!

WEENOCK (*'mhaoineach*).....O treasure.

WEESHEE (*weeshy*).....little. From *wee*.

WEIRA, WIRRA. See WURRA.

WHAT HOLLY IS ON YOU?.....What are you about?

WIRRASTRUE (*O Mhuire is truagh*).....O Mary, it is sad! (an ejaculation to the Virgin).

WIRRASTRUE (*'Mhuire is truagh*).....Mary! 't is a pity!

WISHA. See MUSHU.

WOMMASIN.....strolling.

WURRA (*A Mhuire*).....O Mary! (*i.e.* the Blessed Virgin).

YEOS.....(English word) veomen.

GENERAL INDEX.

THIS consists of an Index of Authors, books quoted from, titles of stories, essays, poems, subjects dealt with, of which the library consists, and first lines of the poetry. And these are each indicated by different kinds of type as set forth below.

As 'IRISH LITERATURE' touches upon Irish life at every point, the index has been made as full as practicable without overweighting it, and the entries are cross-referenced as fully as may be needed by those interested in any phase of it.

As the arrangement of the library is according to the authors' names, and as the biographies contain a full bibliography of each author, we have not indexed the whole of their works, but only those represented in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

THE FOLLOWING SHOWS THE TYPOGRAPHICAL PLAN:

Author's name — ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM.

Title of story, essay, poem, etc.—*Adieu.*

Source of story, essay, poem, etc.—'Father Connell.'

First line of poetry — Am I the slave they say?

First line and title of poem the same — '*Four Ducks on a Farm.*'

Subject — Agriculture.

A.		VOL. PAGE	VOL. PAGE	
A. E.	G. W. RUSSELL.		A voice of the winds..	JOHNSON .. 5 1698
A babe was sleeping...	LOVER 6	2086	A whisper of spring's in	
A cabin on the moun-			the air	WYNNE 9 3649
tain-side	RUSSELL .. 8	3001	A Wood, Anthony, the	
'A constant tree is the			historian	7 2570
jew to me' (Irish			— Thomas, at Drog-	
Rann)	10	3837	heda	7 2570
A <i>Cushla Gal Mo Chree</i>			Abbacy of Iona, The....	4 1618
(half-tone engraving).	DOHENY ... 3	864	<i>Abbey Asaroe</i>	ALLINGHAM. 1 13
A land of youth, a land			Abercromby, Sir Ralph....	6 2166
of rest.....	JOYCE 5	1734	<i>Abhrain an Bhuidéil</i> ...	LE FANU. .. 5 1946
A laughter in the dia-			<i>Aboard the Sea Swal-</i>	
mond air.....	RUSSELL .. 8	2996	low	DOWDEN ... 3 876
A little lonely moorland			Absentee, The, M. F.	
lake	KAVANAGH . 5	1753	Egan on	5 x
A little sun, a little			Absenteeism	9 3364
rain	BROOKE ... 1	290	— Harshness of the	
A man there was near			land-agent	1 87, 98
Ballymooney	LE FANU... 5	1935	— in the XVIII. Cen-	
A man without learn-			tury	5 1917
ing, and wearing fine			— Rack-renters on the	
clothes	4	1467	Stump	9 3333
A "million a decade!"	WILDE ... 9	3570	— <i>Scene in the Irish</i>	
A moment gone	O'DONNELL. 7	2688	<i>Famine</i>	4 1575
A pity beyond all	YEATS 9	3704	Absolute, Sir Anthony	
A poor old cottage....	O'LEARY ... 7	2797	(character in 'The	
A soldier of the Legion.	NORTON ... 7	2586	Rivals')	8 3079
A sore disease this			<i>Academy, The English.</i>	BANIM 1 60
scribbling itch is.....	4	1263	Acres, Bob (character	
A spirit speeding down.	SHORTER .. 8	3128	in 'The Rivals')	8 3088
A <i>Stor, Gra Géal Mo-</i>			<i>Acropolis of Athens and</i>	
<i>chree</i>	MACMANUS. 6	2263	<i>the Rock of Cashel</i> ...	MAHAFFY .. 6 2334
			<i>Across the Sea</i>	ALLINGHAM. 1 14

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
'Actaon,' From	WILKINS	9 3604	'Ah then; who is that there talkin'?'	KEELING	5 1772
Act of Union (see also Union, The)	6	2169	Aherlow, Battle of	9	3607
Actor and Gleeman	9	3686	— Glen	7	2615
Actress (see Bellamy)	5	1919	— The Glen of. See Patrick Sheehan		
Addison on ladies' head- dress	9	3497	Aid Finlath, King of Ireland	7	2718
Address of a Drunkard to a Bottle of Whis- ky	LE FANU	5 1946	Aidne	4	1456
Address to the British Association	KELVIN	5 1784	Alleach (mountain). See Innishowen		
Adieu	ARMSTRONG	1 25	Alleel Mor, King of Con- naught	7	2747
Adjectives, copious use of, by Irish	2	xiii	Allen	BANIM	1 57
Adown the leafy lane	MAC ALEESE	6 2111	Atill's Death, King	8	3261
Adam, Maltre, Father 'Prout on	6	2339	Allen	4	1452
Adamnan and Fin- nachta	7	2707	Aim of the Society of United Irishmen	6	2163
— See Death of St. Columcille	4	618	Air, The Host of the	9	3701
Adventure. See Travel, etc.			Aix-la-Chapelle, Treaty of	3	1220
— in Slievenamou	BANIM	1 46	'Akim-Foo'	BUTLER	2 418
Advice to the Ladies	GOLDSMITH	4 1322	'Alas for the man who is weak in friends' (Irish Rann)	10	3839
Advocate's Library, Ed- inburgh, Irish manu- scripts in	7	2673	'Alas for who plough without seeds' (Irish Rann)	10	3839
Aedh Guaire and Ruad- han	7	2762	Alas! how dismal is my tale	O'KEEFFE	7 2779
— mac Alnmireach	4	1622, 1625	Alas, poor Yorick	8	3220
— Menu, Prince of Leinster	7	2711	Albion	SHEEHAN	8 3044
Aedhan, the leper of Cluain-Dobhain	7	2710	Albuera, Irish soldiers at	8	3063
Aggeria, A Modern	2	448	'Alciphron, or the Mi- nute Philosopher'	BERKELEY	1 175 176
Aengus, Calendar of	8	3141	Aider Gulch, Nevada, Earl of Dunraven at	3	964
— Festology of	7	2673	Aldrid's Itinerary	6	2375
— (Affair of Honor, An	CASTLE	2 576	ALEXANDER, CECIL FRANCES	1 1	
Affliction, Blessings of	KIRWAN	5 1844	— WILLIAM	1 8	
Africa, Dress in	2	418	Alexander the Great	7	2672
African Queen	BUTLER	2 418	Aliné who bound the Chief of Spears	7	2593
After Aughrim	GEOGHEGAN	4 1254	Allison, Sir A., on E. Burke	1	369
— the Battle	MOORE	7 2536	All day in exquisite air. TYNAN- HINKSON	9	3457
— the Fianna. From the Irish of OISIN	SIGERSON	8 3139	All hail! Holy Mary	KEEGAN	5 1765
Age of a Dream	JOHNSON	5 1699	All human things are subject to decay	3	1208
— ancient Irish rec- ords	2	viii, x	All in the April evening. TYNAN- HINKSON	9	3454
Aghahoe, Ruins of	8	3020	All natural things in balance lie	O'DONNELL	7 2684
Aghadoc	TODHUNTER	9 3410	All Souls Eve	SHORTER	8 3129
Agrarian Movement, Poets of the	3	xii	— Night, beliefs about	8	3128
— Oppression	1	348	All the heavy days are over	YEATS	9 3706
Agricultural Organiza- tion Society (L. A. O. S.), "A. E." and the	8	2989	"All the Talents, The Ministry of"	BARRETT	1 119
Agriculture and Techni- cal Instruction, De- partment of	8	2908	All ye who love the spring time	BLAKE	1 189
Agriculture in Ire- land	4	1467, 1574; 9 3362	Allegory, An	HYDE	10 3879
— Castle Rackrent	3	995	ALLEN, F. M.	See E. DOWNEY.	
— Rival Ruins, The	1	361	Allen and the Insurrec- tion of Tyrone and Desmond	7	2852
— Success dependent on sixty of ten- ure	2	425	— The Hill of	7	2709, 2711
— We'll See About It	4	1534	— of the mighty deeds, Oisín at	5	1722
Ah, huntsman dear	GRIFFIN	4 1491	— William O'Meara, The Manchester Martyr	7	2708, 9 3339
Ah Man	MAC FALL	6 2206			
Ah, see the fair chivalry come	JOHNSON	5 1701			
Ah, sweet Kitty Neal	WALLER	9 3500			

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM.....	1	11	An old castle towers		
—W. B. Yeats on	3	x	o'er the bllow	JOYCE	5 1743
Alliteration in Irish literature	2	xlii	An' the thought of us	each	BARLOW 1 14
—In Irish verse	4	vii	'Anacreon Moore'	See T. MOORE.	
<i>Almhain, Battle of</i>	O'DONOVAN.	7 2709	Anamoe		1 25
Almhuin of Leinster.....	4	1454	Anarchists, Meeting of.....	BARRY	1 156
Alpine solitudes	4	1357	Anchor, Forging of the.....	FERGUSON	3 1174
'Alps, Hours of Exercise in the'.....	TYNDALL	9 3478	Ancient Celtic Literature, Translators of		2 xviii
'Am I remembered?'	M'GEE	6 2225	—Erinn, Manners and Customs of.....	O'CURRY	7 2666
Am I the slave they say?	BANIM	1 56	—funeral customs		2 724
<i>Amazing Ending of a Charade</i>	CROMMELIN.	2 751	—Greece, Childhood in	MAHAFFY	6 2328
Ambition, Swift on	9	3378	—houses in Ireland		4 1613
—of the Irish Patriot	PHILLIPS	8 2892	Ireland, Food, Dress and Daily Life in	JOYCE	5 1735
'Amboyne, The Relation of'		6 2573	—Irish, The		9 3391
America, A Farewell to.....	WILDE	9 3599	—Irish, Amusements of the		1 35
—Abp. Ireland on		5 1664	—Irish, Buildings of		4 1612
—and Ireland		9 3328	—Irish, Dress of the.....	WALKER	9 3493
—Education in		1 334	—Irish Ecclesiastical Remains	PETRIE	8 2880
—Goldsmith on		4 1366	—Irish, Language of	WARE	9 3544
—On Conciliation with	BURKE	1 376	—Irish legends, ethical contents of		8 2973
—On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in	BERKELEY	1 180	—Irish literature, value of		4 xi
—The Irish in	MAGUIRE	6 2321	—Irish, manners and customs of the		2 629
—Dr. Sigerson on	O'BRIEN	7 2617	—Irish manuscripts		1 32
—See Redmond on Home Rule		8 2926	2 xx, 629, 632, 635; 4 1459, 1598, 1600, 1601, 1608, 1612, 1613, 1618, 1622, 1625, 1631; 5 1724, 1731, 1737; 6 2232, 2353, 2377; 7 2615, 2663, 2664, 2668, 2669, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2705, 2709, 2766; 8 2879, 2884, 2975, 3139, 3144, 3246; 9 3494		
—the land of liberty		5 1664	—Irish Surnames	WARE	9 3546
—The Song of the Irish Emigrant in	FITZSIMON.	3 1206	—Legends of Ireland	WILDE	5 3557
American and Irish revolutionists compared		6 2165	—'Music of Ireland'	BUNTING	6 2230
—characteristics		1 331	Ancients, Colloquy of the		8 2968
—civil war, Archbishop Ireland in the		5 1662	And as not only by the Calton Mountain	MACCARTHY.	6 2131
—Commonwealth, The'	BRYCE.	1 331, 343	'And doth not a meeting like this'	MOORE	8 2524
—faith in Democracy		1 333	'And must we part?'	CALLANAN	2 445
—humor		1 332	<i>Andromeda</i>	ROCHE	8 2965
—Revolution		6 2153	Anecdote of O'Curry and Tom Moore		7 2663
—Effect of, on Ireland		9 x	Anecdotes		1 396
—Grattan on the		4 1389	—of Burke		2 798
—Stamp-Act		4 1388	—of Curran		7 2793
—Taxation, Speech on	BURKE	1 373	—of Father O'Leary		3 1199
Americans a religious people		1 336	—of Keogh, the Irish Massillon	FITZPATRICK	6 2241
—a good-natured people		1 331	—of Macklin		7 2651
Among the Heather	ALLINGHAM.	1 10	—of O'Connell		7 2771
—the reeds, round waters blue	MILLIGAN.	6 2437	—of O'Keefe		8 3119
<i>Amor Intellectualis</i>	WILDE	9 3594	—of Sheridan		8 3227
<i>Amoret</i>	CONGREVE.	2 614	NOTE.—See 'The Sunniness of Irish Life.' The biographies of the authors whose works are given furnish a rich source of this material—as do also the reminiscences and memoirs given in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'		
Amusements at a country dance		2 649	<i>Angel's Whisper, The</i>	LOVER	6 2086
—of the Ancient Irish		1 35; 5 1739	Anglo-Irish Literature, Humor in		6 xii, xlii
—of the People	O'BRIEN	7 2620			
A nation once again		1 xvii			
<i>A Nation once again</i>	DAVIS	3 827			
'An Craobhaire'	O'FARRELLY.	10 3967			
An Craobhlin Aolbhin. See D. HYDE.					
'An Gioblachán'	HAYES	10 3977			
		3983			

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Anglo-Irish Problem, the</i> , DAVITT	3	832	Arbor Hill, <i>Lines on the</i>		
<i>Anglo-Norman Nobles</i>	7	2670	Burying Ground of... EMMET	3	1094
<i>Anglo-Saxon and Irish</i>			Archer (character in		
— contrasted.....	2	xiv	'The Beaux'		
— literature never en-			Stratagen').....	3	1165
tirely absorbed			— Sanders, and Allen		
Irish national			planning the in-		
gculus.....	1	x	surrection of Ty-		
Angus.....	8	2990	rone and Des-		
Angus, the Culdee, on			mond.....	7	2852
learning in Ireland.....	2	vii	Architecture, arch-		
<i>Animals in Irish Sagas</i>	2	xvii	neology, etc.		
— Superstitions about.....	9	3678	— <i>Splendors of Tara</i> ,		
Anluan mac Mágach.....	4	1618	The..... HYDE	4	1610
'Annals of Ireland'..... O'DONOVAN	7	2706	— <i>Ancient Irish Ec-</i>		
— The Irish, prove			clesiastical Re-		
their own an-			maines.....	8	2880
tiquity.....	2	ix	— <i>Northmen in Ire-</i>		
— of the Four Mas-			land, The.....	8	3239
ters. (See also			— <i>Fort, Crosses, and</i>		
M. O'CLERY.).....	2	629	<i>Round Towers</i> .. WAKEMAN		
632, 635; 6 2232, 2353, 2577; 7 2663			— In Ireland.....	9	3482
2674, 2705; 10 4018			— Early Christian. STOKES	8	3238
Anne, Queen, dress in			Arcomin, The plain of.....	5	1733
the time of.....	9	3497	'Arctic Hero, Death of		
— period in English			an'..... ALEXANDER	1	10
literature.....	1	ix	Arderry, The Barony of.....	4	1573
Anonymous Verse			Ardes, The.....	6	2278
See <i>Street Songs, Bal-</i>			Ard-Fileas.....	4	1591
<i>lads, etc.</i>			Ardigna Bay.....	6	2223
<i>Anonymous Verse,</i>			Ardmore, Round Towers		
<i>Street Songs, Ballads</i>			at.....	9	3492
and..... HAND	8	3265	Ardnalee (scene of		
'Antigone, The New'.. BARRY	1	156	poem).....	5	1865
'Antiquities, Handbook			Ardrahan, Normans at.....	3	829
of Irish'..... WAKEMAN	9	3482	Ardrossan.....	2	647
— Church Rules, Holy			Ardtenent Castle.....	7	2853
Island (half-tone			Argonautic expedition,		
engraving).....	6	2130	Irish version of.....	7	2672
<i>Antiquity of Gaelic</i>			Arklow, Beautiful sce-		
<i>Literature, Prof.</i>			nery near.....	7	2522
Morley on.....	4	vii	Armagh, Aldfrid in.....	6	2375
— of Ireland.....	1	399	— Canon of, Cathald		
— of Irish Annals			Maguire, cited.....	7	2718
proved.....	2	ix	— watered by Lough		
— of Irish language.....	2	vii	Neagh.....	6	2277
— of Irish literature.....	3	xvii	'Armonica,' Benjamin		
— of Irish wit and			Franklin's invention.....	7	2692, 2702
humor.....	6	vii	ARMSTRONG, EDMUND		
Antium, Nero at.....	2	739	JOHN.....	1	24
Antrim.....	9	3428	— G. F. S. See Sav-		
— Lord: origin of			age-Armstrong.		
bloody hand in			Army and Navy Mutiny		
his coat-of-arms.....	7	2856	Bills.....	6	2178
— Mountains of.....	6	2275	— Irish soldiers in		
— Remains of coal-			the English.....	8	3062
mining on the			— See <i>Inniscarra</i> .. BUCKLEY	1	351
coast of.....	6	2279	— See <i>Saxon Shilling</i> .		
— Round Towers at.....	6	2277, 3491	The..... BUGGY	1	358
Annall.....	2	629	Arnold, M., on Celtic		
Aoife.....	4	1449	melancholy.....	3	viii; 9 3369
— Only Son of..... GREGORY	4	1426	— on Celtic style.....	2	xvi
Aongus Cella Dé.....	4	1651	Arraglen, Kate of... LANE	5	1863
Apologia..... WILDE	9	3592	Arrah! Bridgid Mac		
<i>Apostle of Temperance</i>			Sheehy.....	4	1594
in Dublin.....	6	2397	Arran, Earl of, a		
Apparitions (see also			Monk of the Screw.....	2	797
Ghosts).....	2	556	Art.....		
Apollus.....	5	1847	— and Architecture in		
Arabian Nights, The,			Ireland.....	9	3484
Burton on.....	2	404	— and learning Dis-		
<i>Arab's Farewell to His</i>			semination of		
<i>Steed, The</i> NORTON	7	2584	Irish.....	4	1599
			— <i>Egyptian Art</i> .. WISEMAN	9	3630

		VOL. PAGE			VOL. PAGE
Art.			Ath-Seanaigh	(Bally-	
— <i>Ireland and the</i>			shannon)		2 639
— <i>Arts</i>	YEATS	9 3661	Athy, Father Lalor of,		
— <i>Leonardo's 'Mon-</i>			and Father Keogh		4 1206
— <i>na Lisa'</i>	DOWDEN	3 877	Athy, Prior at, Richard		
— <i>Life, Art, and Na-</i>			Oveton, Killed at		
— <i>ture</i>	WILDE	9 3578	Drogheda		7 2573
— <i>of acting, The</i>		7 2473	ATKINSON, SARAH		1 28
— <i>of Pleading</i>	STEELE	8 3206	Atlantis, <i>The Island of</i> , CROLY		2 749
— <i>of Thomas Hardy,</i>			Auctioning <i>Off One's</i>		
<i>The'</i>	JOHNSON	5 1694	<i>Relatives</i>	SHERIDAN	8 3105
<i>Art's Lough</i>	GREENE	4 1423	<i>Aughrim, After</i>	GEOGHEGAN	4 1254
<i>Arts and Learning in</i>			— <i>Battle of</i>	3 829; 7 2820; 9 1x	
— <i>America</i>	BERKELEY	1 180	— <i>Limerick, and the</i>		
— <i>Ireland and the</i>	YEATS	9 3661	Boyne, Old sold-		
Aryan race, Celtic a			lers of		3 957
branch of the		3 xvii	<i>August Weather</i>	TYNAN-	
As beautiful Kitty	SHANLY	8 3032	— <i>HINKSON</i>	9 3458	
As chimes that flow	SIGERSON	8 3138	<i>Auld Ireland</i>	O'KEEFE	7 2771
As down by Banna's			<i>Australia, In Exile in</i>	ORR	7 2837
banks	OGLE	7 2734	Autobiography of Wolfe		
As flow the rivers	RUSSELL	8 3002	— <i>Tone</i>		9 3414
As from the sultry town	IRWIN	5 1675	— <i>of Wolfe Tone, New</i>		
As I roved out at Faha,	STREET BAL-		— <i>edition, ed. by O'BRIEN</i>		7 2604
LAD		8 3299	— <i>of Wolfe Tone, The</i>	TONE	9 3421
— <i>— one summer's</i>			Autochthonous litera-		
— <i>morning</i>	STREET BAL-		— <i>ture of Ireland repre-</i>		
LAD		8 3277	— <i>sented in 'IRISH LIT-</i>		
As once our Saviour and			— <i>ERATURE'</i>		2 vii
— <i>Salnt Peter</i>	HYDE	10 3823	<i>Are Imperatrix</i>	WILDE	9 3588
As Rochefoucault his			Avoca, the Vale of		
maxims drew	SWIFT	9 3380	(half-tone engraving),	MOORE	7 2532
As the breath of the			<i>'Avoid all Steardships</i>		
musk-rose	PARNELL	7 2873	— <i>of Church or Kill'</i>		
<i>Asaroe, Abbey</i>	ALLINGHAM	1 13	(Irish Itann)		10 3833
Ashane		6 2356	Avon, The (river)		7 2532
Ashburnham, Lord,			Avon-bwee		4 1255
owner of Stowe Col-			Avondale, Parnell at		7 2616
lection of Irish manu-			Avonmore, Lord, a		
scripts		7 2673	— <i>Monk of the</i>		
Ass, The, and the			— <i>Screw</i>		2 787
— <i>Orangeman's daughter</i>		8 3268	— <i>and Father</i>		
Assaroe		6 2354	— <i>O'Leary</i>		7 2794
Assaye, Irish soldiers at		8 3062	Azarias, Brother	See P. F. MULLANEY.	
Assonant rhyme, Mr.					
Guest on		4 viii			
Aston, Sir Arthur,					
Killed at Drogheda		7 2568			
Astronomical proof of					
antiquity of Irish an-					
nals		2 1x			
Astronomy.					
— <i>Distance of the</i>					
— <i>Stars, The</i>	BALL	1 36			
— <i>Venus, Hesperus</i>					
— <i>and Phosphor</i>	CLARKE	2 601			
— <i>What the Stars are</i>					
— <i>Made of</i>	BALL	1 41			
At early dawn I once					
— <i>had been</i>	WALSH	9 3507			
At <i>Fredericksburg, Dec.</i>					

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Baiaclava, and the Charge of the Light Brigade</i>	RUSSELL	8 3008	Bann, The, among the leading rivers of Ulster.....	6	2278
Baldoyle, Father Keogh at.....	4	1200, 1205	— Bonfires on.....	3	954
Balfour on Dean Swift.....	3	vii	<i>Banna, The Banks of</i>	7	2735
Ballinacraig, Folk tale of.....	3	1147	<i>Banshee, The</i>	ALLINGHAM.	1 17
BALL, SIR ROBERT STAWELL.....	1	36	— <i>The</i>	TODHUNTER.	9 3409
Ballach-boy, The day of.....	6	2356	— <i>Biddy Brady's</i>	CASEY	2 565
<i>Ballad, A</i>	MOORE	7 2539	— described.....	3	xx
— Mongers.....	9	3683	— <i>of the MacCarthys, The</i>	CROKER	2 727
— <i>of Father Gilligan</i>	YEATS	9 3702	Bantry Bay Expedition.....	9	3420
<i>Ballads, Anonymous Verse, and Street Songs</i>	HAND	8 3263	— Folk tales of.....	5	1803; 6 2314
— <i>of Blue Water</i>	ROCHE	8 2961	— Harbor (half-tone engraving).....	9	3414
Ballaghaderreen, The Lost Saint' acted at.....	4	1650	'Bar, The Irish'.....	O'FLANAGAN.	7 2723
Ballina, Fishing at.....	4	1519			2728
Ballinacarthy, Folk tale of.....	2	708	<i>Bard, and the King of the Cats, Scanchan the</i>	WILDE	9 3566
<i>Ballinasloe, Jenny from</i>	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3289	— <i>O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire, The</i>	MANGAN	6 2369
— Fair of.....	4	1636	"— <i>of Erin, The</i> ." See T. MOORE.		
Ballinacollig, Enlisting at.....	1	351	"— <i>of Thomond, The</i> " See M. HOGAN.		
Ballintubber, Fair of.....	2	653	Bardic System, The.....	2	xviii
Ballitore, Scenes of 'Ninety-eight' at.....	5	1887	Bards, Costumes of the.....	3	xiv
Ballycastle, Remains of coal-mining at.....	6	2279	— Decline of the.....	2	xx
Ballydellvin, The fight of the Mahonys under the tower of.....	7	2853	— described.....	2	xviii
Ballyhooy station, Cockle-pickers at.....	1	108	— <i>of the Gael and Gall</i>	SIGERSON	10 3937
Ballylee.....	9	3666	— outlawed by Eng-land.....	9	3625
Ballymena, St. Patrick at.....	6	2435	BARLOW, JANE (por-trait).....	1	98
Ballymooney (scene of a song).....	5	1935	— M. F. Egan on.....	5	viii
Ballymore, Book of.....	2 629; 7	2663	<i>Barmecides, Time of the</i>	MANGAN	6 2367
Ballymulligan, The Mulligan of, as a landlord.....	4	1574	Barney Maglone. See WILSON.		
Ballynakill, election of 1790.....	1	140	<i>Barney O'Ilca</i>	LOVER	6 2080
Ballyshannon, Sars-field at.....	7	2818	<i>Barney O'Rettrdon, the Navigator</i>	LOVER	5 2008
Ballyshanny, Scenery around.....	1	13	Barr, Salnt, meaning of name.....	9	3546
— Salmon leap at.....	7	2550	Barré, Colonel.....	7	xviii
Balor of the evil eye.....	2	xi	BARRETT, EATON STAN-NARD.....	1	119
— the giant.....	3	861	— D. J. O'Donoghue on.....	6	ix
Baltimore, Scenery near.....	7	2602, 2852	— Richard and Re-peal.....	9	x
— Bay.....	5	1743	— Richard, in Prison.....	3	811; 6 2128
Banba, Meave among the women of.....	7	2747	— Roger: Duel with Judge Egan.....	1	142
Bandon Fair.....	6	2080	Barrlière du Trône.....	2	677
BANIM, JOHN.....	1	44	BARRINGTON, SIR JONAH.....	1	126
— John (portrait).....	1	41	— on J. P. Curran.....	2	770
— Inherently Irish.....	1	xi	BARRY, MICHAEL JOSEPH.....	1	149
— MICHAEL.....	1	59	— the actor.....	5	1919
Banims, The, M. F. Egan on.....	5	vii	— WILLIAM FRANCIS.....	1	156
'Banish sorrow'.....	OGLE	7 2736	— M. F. Egan on.....	5	vii
Banished Defender, The.....	8	3269	Barry's painting of the Last Judgment.....	6	2422
— from Rome.....	2	748	Basaltic rocks on the shores of Lough Neagh.....	6	2277
Bank of Ireland, The (half-tone engraving).....	2	788	Bastille, The.....	2	676
Bankers in Ireland.....	9	3367	Bathe, Father John, slain at Drogheda.....	7	2572
<i>Banks of Banna, The</i>	OGLE	7 2735	<i>Battle of Almhain</i>	O'DONOVAN.	7 2709
			— <i>of Beal-a-n-a-tha-Buidh</i>	DRENNAN	3 928
			— <i>of Dunboly</i>	HYDE	4 1622
			— <i>of Flunders</i>	7	2830
			— <i>of Pontenoy (half-tone engraving)</i>	3	880
			— <i>of Landen</i>	7	2824

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Battle of the Boyne	7	2819	Bernard, dean of Kil-		
— of the Factions	CARLETON	2 472	more, saved at Drogh-		
— of Magh Leana'	O'CURRY	7 2664	eda by Cromwell	7	2570
Battles in the Book of			'Beside the Fire'	4	1638, 1642
Leinster	2	xil	<i>Bethlehem</i>	WARBURTON	9 3535
<i>Bay of Biscay</i>	CHERRY	2 586	Beth Peor	1	2
<i>Beaconsfield, Lord</i>	O'CONNOR	7 2660	Between us may roll the		
Cranbourne on	6	2158	severing ocean	WILDE	9 3572
on early marriages	6	2196	<i>Beyond the River</i>	READ	8 2924
on Shell	7 xxvii; 8	3055	BICKERSTAFF, ISAAC	1	182
Beag, son of Buan	4	1450	D. J. O'Donoghue		
<i>Beal-An-Atha-Buidh</i>			on the wit of	6	xlii
Battle of	DRENNAN	3 928	<i>Bicycle, To my</i>	ROLLESTON	7 2976
Beal-an-a-tha-Bhuidhe,			<i>Biddy Brady's Banshee</i>	CASEY	2 565
The Red Hand at	5	1753	Blgar and the Land		
<i>Bear, An Irish</i>	7	2794	League	9	xi
Dirge of O'Sullivan	2	445	<i>Bhadin' the Oats</i>	COLEMAN	2 610
See Bere.			<i>Bingen on the Rhine</i>	NORTON	7 2586
Bearhaven, Morty Oge			Bingham, Sir Richard	7	2857
of	2	445	Biography. (Biographies of all authors		
<i>Beau Tibbs</i>	GOLDSMITH	4 1326	represented precede the examples of their		
Beauling, belling, danc-			work. Biographies of Celtic authors		
ing, drinking	STREET BAL-		quoted in translation or in original are in		
	LAD	9 3312	Volume X.)		
Beauty, Celtic love of	8	2973	Biography and His-		
Superstitions about	9	3672	tory	9	vii
'Beaux' Strategem,			— <i>Frederick William</i>		
The'	FARQUHAR	3 1165	Robertson	BROOKE	1 291
Bec mac Cuanach slain			— <i>Sheridan as Orator</i>	FITZGERALD	3 1190
at Bolgdán	4	1625	— <i>Prince of Dublin</i>		
Bede Venerable de-			Printers	GILBERT	4 1258
scribes Lindisfarne	8	2882	— <i>Origin of O'Connell</i>	HOOEY	4 1588
Bedford, Burke on the			— <i>Capture of Wolfe</i>		
Duke of	1	379	Tone	O'BRIEN	7 2604
'Bee, The'	4	1345	— <i>Why Parnell Went</i>		
Beehive shaped houses	8	2882	into Politics	O'BRIEN	7 2607
Beekeeping in ancient			— <i>Lord Beaconsfield</i>	O'CONNOR	7 2660
Ireland	5	1735	— <i>An Irish Musical</i>		
Before I came across			Genius	7	2690
the sea	STREET BAL-		— <i>Story of Grana</i>		
	LAD	9 3304	Uille	OTWAY	7 2856
<i>Beginnings of Home</i>			— <i>Patrick Sarsfield,</i>		
Rule	MACCARTHY	6 2174	Earl of Lucan	ONAHAN	7 2814
Belfast	6	2113	— <i>A Eulogy of Wash-</i>		
'Believe me if all those			ington	PHILLIPS	8 2891
dearling young			— <i>Napoleon</i>	PHILLIPS	8 2888
charms'	MOORE	7 2522	<i>Biscay, The Bay of</i>	CHERRY	2 586
BELL, ROBERT	1	165	Black Book of St.		
Bellamy, Mrs., among			Molaga	7	2664
the Irish actresses on			Castle	7	2853
the English stage	5	1919	Crom, The Sunday		
Bellefonds, Marshal,			of	7	2719
commanding army of			Desert, King of the	HYDE	10 3713
invasion in 1692	7	2823	<i>Lamb, The</i>	WILDE	9 3569
Bellew, Bishop, of Kil-			Thief, The	3	xxi
lala	6	2232	Blackbird, The	8	3271
<i>Bells of Shandon, The</i>	MAHONY	6 2343	of Derrycarn, The	2	xvi
Beloved, do you pity not			— made next in monk's		
Walsh	9	3508	hand	2	xviii
Benburb	4	1530	Blackburne, E. Owens. See MISS CASEY.		
Beneath Blessington's			Blackfriars, Theater in	6	2348
eyes	BYRON	6 2289	Blackie, Professor, on		
Ben-Edar, The scenery			the feudal land sys-		
around	3	1185	tem	7	2864
Bennett, E. A., on			Blackpool	1	151
George Moore	7	2483	<i>Blacksmith of Limerick,</i>		
Beowulf, Alliteration in	4	viii	The	JOYCE	5 1741
Bere O'Sullivan	9	3658	<i>Blackwater, A. D. 1603.</i>		
See Bear.			Crossing the	JOYCE	5 1744
Beresford, Lady Fran-			Battle of the	5 1744; 7	2713
ces, married to Henry			Great meeting at		
Flood	3	1211	Teltown, on the	5	1738
BERKELEY, BISHOP	1	173	In Ulster, The	6	2278
on America	5	1664	River (half-tone		
Bernard, Dr., dean of			engraving)	3	916
Derry, Goldsmith on	4	1380	Talk by the	DOWNING	3 916
			<i>The Northern</i>	KAVANAGH	5 1732

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Blackwood and Maginn.....	6	2300	Bolb, Trout fishing on		
Blacquière, Sir John,			the	4	1522, 1523
Anecdote of	1	131	Bold is the talk in this. KELLY	5	1782
Blaise, <i>An Elegy on</i>			'Defender, The'	8	3270
<i>Madam</i>	GOLDSMITH.	4 1382	'Traynor, O.'	8	3270
Blake, James, sent to			Bo-men fallies, The, de-		
Spain to poison			scribed	3	xx
Hugh Roe	7	2746	<i>Bons Mots of Sheridan</i>	8	3119
— MARY ELIZABETH	1	189	— <i>Sterne, Some</i>	8	3227
— Squire, an author-			Bonner, Bishop of Lon-		
ity on duelling	1	145	don, Proclamation		
Blaird	JOYCE	5 1749	against plays by	6	2348
Blarney Castle (colored			Booling (bowing), Dis		
plate)	6	Front	sertation on	6	2237
Blarney-Stone, Father			Book, Dimma's	7	2671
Front on the	6	2337, 2441	— first printed in		
<i>Blasht</i>	CROTTY	3 758	Gaelic in Ireland		
'Blasters,' The	5	1916	(facsimile)	7	2741
Blennerhassett's Book			— of a Thousand		
on Ireland	9	3395	Nights'	BURTON	2 404
Bless my good ship	BROOKE	1 280	— of Ballymote	2	629; 7 2663
<i>Blessing of Affliction,</i>			— of Clonfert	7	2664
<i>The</i>	KIRWAN	5 1844	— of Dromsneachta	2	iv, x
BLESSINGTON, COUNTESS			— of Durrow	7	2671
OF (portrait)	1	192	— of Fermoy	5	1724
— <i>Memoirs of</i>	MADDEN	6 2286	— of Kells	5	1737; 7 2671
West are the dormant. MANGAN		6 2380	— of Lecain	7	2663
Blind Irish piper (half-			— of Lecan	2	629; 6 2223
tone engraving)	5	1762	— of Leinster	2	vi, xii
— <i>Student, The</i>	ARNSTRONG	1 24	— 1600, 1612, 1613, 1622; 7 1738; 8	2884	
Blindness, Miraculous			— of Lismore	7	2766; 8 3246
cure of	5	1766	— of Martyrs, The'	7	2573
Blithe the bright dawn			— of St. Builthe's		
found me	FURLONG	4 1247	Monastery, The		
Bloody hand in Lord			Speckled	7	2664
Antrim's coat-of-			— of St. Molaga, The		
arms, The	7	2856	Black	7	2664
— <i>Street, Drogheda</i>	7	2569	— of Slane, The Yel-		
<i>Bluc, Bluc Smoke, The</i>			low	7	2664
(half-tone engraving) GRAVES		4 1415	— of Strange Sins, A'KERNAHAN		5 1809
BLUNDELL, MRS. (M. E.			— of the Dun Cow'	4	1600; 5 1731
FRANCIS)	1	215	Books, drowned by		
Board of National Edu-			Norse invaders	2	viii
cation, The	4	1603, 1609	— Irish, before St.		
Boate on Ulster	6	2276, 2279	Patrick	2	x
Boat race to win Dun-			— of Cluain-mle-Nois,		
Ince Castle	7	2855	The	7	2664
Boats, Irish wickerwork			— of <i>Courtesy in the</i>		
(half-tone en-			<i>Fifteenth Century</i> GREEN		4 1417
graving)	9	2458	Borough Franchise Bill,		
— of ancient Ireland	5	1740	The Irish	6	2176
<i>Boat-Song, A Canadian</i> MOORE		7 2540	BORTHWICK, NORMA	10	3879
Bob Acres, Jefferson as	8	3088	Boru Tribute, The	4	1622
— <i>Acres' Duct</i>	SHERIDAN	8 3088	Boston Port, Sailing		
— <i>Burke's Duct with</i>			Into	6	2115
<i>Ensign Brady</i>	MAGINN	6 2303	Boswell and Goldsmith		7 2468
Bodhmall, the woman			— collection of Chap-		
Druid	4	1447	books, The	3	xxi
Bodkin, Amby, as an			BOUCICAULT, DION		
authorily on			(portrait)	1	252
duelling	1	145	Boulogne-sur-Mer,		
— MATTHIAS M'DON-			Father O'Leary at	7	2794
NELL	1	232	Bourke, Sir Richard,		
The, in Irish dress	9	3493	the M'William		
Bodleian Library at Ox-			Elghter	7	2857
ford, Irish MSS. in	7	2673	Bowes, John, Solicitor-		
<i>Boon, The Curse of the</i> GREGORY		10 3927	General, at the trial		
<i>Boy Cotton on the Red</i>			of Lord Gantry	7	2724, 2726
<i>Boq</i>	O'BRIEN	7 2591	Boy, who was Long on		
Boys of Ireland, Pock-			His Mother, The	10	3765
rich's project for			Boycott, The First	O'BRIEN	7 2611
reclaiming	7	2696	Boycotted	JESSOP	5 1688
— Ulster, Dr. War-			Boyd, Captain, Inscrip-		
ner's project for			tion on the		
reclaiming	6	2278	Statue of	ALEXANDER	1 8
Boyleiden, Irish influ-			— THOMAS	1	258
ence on	4	vii			

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Boyle, Colonel, slain at Drogheda	7	2568	Brigade at Fontenoy, The	DOWLING	3 878
— The, among the leading rivers of Ulster	6	2278	Brighidin Ban Mo Store	WALSH	9 3503
— JOHN, EARL OF CORK	1	260	— The Cold Sleep of	MACMANUS	6 2270
— supposed cause of Atherton's hanging	9	3397	Bright, John, on land tenure		7 2867
— on the 'Drapiers' Letters'	1	261	— on the Irish Question	6	2156, 2158
— WILLIAM	1	264	Bright sparkling pile!	WILDE	9 3596
Boyne, The	VI	2354	Brightest blossom of the spring	FERGUSON	3 1186
— Obells, The (half-tone engraving)	7	3271	Bright at Kildare		8 3253
— Soldiers of the	3	842, 957, 968	— Extract from the Life of	STOKES	8 3246
— The host of Meave from the banks of the	7	2752	— Healings by		8 3251
— The Battle of the	1	349; 9 IX	— Hymns in praise of		8 3259
Boyne Water, The	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3271	— Miracles of		8 3246
Boz	See JOHN WALSH		— Relics of		8 3260
Bran, the hound of Flinn mac Cumhail	2	xvii, 629; 6 2111	Britain, Goldsmith on		4 1364
Brandubh	4	1622	'British Association, Address to the	KELVIN	5 1784
'Brannon on the Moor'	8	3270	— Museum, Irish		7 2672
Bray, The scenery around	3	1185	— MSS, in		7 2672
Breaghnaun Crone O'Maille	7	2856	— Navy, Irishmen in		9 3422
Breastplate, The Hymn Called St. Patrick's	8	3244	— Parliament, Flood's Speech in the		3 1219
'Breathe not his name'	7	2527	'Brogues, A Kish of'	BOYLE	1 264
Brehon Law, The	9	3393, 3493	Brompton		1 165
— Law Code, The	1	29; 5 1735, 1739	BROOKE, CHARLOTTE		1 280
Brehons, The	2	444	— HENRY		1 284
BRENAN, JOSEPH	1	278	— STOFFORD AUGUSTUS		1 291
— D. J. O'Donoghue	6	IX	— on Steele		8 3190
— on	7	2763	Brother Azarias. See P. F. MULLANEY		
Brendan of Birr	7	2763	BROUGHAM, JOHN		1 301
Brett, Sergeant, shot at Manchester	7	2608, 2610	— Lord, on E. Burke		1 372
Brewry of Egg-Shells, The	2	731	— on Sheridan		3 1191
Brian. See A Song of Defeat.			— and Macaulay		6 2452
Brian Born. See The Irish Chiefs and also Mackenna's Dream.			Brow of Nefin, The	HYDE	10 3777
— Boroi m h e. The Conqueror	9	viii	Brown Wind of Connaught, The	MACMANUS	6 2272
— Boruim h a. See Kinkora.			Browne, Dr., and the United Irishmen	9	3515, 3519, 3523
— 'O'Linn'	STREET BAL-LAD	7 3273	— FRANCES		1 313
— the Brave'	7	3270	— JOHN ROSS		1 323
See Bryan.			Bruce, Campaign of, 1314		9 3391
Brian's administration. Anecdote of	7	2533	'Bruidhen da Derga, The'		4 1601
— Lament for King Mahon	4	1591	Brundisium		2 739
Bribery by the English.	2	792	Bryan, Boruma, Meaning of		9 3546
— in the Irish House of Commons	6	2168	See also Brian.		
Bricriu	4	1615	BRYCE, JAMES (portrait)		1 330
Bride, The scenery around the river	1	353	Buckingham, Duke of		1 172
"Bridge of the World" (the Rocky Mountains)	2	417	— Lord, Duel of, with the Master of the Rolls		1 143
Bridget Cruise. From the Irish	4	1244	BUCKLEY, WILLIAM		1 351
			Budget of Stories, A	O'KEEFFE	7 2771
			BUGGY, KEVIN T.		1 358
			Building, Ancient Irish		4 1612
			Bull, A French	3	1057, 1058, 1059
			— A Spanish	3	1058, 1059
			— An English	3	1057
			— An Oriental	3	1056
			— The white, of Mève	2	xvii
			— What is an Irish	3	1057
			Bull-baiting in Dublin	5	1916
			BULLOCK, SHAN F.		1 360
			'Bulls, An Essay on Irish'	EDGEWORTH	3 1055 1060

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Bulls Examined, The Originality of <i>Irish</i>EDGEWORTH.	3	1055	But I — than other lov- ers' state.....WILDE	9	3598
— Irish, of Sir Boyle Roche.....	1	135, 137	— the rain is gone by.....TYNAN- HINKSON.	9	3459
Bulwer on O'Connell.....	7	xxvi	Butler, Hon. Simon.....	9	3573
— Plunket.....	7	xxv	— WILLIAM FRANCIS.....	2	415
— Shell.....	7	xxvi	BUTT, ISAAC.....	2	421
Bumpers, Squire Jones.DAWSON	3	841	— and the Home Rule movement.....	6	2174, 2177; xi
'Bunch of Sham- rocks, A'.....CASEY	2	565	— To the Memory of.SIGERSON ..	8	3133
Buncrana.....	6	2427	Buttercups and Daisies.TODHUNTER.	9	3411
Bunker's Hill, Irish volunteers for.....	6	2113	Butterflies in Ireland.....	9	3566
Bunner, H. C., on John Brougham.....	1	301	Buying a seat in Church. 'By memory inspired'. STREET BAL- LAD	3	82
Bunthorne the Poet. See OSCAR WILDE.			LAD	8	3274
Bunting's 'Ancient Mu- sic of Ireland'.....	6	2230	By Nebo's lonely moun- tain.....ALEXANDER.	1	1
Buonaparte, Interviews with.....TONE	9	3418	By O'Neill close belea- guered.....DRENNAN ..	3	929
—, Tone introduced to.....	9	3418	By our campfires.....DOWLING ..	3	878
Burbage, James, Li- cense granted by Elizabeth to.....	6	2347, 2349	By the blue taper's trembling light.....PARNELL ..	7	2874
Burgh, Hussey, a Monk of the Screw.....	2	797	By the Margin of the Great Deep.....RUSSELL ..	8	3004
Burgundian Library, Brussels; MSS. In.....	7	2673	By the shore a plot of ground.....ALLINGHAM	1	22
Burial at Sea.....ALEXANDER.	1	10	Byrne, Colonel, slain at Drogheda.....	7	2568
— of Moses, Th.....ALEXANDER.	1	1	Byron and the Bless- ingtons at Genoa.MADDEN	6	2286
— of Sir John Moore, The.....WOLFE	9	3633	— on J. P. Curran.....	2	770
Buried Forests of Evin, The.....MILLIGAN ..	6	2437	— on Lord Castle- reagh.....	6	2168
BURKE, EDMUND (por- trait). (See also The Jessamy Bride).....	1	369	— tells a story of Sheridan.....	8	3120
— a master on ora- tory.....	7	xxviii	Byron's manner, Filip- pany of.....	6	2288
— and Sheridan.....	8	3119	C. C.....See H. G. CURRAN. C. W.....See C. WOLFE.		
— and the Histori- cal Society.....	7	x	Cahins, Deserted (half- tone engraving).....	6	2267
— Goldsmith on.....	4	1378, 1380	Cacl and Credhe.....GREGORY ..	4	1445
— Meagher on.....	6	2421	Caclte and St. Patrick.....	8	2970
— on Curran.....	7	xxii	Cacltte's Lament, From the Irish.....O'GRADY ..	7	2766
— on Hampden's for- tune.....	1	375	Caenfeld, Meaning of.....	9	3546
— on the Duke of Bedford.....	1	379	Cesar, Julius, on the Druids.....	7	2721
— Secures MS. of Bre- hon Laws for Trinity College.....	7	2615	CAFFEYN, MRS. MANNING- TON.....	2	429
— Sir R. Peel on.....	1	x	Callin og astor men- tioned in Shakespeare.....	4	vii
— Some Wise and Witty Sayings of.....	1	396	Callino, The Woods of.FITZSIMON..	3	1206
— R.....Goldsmith on.....	4	1380	Calite.....	2	630
— The oratory of.....	7	x	Calderga.....	5	1724
— THOMAS N.....	1	398	Calrn Feargall.....	2	629
— William.....	4	1380	Calatin, The Children of.....	4	1434
Barke's Statue (half- tone engraving).....	1	397	Caldwell, Should be O'Callaly.....	10	3807
Barlesque novels.....	1	119, 123	' Caleb in search of a Wife'.....See J. MARTLEY.		
Burns, Speech on.....FERGUSON ..	3	1170	Call of the Sidhe, A.....RUSSELL ...	8	2096
Burne-Jones, Sir E., on the Irish character.....	8	xv	Callaghan, Greatly and Mullen, The Sorrow- ful Lamentation of. STREET BAL- LAD	9	3316
Burthen of Osman, Th.O'GRADY ..	7	2752	Callaghans, The, ad- ministering colonial affairs.....	3	941
BURTON, RICHARD FRAN- CIS.....	2	403	CALLANAN, JAMES JO- SEPH.....	2	438
— on 'The Arabian Nights'.....	2	404	— W. B. Yeats on.....	3	viii
Bush, Rafferty and the Business Quarter and a Business Man in Lon- don.....RIDDELL ..	8	2949	Calling, The.....SIGERSON ..	8	3133

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Calmly, breathe calmly all your music.....	JOHNSON .. 5 1700	Carlyle on Ireland's wrongs	3 951
Calton Hill, Burns and the	6 2131	— on freedom of re- ligious belief in Ireland	3 952
Camden, Lord, and Ninety-Eight	8 2930	— on the Reforma- tion	3 951
— as Vice-Roy	6 2167	Carolan See CAMPION.	
Campbell, Counsellor, duel with Harry Deane Grady.....	1 143	— and Arthur Daw- son	3 841
— LADY COLIN.....	2 448	— remembered in the valley of Nephin	6 2231
— Sir Colin at Bala- klava	8 3009	— Songs	7 2615
— Rev. Dr. Thomas.....	7 2695	— See O'Carolan, Tur- lough.	
CAMPION, JOHN T.....	2 463	Carriages in Dublin in the XVIII. Century.....	5 1917
Can the depths of the ocean	WILLIAMS .. 9 3607	<i>Carrick? Have you been</i> at	9 3507
<i>Canadian Boat-Song</i> , A. MOORE ..	7 2540	— The massacre at.....	3 955
— governors	3 938	Carrickfergus, The gar- rison of	3 955
Candle-making in an- cient Ireland.....	5 1737	Carrickmacross, The Fera Ros at.....	7 2709
Candour, Mrs. (charac- ter in 'School for Scandal')	8 3099	Carrigaphooka, A folk tale of	6 2320
CANNING, GEORGE.....	2 464	Carrigdhoun. See <i>The</i> <i>Lament of the Irish</i> <i>Maiden</i> .	
— Life of.....	BELL .. 1 165	Carrington, Lord, and Pitt	6 2285
— on 'Gulliver's Trav- els'	1 167	Carroll Malone..... See MCBURNEY.	
— on Lord Nugent.....	1 171	Cartan, Shemus. See <i>A</i> <i>Sorrowful Lament for</i> <i>Ireland</i> .	
— on parliamentary speaking	1 170	Carysville, Salmon fish- ing at.....	7 2730
— on 'The Lady of the Lake'	1 169	'Case of Ireland Stated, The'	6 2460
— Oratory of.....	1 170	Casey, Biddy.....	10 3813
— Wit of.....	1 171	— Miss (E. OWENS BLACKBURNE)	2 565
Cantwell, Dr. (charac- ter in 'Mr. Maw- worm')	1 183	— JOHN KEEGAN	2 572
<i>Canzone</i>	WILDE .. 9 3598	— W. B. Yeats on.....	3 xl
<i>Cauch the Piper</i>	KEEGAN .. 5 1762	'Cashel Byron's Profes- sion'	8 3035
Caolité	2 629, 630; 4 1451, 1525	— of Munster.....	3 1181
See also Caelte, Caitte.		— The Acropolis of Athens and the Rock of.....	6 2334
Cape Clear (half-tone engraving)	6 2222	— Rock and Ruins of (half-tone en- graving)	6 2334
— and the surround- ing country.....	2 439; 6 2222	— The Eagle of.....	4 1591
— The Vicar of.....	OTWAY 7 2848	— The Psalter of.....	7 2664; 7 2673
Capel Street, Dublin. See <i>A Prospect</i> .		(See also Saltair) ...	7 2509
'Captain Blake'.....	MAXWELL .. 6 2412	Cashmere, The lake of.....	9 3660
<i>Captain's Story, The</i>	MAXWELL .. 6 2400	Cassandra	2 576
<i>Capture of an Indian</i> Chief	REID	CASTLE, AGNES EGERTON (portrait)	5 1755
— of Hugh Roe O'Don- nell, <i>The</i>	CONNELLAN. 2 632	'Castle Daly'	KEARY
— of Wolfe Tone, <i>The</i> , O'BRIEN ..	7 2604	— Down, <i>The Good</i> <i>Ship</i>	MCBURNEY. 6 2113
Carbery, Ethna.....	MRS. MACMANUS.	— Hack, <i>The Dub-</i> <i>lin</i>	3 888
Cardinal de Retz, Gold- smith on	4 1347	— <i>Rackrent</i>	EDGEWORTH. 3 995
Careless (character in 'School for Scandal')	8 3109	— M. F. Egan on.....	5 lx, x
Carew and the Bishop of Rome.....	7 2852	Castlereagh, Lord, By- ron on	6 2168
— Sir George, Presi- dent of Munster.....	7 2740	— Justin McCarthy on	6 2169
Caricatures by Gillray	1 168	— Name of, hated.....	8 2930
CARLETON, WILLIAM (portrait)	2 469	— Plunket's answer to	7 xxv
— D. J. O'Donoghue on	V xvii	— See <i>A Noble Lord</i> .	
— M. F. Egan on.....	5 vii, xii, xvi	<i>Cat, The Demon</i>	WILDE 9 3557
— Inherently Irish	1 xi		
Carlinsford Bay.....	6 2277		
Carlisle, Lord, story of.....	1 232		
— and the Waiter.....	8 xxi		
<i>Carlyle, A Dispute with</i> , DUFFY ..	3 951		
— Conversations of', DUFFY	3 951		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Cathair More	7	2752	'Celts, Legendary Fic-		
Cathald Maguire on the			tions of the Irish'...KENNEDY ..	5	1796
Golden Stone.....	7	2718	1799, 1801, 1803		
The Festology of.	7	2674	— TheM'GEE	6	2223
Cathbad	4	1432	— <i>Salutation to the</i> M'GEE	6	2226
Cathedral at Cashel,			Cement not used in		
compared with the			early building	8	2883
Parthenon	6	2335	Censure, Swift on.....	9	3378
Cathleen ni Hoolihan...YEATS	9	3688	Centenary Ode to the		
Catholic	10	xx	<i>Memory of Thomas</i>		
Catholic Celts under the			<i>Moore</i>MACCARTHY.	6	2131
Stuarts	6	viii	Century of Subjection, A. TAYLOR ...	9	3390
— not heard in			Cervantes	3	873
Irish Parlla-			Cet mac Magach.....	4	1615
ment	7	viii	Changeling, The.....LAWLESS ..	5	1877
Church, The Irish			Changelings	2	731; 5
peasant's devo-			Chanson	DECHATEAU-	
tion to the	6	2148	BRIAND ..	6	2339
clergy and the peo-			Chap-books at Harvard.....	3	xxi
ple	3	920	described	3	xx
disabilities. See			Irish	2	469
Disabilities of the			Thackeray on Irish.....	3	xxi
Roman Catholics.			Welsh on.....	3	17
— emancipation	3	773; 6	W. B. Yeats on.....	3	xx
— On	CURRAN ..	9	Chapel, The Ruined...ALLINGHAM.	1	22
— Orators	2	xxvii	Chappel's, A., portrait		
— priests in war			of Maria Edgeworth.....	3	993
time, Leland on.....	3	955	Character, A.....IRWIN	5	1675
— question, Grat-			Irish	8	viii
tan's speeches on.....	7	xvi	John Wesley on.....	8	xlv
— Rights, On	O'CONNELL.	7	Sir Edward		
Catholics, Church build-			Burne-Jones on	8	xv
ing by.....	6	2152	— of Napoleon, An		
— Of the Injustice			Historical	PHILLIPS ..	8
of Disqualifica-			Character Sketches,		
tion of.....GRATTAN ..	4	1405	<i>Reminiscences, etc.</i>		
— The, are the Irish.....	9	3426	— <i>Fire-Eaters, The</i> ...BARRINGTON.	1	141
Cathvab, the Druid.....	6	2756	— <i>Irish Gentry and</i>		
'Cattline,' Scene from...CHOLY ..	2	747	their Retainers...BARRINGTON.	1	138
Cats' Rambles to the			— <i>Pulpit, Bar and</i>		
Child's Saucepan.....	8	xlx	Parliamentary		
— <i>Seanchan the Bard</i>			Eloquence...BARRINGTON.	1	127
and the King of the...WILDE	9	3566	— <i>Seven Baronets.</i>		
— Superstitions about	9	3680	The	BARRINGTON.	1
Cattle raiding.....	2	xii	Gloucester Lodge...BELL	1	165
Cavan	1	132	— <i>Princess Talley-</i>		
— The mountains			rand as a Critic...BLESSING-		
and lakes of.....	6	2275, 2277	TON	1	212
Cavanagh, M., of Wash-			— <i>Facetious Irish</i>		
ington, D. C.....	10	3919	Peer, A.....DAUNT	3	819
Cave, Sir John, and Sir			— <i>King Bagenal</i> ...DAUNT	3	817
Boyle Roche.....	1	135	— <i>Ice-landic Dinner,</i>		
— Stories	2	xii	An	DUFFERIN ..	3
Cavern, The.....HAYES	10	3977	Dispute with Car-		
Cavour, Count, on the			lyle, A.....DUFFY	3	951
state church in Ire-			— <i>My Boyhood Days</i> ...EDGEWORTH.	3	1073
land	6	2150	— <i>Sheridan as Ora-</i>		
Cean Dubh Deellsh...FERGUSON ..	3	1183	tor	FITZGERALD.	3
— <i>dur Deellsh</i> ...SHORTER ..	8	3126	— <i>Keogh, The Irish</i>		
— <i>Cease to Do Evil,</i>			Massillon	FITZPATRICK	3
— <i>Learn to Do Well</i> ...MACCARTHY.	6	2128	— <i>Prince of Dublin</i>		
Cecil, Lord, See The			Printers, The...GILBERT ..	4	1258
Earl of Essex.....	4	1617	— <i>We'll See About It</i> ...HALL	4	1534
Celtic Authors Biogra-			— <i>Origin of O'Con-</i>		
phies in Vol. 10.			nell	HOEY	4
— <i>Fleiment in Litera-</i>			— <i>Scenes in the In-</i>		
— <i>ture, The</i> ...YEATS	9	3654	— <i>surrection</i>		
— <i>Literature</i>	HYDE. See		of 1798	LEADBEATER.	5
— place-names, Ori-			— <i>Love-Making in Ire-</i>		
— gin of.....	6	2228	— <i>land</i>	MACDONAGH.	6
— <i>Romances, Old</i> ...JOYCE. 5	1724, 1731		— <i>Byron and the</i>		
— <i>Twilight, The</i> ...YEATS	9	3696	— <i>Blessingtons at</i>		
	3673, 3678, 3679, 3683		— <i>Genoa</i> ...MADDEN ..	6	2286
			— <i>William Pitt</i> ...MADDEN ..	6	2284

Character Sketches, Reminiscences, etc.	VOL. PAGE	CHESSEON, MRS. W. H. (Norah Hopper).....	VOL. PAGE
— <i>Rambling Reminiscences</i>	MILLIGAN .. 6 2427	— W. B. Yeats on.....	3 xiii
— <i>Prince of Inismore</i>	MORGAN ... 7 2543	Chess-playing in olden times	5 1739; 7 2668, 2707
— <i>Irish Musical Genius, An</i>	O'DONOGHUE 7 2690	Chesterfield and Faulkner	4 1260
— <i>Budget of Stories</i>	O'KEEFE ... 7 2772	— as Lord Lieutenant	6 2150
— <i>Harry Deane Grady</i>	O'FLANAGAN 7 2728	Chevalier de St. George, son of Mary D'Este.....	2 768
— <i>Pen-and-Ink Sketch of Daniel O'Connell</i>	SHEIL 8 3064	Chickahominy, The.....	6 2423
— <i>Some College Recollections</i>	WALSH ... 9 3513	'Chiefs of Parties, The'.....	6 2284
— <i>Last Gleeman</i>	YEATS 9 3683	— The Irish.....	3 959
Characteristics of Ireland	8 vii	Chieftains, Lives of Irish	1 30
— of Irish literature.....	2 xviii	<i>Childe Charity, The Story of</i>	BROWNE .. 1 314
Characteristics of the Irish.....	8 xv	<i>Childhood in Ancient Greece</i>	MAHAFFY .. 6 2328
— A loving people	8 xv	Children and parents, Affection between... ..	6 2196; 7 2618
— Approachableness.....	8 xv	— of Lir, The.....	TYNAN- HINKSON... 9 3460
— Artlessness.....	8 xi	Children's games in Ireland	7 2783
— Attention and courtesy to strangers.....	8 xv	— reading in the XVIII. Century.....	3 1073
— Aversion to confess ignorance	8 xiv	— Stories, A Writer of	3 994
— Dancing, Love of.....	8 xix	'Child's History of Ireland, A'.....	JOYCE 5 1735
— Desire to please.....	8 xviii	'China, Narrative of the War with'.....	WOLSELEY.. 9 3636
— Exaggeration.....	8 xiv	Chinese Life, picture of.....	6 2206
— Faculty for paying compliments	8 viii	Chnoc Nanta (hill).....	6 2230
— Familiarity.....	8 x	Chosen People, A: Magee on.....	6 2293
— Flattery.....	8 ix	'Christian Architecture, Early'.....	STOKES ... 8 3238
— Freedom of manners	8 x	— <i>Mother, The</i>	KIRWAN ... 5 1842
— Hospitality of the Irish Celts.....	3 vii	Christianity in Ireland.....	9 viii, 3401
— Indifference to facts.....	8 viii	<i>Christmas Song, The Kilkenny Earle's</i>	KENEALY ... 5 1788
— Leisurely and casual	8 xix	'Chrysal'.....	JOHNSTONE. 5 1709
— Love of hunting.....	8 xiii	'Church and Modern Society, The'.....	IRELAND ... 5 1662
— Love of racing.....	8 xlii	— Architecture	8 3238
— Practical joking.....	8 xvii	— how covetousness came into the.....	10 3823
— Ready replies.....	8 ix	— Irish devotion to the Catholic.....	6 2149
— Sense of humor.....	8 xvi	— of England, The.....	6 2159
— Simplicity.....	8 x, xii	— The Catholic.....	3 920, 6 2148
— Sociability.....	3 vii	— Ruins, Holy Island (half-tone engraving)	6 2130
— Talkativeness.....	8 x	Church-building by Catholics	6 2152
<i>Charade, The Amazing Ending of a</i>	CROMMELIN. 2 751	— by Irish women.....	1 31
<i>Charge of the Light Brigade, The (reference)</i>	TENNYSON . 8 3013	Churches, Saxon, in Ireland	8 2880
Charity among the Hill-people	4 1456	Churchman, Newman the	7 2556
Charlemagne, Irish version of the wars of.....	7 2672	Cibber, Theophilus.....	7 2669
'Charles I.'.....	WILLS ... 9 3612	Cleero (in 'Catiline').....	2 747
— and Ireland.....	9 ix	Cinderella an Egyptian legend	9 3534
— II. and Ireland.....	9 ix	<i>Circle, A</i>	SWIFT ... 9 3389
'O'Malley'.....	LEVER. 5 1972, 1995	Circular Stone Forts.....	8 2882
<i>Charlie, The Coming of Prince</i>	MAGRATH .. 10 4415	Cithruadh	4 1452
Charlotte Elizabeth. See MRS. TONNA.		'Citizen of the World, The'	GOLDSMITH. 4 1317
<i>Charming Mary Neal</i>	STREET BAL- LAD 8 3275	— 1322, 1326, 1334, 1338, 1341	
<i>Chatham and Townshend</i>	BURKE 1 391	<i>Citizen-Soldier, The Common</i>	O'REILLY ... 8 2825
Cheltenham.....	6 2410	<i>City in the Great West, A</i>	DUNRAVEN .. 3 963
CHERRY, ANDREW.....	2 586		
Cheshire Cheese, The, Rhymers Club at	5 1693		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Civil Service in Ireland.....	9	3363	<i>Clonmore, Old Pedhar</i>		
— War, Archbishop			<i>Carthy from</i>M'CALL	6	2122
Ireland in the.....	5	1662	Clontarf, Battle of.....	2	1x; 6 2377
Irish in the.....	4	1539; 6 2321	Cluin-Dobhain, King		
The American.....	7	2826, 2831	Fergal at.....	7	2710
Clacken Lough, Description			Cluncalla.....	4	1255
of country.....			Claricaune, The.....	2	713; 3 xix
around.....	1	360	Coach-a-bower, The.....	3	xlx
<i>Claims of Science, The</i> ..TYNDALL	9	3463	Coal-mining, Remains of,		
Clan Dega, The.....	7	2752	at Ballycastle, Ulster.....	6	2280
Clann of the Wooden			Coats, Styles of.....	9	3498
Shoon.....MOLLOY	6	2458	CORBE, FRANCES POWER.....	2	605
Clanmorris, Lord, and			<i>Cockade, The White</i> ...CALLANAN	2	442
Curran.....	1	143	Code, Duelling.....	1	148
Clanricarde in the Re-			— HENRY BRERETON.....	2	607
bellion of 1641.....	9	1x	— Results of the.....	4	xil
— Sarsfield's wife the			Coelté.....	7	2753
daughter of the			See also Caille.		
Earl of.....	7	2816	Coercion Laws.....	5	1839
— Ullick, Earl of, at			— Gladstone on.....	7	2658
war with his			Coffinmaker, Keogh a.....	3	1204
brother Shane of			Colf, The.....	9	3495
the Clover.....	7	2743	Colnage, A National, for		
Clar Cullte.....	4	1443	Ireland.....	9	3363
<i>Claragh's Lament, From</i>			— Laws of.....	9	3375
the Irish of John Mc-			— Lord Coke on.....	9	3374
Donnell.....D'ALTON	2	803	<i>Coinin of the Furze</i> ...HYDE	10	3737
Clare, Lord.....	9	3516, 3524	Coke Lord, on the coin-		
— Lord, Goldsmith's			age.....	9	3374
Poetical Epistle			Colclough, Sir Vesey,		
to.....	4	1377	Reminiscences of.....	1	130
— and Curran, duel			<i>Cold Sleep of Brighidin,</i>		
between.....	1	142	<i>The</i>MACMANUS..	6	2270
County.....	5	1740, 1985	COLEMAN, PATRICK		
Clarke, Cowden, on Far-			JAMES.....	2	609
quahar.....	3	1164	Coleraine.....	6	2551
— General, a Celt of			Colgan, Father John,		
the Spanish type.....	4	1589	<i>cited</i>	7	2719
— JOSEPH IGNATIUS			— collector of Irish		
CONSTANTINE.....	2	596	manuscripts for		
Claudins.....	5	1847	Louvain.....	7	2673
<i>Clearing of Galway,</i>			Collection of Folk Tales.....	3	xxil
<i>The</i>PRENDER-			<i>Colleen Baen, On the</i> ..STREET BAL-		
GAST.....	8	2913	LAD.....	9	3310
Clebach, The well of.....	3	1163	— M. F. Egan on.....	5	xiv
Cleena.....	5	1743, 2004	— Rock (half-tone		
Clerical life in Ireland.....	6	2411	engraving).....	4	1494
CLERKE, AGNES MARY.....	2	601	— Rue.....STREET BAL-		
Clerkenwell explosion.....	6	2153	LAD.....	8	3277
Clew Bay.....	7	2856	'Colleghans, The'.....GRIFFIN	5	1481
Clive, Lord, Macaulay			1483, 1489, 1494, 1503		
on.....	6	2446	— Griffin's master-		
Cloaks, Spanish.....	9	3499	piece.....	1	xli
Clochair, an ancient			'Colloquy of the An-		
oracle.....	7	2718	<i>cients, On the</i> ...ROLLESTON.	8	2968
Cloghan Lucas, M'Wil-			(See also <i>Literary Qual-</i>		
liam leaders hanged			<i>ities of the Saga</i> .)		
at.....	7	2858	<i>Colonial Slavery, 1831</i> ..O'CONNELL.	7	2650
Clogher, Origin of the			Colonizations of Ireland,		
name.....	7	2718	Early.....	2	xl
— in Tyrone.....	5	1724, 1726	COLUM, PADRAC.....	2	612
Clogherma.....	5	1423	Columelle, Death of.....	2	xvli
<i>Cloghroe, The Maid of</i> ..STREET BAL-			<i>The Death of St.</i> HYDE	4	1618
LAD.....	9	3299	Columkille. See St. Co-		
Clonakilty.....	7	2613	lumba.		
Clonard, Flinnen of.....	5	1727	'Come all you pale lov-		
Clonavaddock.....	6	2433	<i>ers</i>DUFFET	3	948
Clonfert, The Book of.....	7	2664	— in the evening...DAVIS	3	830
Clonmacnoise (half-tone			— <i>plper, play the</i>		
engraving).....	8	2979	<i>Shaskan Reel</i> ...CASEY	2	574
— Graves at.....	9	3484	— see the Dolphin's		
<i>The Dead at</i> ...ROLLESTON..	8	2979	anchor forged...FERGUSON..	3	1174
The Monastery of.....	4	1600	— tell me, dearest		
Clonnell, Lord, duels			mother.....STREET BAL-		
with Lord Tyrawly			LAD.....	9	3316
and Lord Llandaff.....	1	142	' — to me, dearest'..BRENAN	1	278

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Comedians in Queen Elizabeth's reign	6 2349	Conlaach	4 1427
Combarda, The Irish	4 xiii	Conn	4 1609; 6 2354
Comic papers, why they do not flourish in Ireland.	6 x	— Ced-cathach, the hundred fighter.	2 444; 5 1731 8 2979
'Coming of Cuculain, The'	O'GRADY 7 2756	Connacht, Dermot's entrance into	7 2762
— of Finn, The	GREGORY 4 1447	— Love Songs of	HYDE 10 3735 3749, 3763, 3777, 3789
— Prince Charlie, The	MAGRATH 10 4015	— Religious Songs of	HYDE 10 3795 3813, 3823, 3829, 3917
Commandments, The	1 148	— Songs of	HYDE 10 3833
Commemorative funerals for the Manchester martyrs.	7 2609	— Speakers in	4 1603
Commerce, and the Union	8 2902	Connall	2 804
— Declaration of Irish Rights	GRATTAN 4 1387	Connaught, folk-tale of	5 1724
— Decrease in Ireland	9 3416	— Aldfrid in	6 2376
— On a Commercial Treaty with France	FLOOD 3 1219	— Meave and the host of	7 2752
— Short View of Ireland, 1827, A	SWIFT 9 3362	— Place-names in	6 2229
Commercialism in America	1 342	— Sarsfield in	7 2818
Committee of Selection, The work of the	2 xciii	— The Brown Wind of MacMANUS.	6 2275
Common Citizen-Soldier, The	O'REILLY 7 2825	— The Duke of; his welcome to Ireland.	7 xvi
Commune of Paris, The	2 678	— The first boycott in	7 2612
Con Cead Catha (Con of the Hundred Flights)	2 444; 5 1731; 8 2979	— See The Gray Fog and also The West's Asleep.	
— The Lake of	6 2230	Connaught's appropriation of Henry Flood	3 1216
Conal of Ossian quoted by O'Connell	3 813	— boast of beauty	3 1216
Connall and Conlaach	4 1428	CONNELL, F. NORRYS	2 616
— Cernach	4 1617	CONNELLAN, OWEN	2 629
— dearg O'Corra	5 1724	Connemara (See also A May Love Song)	7 2615
Conan	4 1451, 1525	— Lord Carlisle in	1 233, 241
— MAOL. Biography (portrait)	10 4029	— Starving peasantry of	7 2868
Concerning the Brass Halfpence Coined by Mr. Wood with a design to have them Pass in this Kingdom.	SWIFT 9 3369	Conula of the Golden Hair (half-tone engraving)	JOYCE 5 1731, 1734
Conchubar. See Conco-bar	4 1427, 1433	Conula's Well	RUSSELL 8 3001
Conciliation with America, On	BURKE 1 376	Connor, Son of Nais	2 804
Conco-bar. See Conchubar	7 2748, 2757	Conor, King of Ulster.	4 1613
Condall (now Old Connell, County Kildare)	7 2711	Conquest of Ireland.	9 ix
Condition of the peasantry	9 3426	Conry, The parish of	5 1731
Condon convicted at Manchester	7 2608	Consent of the governed.	9 3362
Condy Cullen and the Gauger	CARLETON 2 541	Consolation	LARMINE 5 1874
Confederation, The Irish	6 2418	Constitution, Goldsmith on the English.	4 1333
'Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman'	BLESSINGTON 1 200	— On the English.	CANNING 2 465
— of Tom Bourke	CROKER 2 681	Conservatism of Americans	1 348
Confiscation of Ecclesiastical Property	9 3391	Consumption of admiration, The	6 2383
Cong, Lord Carlisle at	1 235	Contagion of Love, The	COBBE 2 605
'Congal'	FERGUSON 3 1185	Contents of 'IRISH LITERATURE' described.	2 xix
Congregation, The Loan of a	MAXWELL 6 2411	Contentment, From 'A Hymn to	PARNELL 7 2876
CONGREVE, WILLIAM	2 614	Continuation of the Memoirs of the Rackrent Family.	EDGEWORTH 3 1014
— W. B. Yeats on	3 vii	Continuity of national spirit in literature.	1 xiv
Conjugal fidelity in Ireland	5 1923	— of Irish in Irish literature	2 viii
		Convent life, A picture of	6 2497
		— Conversations with Carlyle	DUFFY 3 951
		Conversion of Ireland	9 3401
		— of King Laoghaire's Daughters. Folk Lore.	ANONYMOUS 3 1162

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Convivial. <i>Extracts from</i>		Corn laws. O'Connell on	7 2633
<i>Revelation</i>GOLDSMITH.	4 1380	the	
Convivial Songs.		Corn-mills in ancient	5 1736
— <i>The Cruiskeen</i>		Ireland	
<i>Lane</i>ANONYMOUS.	8 3279	Cornwall, Lord	8 3278
<i>Garrygoen</i>ANONYMOUS.	8 3283	Cornwallis, Lord, Vice-	
<i>Lanigan's Ball</i>ANONYMOUS.	8 3293	Roy of Ireland.....	6 2167
<i>Runes of Malloir</i>ANONYMOUS.	9 3312	— Character of	6 2168
<i>Monks of the Sereic</i>CURRAN ..	2 797	— on Catholic eman-	
<i>Why Liquor of</i>		cipation	6 2171
<i>Life?</i>D'ALTON ..	2 805	Coronation chair, The	
<i>Bumpers, Squire</i>		(half-tone en-	
<i>Jones</i>DAWSON ..	3 841	graving)	7 2717
<i>Of Drinking</i>FLECKNOE ..	3 1209	— stone, Goldsmith	
<i>Maggy Ladir</i>FURLONG ..	4 1249	on the (see also	
<i>The Three Pigeons</i>GOLDSMITH.	4 1350	<i>The Lia Fail</i>).....	4 1321
<i>Abhain an Bhui-</i>		Corradhu. See <i>A Memory</i> .	
<i>deil</i>LE FANU ..	5 1946	Correspondence.	
<i>Good Luck to the</i>		— <i>Extracts from a</i>	
<i>Friars of Old</i>LEVER	5 1958	<i>Letter to a Noble</i>	
<i>I drink to the</i>		<i>Lord</i>BURKE	1 379
<i>graces</i>LEVER	5 1993	— <i>To the Duke of</i>	
<i>Man for Galway</i>LEVER	5 1975	<i>Grafton</i>FRANCIS ..	3 1228
<i>The Pope He Leads</i>		— <i>Letter from the</i>	
<i>a Happy Life</i>LEVER	5 2002	<i>Place of his Birth</i>MCMALE ..	6 2227
<i>Sweet Chloe</i>LYSAGHT ..	6 2109	Corrig-a-blowly, castle.....	8 2857
<i>The Irish Erile</i>M'DERMOTT.	6 2189	Corry, Isaac, duel with	
<i>Humors of Donny-</i>		<i>Henry Grattan</i>	1 142, 4 1385
<i>brook Fair</i>O'FLAHERTY.	7 2713	Corrymoola	8 3154
<i>Friar of Orders</i>		COSTELLO, MARY	2 640
<i>Gray</i>O'KEEFE ..	7 2778	Costume. See Dress.	
<i>'Whisky, drink di-</i>		Cottage, An Irish (half-	
<i>vine!'</i>O'LEARY ..	7 2803	tone engraving).....	2 512
<i>Here's to the val-</i>		— in Killarney (half-	
<i>den of bashful fif-</i>		tone engraving).....	4 1484
<i>teen</i>SHERIDAN ..	8 3117	— <i>Life in Ireland</i>O'KENNEDY.	7 2782
Conviviality in Ireland.....	3 943	Cottonian Library, Ex-	
— <i>in Ireland</i>	1 239	tract from MS. in.....	6 2348
2 521, 534, 655, 710, 797; 3 817, 997,		Couldah, The River (See	
1025, 1053, 1201; 4 1565; 5 1956,		<i>Innishaven</i>).	
1969, 1975, 1990		Count each affliction ..DE VERE ..	3 860
— in Irish humor.....	6 x	Counterfeit Footman,	
Cooke, Sir Charles.....	8 2914	<i>The</i>FARQUHAR..	3 1165
— JOHN	9 3481	Countess Kathleen	
Coole, Dr. Douglas Hyde		<i>O'Sha, The. Folk Lore</i>ANONYMOUS.	3 1157
at	4 1650	Country Folk	5 1694
Coolun, The. From the		Country Life in Ire-	
<i>Irish</i>FERGUSON..	3 1188	land.	
<i>'Cooper's Hill'</i>DENHAM ..	3 850	— <i>The Plower</i>	2 612
Copernican theory, The	2 603	— <i>Bindin' the Oats</i>COLEMAN ..	2 610
Copernicus anticipated		— <i>Sed-Time</i>COLEMAN ..	2 609
in Ireland	8 3242	— <i>Castle Rackrent</i>EDGEWORTH.	3 999
Copyright in Ireland	1 xxiv; 5 1919	— <i>The Widow's Mes-</i>	
Coracle, A (half-tone		<i>sage to Her Son</i>FORRESTER..	3 1222
engraving)	9 3458	— <i>How Miles Mur-</i>	
Coran the Druid	5 1732	<i>phy got his Pon-</i>	
Cork, County, A benevo-		<i>ies out of the</i>	
lent landlord of	6 2397	<i>Pound</i>GRIFFIN ..	4 1483
— An entrance to		— <i>We'll See About It</i>HALL	4 1531
<i>Tirnanoge</i> fah-		— <i>A Swarm of Bees</i>HAMILTON ..	4 1519
<i>bled to be in</i>	5 1714	— <i>An Electioneer</i>	
— <i>Scenery in</i>	7 2602	<i>Scene</i>HARTLEY ..	4 1557
— <i>Harbor</i> (half-tone		— <i>Picture of Ulster</i>MACNEVIN ..	6 2276
engraving)	2 427	— <i>The Erile</i>MOORE ..	7 2483
— <i>Raleigh in</i>	3 912	— <i>The Vicar of Cape</i>	
— <i>Swimming to Que-</i>		<i>Clear</i>OTWAY	7 2848
<i>bec from</i>	3 1117	County Dispensary, A.....GRIFFIN ..	4 1499
— <i>The Mayor of, A</i>		— <i>of Mayo, The</i>FOX	3 1224
<i>Joke on</i>	8 xvii	Court players in the	
Cormac Conlincas	7 2751	time of Henry VII.....	6 2347
— <i>Conlincas</i>	4 1430	Courting, Irish ideas of.....	6 2204
— <i>Duvlincas</i>	7 2751	Courty (character in	
— <i>mac Art at Tara</i>	4 1610	<i>'London Assurance'</i>)	1 252
Cormac's Chapel, Cash-		Courtship.....	2 xii
<i>el, compared with the</i>		Coverley Family Por-	
<i>Erechtheum at Athens</i>	6 2335	<i>traits, The</i>STEELE	8 3201

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Coyetousness, how, came into the Church	10	3823	Cromwell's invasion. See The Irish Grand-Mother.		
<i>Cow Charmer, The</i>BOYLE	1	264	— partition of Ire- land	4	3423
Cowshra Mead Macha	7	2757	Crookhaven, The scen- ery around	7	2852
Cows, Woman of three.....	10	3831	<i>Croppy Boy, The</i>MCBURNLEY..	6	2115
Cow-sports	2	xii	—	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3278
Coyle, Barney, duel with George Ogle	1	143	'Croppy, The'	EANIM	1 76
— Bishop	9	3684	— The Irish Cross at Monasterboice (half-tone en- graving)		6 2108
COYNE, JOSEPH STIR- LING	2	644	— sign of the, forever.....	10	3829
Cox, Watty, D. J. O'Donoghue on	6	ix	<i>Crosses and Round Tow- ers of Ireland</i>COOKE and WAKEMAN.	9	3482
Crabbe, the poet, on keenng	9	3643	<i>Crossing the Black- water, A. D. 1603</i>JOYCE	5	1744
Crabtree (character in 'School for Scandal')	8	3099	Crotta Clach, The Mountain of	4	1488
Craglea. See Brian's Lament.			CROTTY, JULIA	2	758
Cranbourne, Lord, on Disraeli	6	2158	Cruachan, the palace of Connaught	7	2720
Cravats as worn in Ire- land	9	3498	Cruelties in India	1	385
CRAWFORD, MRS. JULIA. <i>Credhe, Cael and</i>GREGORY ..	4	1445	<i>Cruiskeen Lawn, The</i>STREET BAL- LAD	8 3279	
Credé's house, Manner of building	4	1612	—	9	3472
'Crescent and the Cross.' WARBURTON.	9	3529	Crystallization		
—	6	2355	<i>Cuanna's House, The Hospitality of</i>CONNELLAN.	2	629
Criffin	4	1449	Cubretan	7	2710
Crimall	8	3008	Cuchulain	2	xii; 9 3657
Crimean War	8	3008	— Coming of'	O'GRADY	7 2756
<i>Criminality of Letty Moore, The</i>ESLER	3	1096	— Death of	GREGORY	4 1431
'Critic, The'	8	3114	— described	2	xiv
Criticism. See Lite- rary Appreciations.			— of Muirthemne'.....GREGORY ..	4	1426
<i>Critics of the Stage</i>KELLY	5	1782	—	1431	
Crough, Patrick	1	235	— Sagas, The	4	1613
Croft's 'Life of Young,' Burke on	1	397	— The Knighting of O'GRADY ..	7	2756
Croghan, The Rath of	3	1162	Cuchullin Cycle, Tales of the	4	1601
CROKER, JOHN WILSON (portrait)	2	675	— Saga, The'	HULL	4 1597
— D. J. O'Donoghue on	6	ix	Cueulain. See Cuchu- lain.		
— Mrs. B. M.	2	660	Cueullan. (See also Cu- chullain, Cueulain and Cuehullen.)	4	1609
— on Sheridan	3	1197	<i>Cuckoo Sings in the Heart of Winter, The</i>CHIBSON ..	2	591
— THOMAS CROFTON.....	2	680	Cudgels, Irish	2	496, 607
— M. F. Egan on	6	xv	Cuhoolin. See Cuchu- lain.		
Croker's 'Fairy Le- gends'	6	2313	Cuilleagh, The mountain, 'cradle of the Shan- non'	6	2275
CROLY, GEORGE	2	739	' <i>Júis dá Plé</i> , The'.....RAFTERY ..	10	3917
Cromeruaich, the Idol.....	7	2718, 2721	Cullain	4	1443
Cromlech at Dundalk (half-tone engraving)	7	2666	Cumann na Gael, The	10	xlii
CROMMELIN, MAY	2	751	Cumberland, Richard, Goldsmith on	4	1350
Cromwell and Drogheda.....	1	151	Cumhal, Father of Finn.....	4	1447
— and Ireland	9	ix	Cumscraidh	4	1617
— Hatred of the Irish for	4	1530; 6 2150	Cumulative stories	4	1649
— in Ireland'.....MURPHY ..	7	2567	Cunlaid	4	1443
— loosed on Ireland.....	4	1530	Curleek, Scenery near	1	360
— On me and on my children	9	3512	Curlew Mountains, The	6	2357
— on the massacre at Drogheda	7	2568, 2571	Curlew's Pass, The, Normans at	3	829
— The Queen and.....WILLS	9	3612	<i>Curoi, The Exploits of</i>JOYCE ..	5	1749
— See The Groves of Blarney.			Curraachs and canoes	5	1740
Cromwellian confisca- tion, The	2	426	Curragh Beg	1	351, 357
— Settlement of Ire- land, The'.....PRENDERGASTS	8	2913	— (half-tone engrav- ing)	9	3458
Cromwell's Bridge (half- tone engraving)	2	445	CURRAN, HENRY GRATAN	2	767
			— JOHN PHILPOT (portrait)	2	770

	VOL. PAGE	D.	VOL. PAGE
Curran, John Philpot, and Father O'Leary	7 2793	Daddy O'Dowd, Bouci-ault as	1 252
— a master in oratory	7 xxviii	Dagda, The	2 xl
— and Grattan contrasted	7 xxii	<i>Daily Life in Ancient Ireland, Food, Dress and</i>	JOYCE 5 1735
— and Lord Clanmorris	1 143	Dalcassians, The. See <i>Kinkora</i>	
— Speech for Lord Edward Fitzgerald	7 xxiii	Dalkey Island, Essex on	3 1234
— Speech for Peter Finnerty	7 xxlii	Dalling, Lord, on George Canning	2 464
— Prior of the Monks of the Screw	5 1957	D'ALTON, JOHN	2 803
— Master of the Rolls, duel with Lord Clare	1 142	Dame Street, Dublin	6 2107
— Burke on	7 xxli	<i>Dana</i>	RUSSELL 8 2999
— Meagher on	6 2422	— See <i>The Plover</i>	
— secures a writ of <i>habeas corpus</i> for Tone	7 2606	Danaanic colony, The	6 2280
Curran's defense of Il. Rowan	7 xxiii	'Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love'	WALLER 9 3501
— genius described	7 xxiv	Dancing, An Irish Lass. See <i>Kitty Neat</i>	
— quips beyond recall	6 ix	Dangle (character in Sheridan's 'The Critic')	8 3114
— repartees	6 ix	<i>Daniel O'Rourke</i>	MAGINN 6 2313
— Witticisms, Some of	2 798	Danish Invasion, The	9 viii
<i>Curse, The</i>	CARLETON 2 559	Dante's portrait by Giotto discovered through R. H. Wilde	9 3596
— An Irish. See <i>Nell Flaherty's Drake</i>		Dara, King of South Coolney	7 2749
— of <i>Doneraile, The O'Kelly</i> ..	7 2779	<i>Darby Doyle's Voyage to Quebec</i>	ETTINGSALL 3 1114
— of the Boers on England, The	GREGORY 10 3929	Dardan. See <i>Bridget Cruise</i>	
Cursing at a funeral	9 3641	'Darell Blake'	CAMPBELL 2 448
— of Tara, The	O'GRADY 7 2762	<i>Dark Girl by the Holy Well, The</i>	KEEGAN 5 1766
Cushla gal Machree	8 3271	— <i>Man, The</i>	CHESSON 2 592
<i>Custom, An Old</i>	GRIFFIN 4 1481	— <i>Rosaleen</i> . From the Irish	MANGAN 6 2363
Customs and Manners.		— (cited)	1 viii
— <i>The Battle of the Factions</i>	CARLETON 2 472	— source of my anguish	CURRAN 2 768
— <i>The Curse</i>	CARLETON 2 512	Darkly, the cloud of night	9 3646
— <i>Shane Fadh's Wedding</i>	CARLETON 2 559	DARLEY, GEORGE	2 807
— <i>Tim Hogan's Wake</i>	COYNE 2 648	Darrynaclooghery fair	9 3316
— <i>Castle Rackrent</i>	EDGEWORTH 3 995	Darwin C. and Dr. Sigeron	8 3132
— <i>Books of Courtesy in the XV. Century</i>	GREEN 4 1417	— on the divine origin of life	5 1786
— <i>We'll See About It</i>	HALL 4 1534	DAUNT, WILLIAM JOSEPH O'NEILL	3 811
— <i>An Electioneering Scene</i>	HARTLEY 4 1557	Davies, Sir John: letter to Sallsbury	6 2276
— <i>Food, Dress and Daily Life in Ancient Ireland</i>	JOYCE 5 1735	— True character of	9 3394
— <i>Their Last Race</i>	MATHEW 6 2391	— Tom, the London book-seller	7 2479
— <i>A Budget of Stories</i>	O'KEEFE 7 2771	DAVIS, THOMAS OSBORNE (portrait)	3 822
— <i>Kecning and Wakes</i>	WOOD-MARTIN 9 3640	— See also <i>The Irish Chiefs</i>	
'Customs of Ancient Erin, Manners and'	O'CURRY 7 2666	— (quoted)	1 xvii
— Scotch	2 754	— and Young Ireland	9 xl
Cyclopean style of architecture	8 2981	— Ferguson and	6 2219
Cynick, Thomas, and Richard Pockrich	7 2701	— W. B. Yeats on	3 vii, ix
		DAVITT, MICHAEL (portrait)	3 832
		— and the Land League	9 xi
		— J. H. McCarthy on	6 2179

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Dawning of the Day,</i>			<i>Dechtiere</i>	4	1431
— <i>The</i>	WALSH	9 3507	<i>Declaration of Independ-</i>		
— <i>of the Year, The</i>	BLAKE	1 189	— <i>dence, The Ameri-</i>		
DAWSON, ARTHUR	3	841	— <i>can</i>	5	1665; 7 2640
Day as a Monk of the			— <i>of Irish Rights</i>	GRATTAN	4 1387
Screw	5	1957	— <i>See also Moly-</i>		
Dazzle (character in			— <i>neux.</i>		
'London Assurance')	1	252	<i>Decline of the Bards</i>	2	xx
De Bolsseleau	8	3324	<i>Decoration Day, May</i>		
De Burghs, William,			31, 1886; J. B.		
Earl of Ulster, Pro-			O'Leilly's speech	7	2825
hibition of intermar-			— <i>of Crosses in Ire-</i>		
riage by	3	1179	— <i>land</i>	9	3485
De Burgo, Thomas	4	1626	Dedanann, Tuatha de	2	xi
D'Este, Mary, Queen of			Dedannans, Invasion of	9	vii
James II., A lament			DEENY, DANIEL	3	845
for	2	768	Deep, deep in the earth, McCARTHY ..	6	2172
D'Esterre and O'Con-			— <i>in Canadian Woods</i>	SULLIVAN	9 3341
nell	7	2625	<i>Defense of Charles Ga-</i>		
De Foix, Françoise, Com-			— <i>van Duffy</i>	WHITESIDE	9 3550
tesse de Chateaubri-			— <i>of the Volun-</i>		
and	6	2338	— <i>teers, A</i>	FLOOD	3 1217
De Jubainville, M. d'Ar-			Deirdre, a name that		
bois	4	1608	— <i>stirs</i>	8	2990
De la Croix, Charles	9	3420	— <i>and Naisi</i>	JOYCE	5 1746
<i>De Profundis</i>	TYNAN-		— <i>in the Woods (half-</i>		
HINKSON. 9 3455			— <i>tone engraving</i>	TRENCH	9 3431
De Retz, Cardinal, Gold-			— <i>the renowned</i>	4	1245
smith on	4	1347	— <i>the sad-eyed</i>	7	2593
De Tourville, Admiral	7	2823	— <i>The Story of</i>	10	xvi
DE VERE, SIR AUBREY	3	851	— <i>memorized</i>	3	xviii
AUBREY THOMAS	3	853	— <i>Wed'</i>	TRENCH	9 3431
— <i>on G. Griffin</i>	4	1465	— <i>and other</i>		
— <i>on Sir Samuel</i>			— <i>Poems'</i>	TRENCH	9 3432
Ferguson's			De Jubainville, A., on		
poetry	3	1169	— <i>Irish MSS.</i>	2	xi
— <i>W. B. Yeats on</i>	3	vii	— <i>His Work for Cel-</i>		
<i>Dead Antiquary, O'Don-</i>			— <i>tic literature</i>	2	xviii
— <i>oran, The</i>	M'GEE	6 2218	Delany, Mrs., Letters of	5	1918
— <i>at Clonmacnois,</i>			Delights of ignorance	3	885
<i>The</i>	ROLLESTON	8 2979	Democracy, American		
— <i>heat and windless</i>			— <i>faith in</i>	1	333
air	TYNAN-		— <i>Problems of Mod-</i>		
HINKSON. 9 3458			— <i>ern</i>	GODKIN	4 1290
Dean Kirwan, Eloquence			<i>Demon Cat, The</i>	WILDE	9 3557
of	1	127	DENHAM, SIR JOHN	3	849
Dean of Lismore's			— <i>W. B. Yeats on</i>	3	vii
Book	8	3139, 3144	Dennis was hearty when		
<i>Dear and Darling Boy, STREET BAL-</i>			Dennis was young	SKRINE	8 3153
<i>LAD</i>	8	3280	Denon, Baron, and the		
'— Lady Disdain'	McCARTHY	6 2134	— <i>Princess Talleyrand</i>	1	213
— <i>malden, when the</i>			Dependence on England	9	3417
— <i>sun is down</i>	WALSH	9 3510	Derby, Lord, on dises-		
— <i>Land</i>	O'HAGAN	7 2768	— <i>tablishment of the</i>		
— <i>Old Ireland</i>	SULLIVAN	9 3341	— <i>Irish Church</i>	6	2159
Dearg Mór	4	1609	'Derga, The Bruidhen		
Deasy, the Fenian			— <i>da'</i>	4	1601
— <i>leader, Rescue of</i>	7	2607	<i>Dermot, The thankful-</i>		
Death, 'From 'A Night-			— <i>ness of</i>	P. O'LEARY	10 3953
— <i>place on</i>	PARNELL	7 2874	— <i>and Ruadhan</i>	7	2762
— <i>'of an Arctic Hero,</i>			— <i>Astora</i>	CRAWFORD	2 658
<i>The'</i>	ALEXANDER	4 10	Derrick, D. J. O'Dono-		
— <i>of Cuchulain</i>	GREGORY	4 1431	— <i>ghue on the wit of</i>	6	xiii
— <i>of Dr. Swift, On</i>			Derry, Dean of	4	1380
— <i>the</i>	SWIFT	9 3380	— <i>Reminiscences of</i>	6	2427
— <i>of St. Columcille,</i>			— <i>The Maiden City</i>	9	3428
<i>The</i>	HYDE	4 1618	— <i>The Siege of</i>	ALEXANDER	1 3
— <i>of the Homeward</i>			— <i>(reference)</i>	9	ix
— <i>Bound</i>	M'GEE	6 2222	— <i>watered by Lough</i>		
— <i>of the Huntsman,</i>			— <i>Neagh</i>	6	2277
— <i>The</i>	GRIFFIN	4 1480	Derrybrien, Mary Hynes		
— <i>of Virginia, The</i>	KNOWLES	4 1847	— <i>at</i>	9	3669
— <i>The three Shafts</i>			Derryearn, The black-		
— <i>of</i>	10	3965	— <i>bird of</i>	7	2755
'Decay of Lying, The'	WILDE	9 3578	Derryneane House (half-		
<i>Deception, An Heroic</i>	GWYNN	4 1512	— <i>tone engraving</i>	4	1588
			Desaix, General	9	3418

Description.	VOL. PAGE	Description.	VOL. PAGE
See Travel, etc.		Dillon, Father Dom- nick, slain at Drogheda	7 2573
— of the Sea. From the Irish	O'CURRY . . . 7 2664	— T., and the Land League	9 xi
'Desert is Life'	BROOKE . . . 1 300	— WENTWORTH, EARL OF ROSCOMMON	8 2981
Deserted Cabins (half- tone engraving)	6 2267	Dimma's Book	7 2671
Deserted Village, The	GOLDSMITH . . 4 1367	Dineley, T., on funeral customs	9 3642
Descrier's Meditation, The	CURRAN . . . 2 796	Dingle, County Cork, An amusing story of	6 2199
Desmond. See O'Don- nell Aboon.		DINEEN, REV. PAT. RICK S.	10 3959, 4025
— Spenser in the palace of	6 2276	<i>Dinner Party Broken Up, A</i>	LEVER . . . 5 1972
— Waste, The	9 3392	Dinnree, Wax candles used in, before the V. Century	5 1737
<i>Despair and Hope in Prison</i>	DAVITT . . . 3 837	Dinnseanchus, The	4 1611; 6 2667
Destruction of fortified places	2 xli	<i>Dirge of O'Sullivan Bear</i> . From the Irish	CALLANAN . 2 445
— of Irish MSS.	2 xi	— of Rory O'More	DE VERE . . 3 859
— by Norse	2 viii	Disabilities of the Roman Catho- lics.	
— of Jerusalem, Irish version of the	7 2672	— Women in Ireland in Penal Days	ATKINSON . . 1 28
— of Troy, Irish ver- sion of the	7 2672	— Farewell to the Irish Parliament	CURRAN . . . 2 783
Detail, Minute, in the Sagas	2 xv	— On Catholic Eman- cipation	CURRAN . . . 2 777
De Tocqueville on Amer- ica	4 1295	— The True Friends of the Poor and the Afflicted	DOYLE . . . 3 921
'Deus meus.' From the Irish of Maclisú	SIGERSON . . . 8 3140	— The Irish Intellect	GILES . . . 4 1282
Devenish, Ruins of an old Abbey, at	6 2276	— The Penal Laws	MCCARTHY . . 6 2179
— The lake of. See <i>Fethfailygc.</i>		— Justice for Ireland	O'CONNELL . 7 2641
Devil, The	YEATS 9 3673	— Ireland's Part in English Achicce- ment	SHEIL . . . 8 3057
Devotion of children to parents in Ire- land	6 2197	<i>Disarming of Ulster, The</i>	CURRAN . . . 2 780
— of Irishmen abroad to Ireland	7 2618	Disestablishment of the Irish Church	9 ix
'Diamond Lens, The'. O'BRIEN	7 2594	— Movement for the	6 2159
Diaries, Journals, etc.		<i>Disillusion</i>	WILKINS . . 9 3606
— Interviews with Bonaparte	TONE 9 3418	<i>Dispute with Carlyle, A.</i> DUFFY	3 951
— Journal of a Lady of Fashion	BLESSING- TON 1 193	Disqualification of Cath- olics, On the Injus- tice of	GRATTAN . . 4 1405
— Macaulay and Ba- con	MITCHEL . . . 6 2444	Disraeli, Lord Cran- bourne on	6 2158
— Rhapsody on Ruins, A	MITCHEL . . . 6 2454	'Dissenchas Tracts, The'	4 1598
Diarmid (see also <i>A Lay of Ossian and Patrick</i>)	7 2752	Dissensions in Ireland	2 789; 9 viii
— servant of St. Col- umacille	4 1618	<i>Distances of the Stars, The</i>	BALL 1 36
— O'Duibhne. See <i>The Hospitality of Guanna's House.</i>		Distilling, Illicit	1 46; 2 511
'Diary, Leaves from a Prison'	DAVITT . . . 3 832, 837	'Divide, The Great'	DUNRAVEN . 3 963
Dick Wildgoose	4 1347	Divinities of the Irish	7 2721
Dickens, Charles; E. Dowden on	3 873	Divorce, Singular man- ner of	7 2857
— describes speech of O'Connell's	7 xxvi	Dixon, a Choctaw	O'REILLY . . 7 2835
Did I stand on the top of bald Nefin?	10 2777	— W. Mac Nellie, on Sir Aubrey de Vere's 'Mary Tudor'	3 851
— ye hear of the Widow Malone?	LEVER . . . 5 1999	— on Aubrey T. de Vere's poetry	3 854
Diddler, Jeremy (char- acter in 'Raising the Wind')	5 1805	— on E. Dowden's verse	3 866
		Do you remember, long ago	FURLONG . . 4 1524

	VOL.	PAGE
Dobson, Austin, on William Congreve	2	614
Dodder, The; threat to divert its stream from Dublin	7	2728
DOHENY, MICHAEL	3	864
— W. B. Yeats on	3	x
Donaghy, Round Towers at	9	3491
Donald Kenny	2	574
Donald and His Neighbors	3	1147
— 'Donall-na-Glanna.' See D. LANE.		
Donane, Voters from, at a Ballynakill election	1	140
Donagall Fairy, A	6	2253
— Far Darrig in	6	2248
— Fishing at Lough	4	1520
— 'Columb in	6	2254
— Humors of '	4	1512
— parishes	6	2242
— Tale, A	1	31
— The Franciscan monastery of	6	2428
— The Irish Gaelic in	7	2779
— The mountains of. See Imishowen.		
Doneraile, The Curse of, O'KELLY	7	2719
Donnach Cromdubh	7	2752
Donn of the Sand Mounds	7	2709
Donno, or Donnban	8	3270
'Donnelly and Cooper'	2	607
Donnybrook Fair	7	2713
— The Humors of	7	2640
Donoughmore, Lord, traced in The Dublin Journal	3	1132
Donovans, The	3	1165
Dorinda (character in 'The Beaux' Stratagem')	3	1165
Dorothy Monroe, the famous beauty. See The Haunch of Venison.		
D'Orsay and Byron	6	2288
DOTTIN, G., The Red Duck	10	3779
Douglas, Dr., Canon of Windsor	4	1380
DOWDEN, EDWARD	3	866
— on Sir S. Ferguson's poetry	3	1170
— W. B. Yeats on	3	xiv
DOWLING, BARTHOLOMEW	3	878
— RICHARD	3	881
— Edited poems of J. F. O'Donnell	7	2678
Down. See The Muster of the North.		
— The majestic mountains of	6	2275
— 'by the salley gardens'	9	3705
Downey, EDMUND (see also note to An Heroic Deception)	3	891
Downing, ELLEN MARY PATRICK	3	916
Downpatrick	3	1182
DOYLE, JAMES	10	3375, 3887
— J. (biography)	10	4025
— JAMES WARREN	3	918

	VOL.	PAGE
DOYLE, J. W., duel with Bely Hutchinson	1	143
— MARY	10	3875, 3887
Draherin O Machree	4	1593
Drake, J. R., in prison	9	3330
Drama, The		
— Mr. Macworn	BICKERSTAFF	1 182
— Lady Gay Spanker	BOUCICAULT.	1 252
— Gone to Death	BROOKE	1 288
— Scene from 'Catheline'	CROLY	2 747
— She Stoops to Conquer	GOLDSMITH.	4 1348
— The Counterfeit Footman	FARQUHAR	3 1165
— The Lost Saint	HYDE	4 1651
— The Twisting of the Rope		10 3989
— Mr. Diddler's Ways	KENNEY	5 1805
— The Death of Virginia	KNOWLES	5 1847
— How to Get On in the World	MACCLIN	6 2237
— The End of a Dream	MARTYN	6 2385
— How to Fall Out	MURPHY	7 2564
— Mrs. Malaprop	SHERIDAN	8 3078
— Bob Acres' Duel	SHERIDAN	8 3088
— Auctioning off One's Relations	SHERIDAN	8 3105
— The Scandal Class Meets	SHERIDAN	8 3099
— Sir Fretful Plagiary's Play	SHERIDAN	8 3114
— The Queen and Cromwell	WILLS	9 3612
— Cathleen Ni Hoolihan	YEATS	9 3688
Drama in Ireland, Lady Gregory on		10 xxvi
— The Irish	GWYNN	10 xlii
Dramatic criticism		5 1782
— Revival, Irish		10 vii
— Society, The Irish National		10 xlii
'Drapler, Letters, The'	SWIFT	9 3369
Drawing Room in Dublin Castle, A		1 246, 2203
Dream, A	ALLINGHAM.	1 21
— of a Blessed Spirit	YEATS	9 3706
— The Age of a	JOHNSON	5 1699
— The End of a	MARTYN	6 2385
DRENNAN, WILLIAM		3 924
— JR., WILLIAM		3 928
'Dreollin'	See FRANCIS A. FAHY.	
Dress		
— In Africa		2 418
— In ancient Ireland		5 1737
— In the XVII. Century		1 33
— Kathleen Mavourneen (half-tone engraving)		2 658
— Of an Irish chieftain		7 2546
— Of ancient Irish (color plate)		8 3144
— Of Fergus Mac Roy		7 2750
— Of Grana Uaille		7 2858
— Of Irish women		1 53
— Of Munster women		7 2544, 2547, 2548
— Of Queen Maeve		1 53
— Of the ancient Irish		7 2747
— Irish		3 xiv

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Dress of the Ancient Irish</i>	WALLER	9 3493	Dublin. Neighborhood, A	2	600
— Of the Bards (color plate)	3	xiv	— <i>News-letter, The</i>	5	1919
— Of the Ollamhs (color plate)	3	xiv	— <i>Printers, The Prince of</i>	4	1258
— See also <i>Shane the Proud</i> .			— Red Hugh Imprimis	2	635
<i>Drimin Donn Dilis</i>	WALSH	9 3511	— Sallire on	6	2107
— Dubh	2	442	— Society formed to increase the price of meat in	7	2633
<i>Driminuch, The wood of</i>	4	1643, 1646	— <i>Street Arabs, Three</i>	4	1568
<i>Drimin don dilis, The</i>	7	2615	— <i>The Apostolic of Temperance in</i>	6	2307
— <i>Dubh Dhectish</i>	STREET LAD	8 3281	— theaters	5	1920
Drink, Evils of	6	2397	— Thomas Cynick's attempt to convert the people of	7	2701
<i>Drinking, Of</i>	FLECKNOE	3 1209	— University	5	1914
— <i>Song</i>	SHERIDAN	8 3117	— <i>University Review</i>	3	1150
<i>Dripsey stream, The</i>	1	353	— See <i>Daniel O'Connell and Biddy Moriarty; The Gray Fog; The Monks of the Screw; and Tried by his Peers</i> .		
<i>Drogheda; Cromwell author of the massacre at</i>	6	2150	Dufourg, the violinist	5	1919
— Crosses at	9	3486	Duthach	4	1430
— (half-tone engraving)	1	150	Duc de Felire (General Clarke)	4	1589
— Lawrence's Gate (half-tone engraving)	7	2568	Duel between D'Esterre and O'Connell	7	2625
— Parliament held before Sir Christopher Preston at	7	2462	— O'Connell challenged by Sir R. Peel	7	2625
— The Marquis of	1	140	<i>Duel with Ensign Brady, Bob Burke's</i>	6	2303
— <i>The Massacre at</i>	1	150	Duelling.		
— <i>The Massacre at</i>	7	2567	— Anecdotes of	1	141
<i>Dromoland, County Clare</i> (half-tone engraving)	7	2619	— Bagenal on	3	817
<i>Dromsdeach, The Book of</i>	2	x	— Code	1	148
<i>Dromsnechta, The Book of</i>	7	2668	— See <i>An Affair of Honor and The Battle of the Factions</i> .		
<i>Prover, A</i>	COLUM	2 613	DEFFERIN, LADY (portrait)	3	932
<i>Druidical order, Costume of</i> (color plate)	8	3144	— LORD	3	937
<i>Druidism, Sources of</i>	7	2666	DUFFET, THOMAS	3	948
<i>Druids and Druidism</i>	O'CUNRY	7 2666	DUFFY, SIR CHARLES		
— Julius Cæsar on the	7	2721	— GAVAN	3	950
— The ancient Irish	5	1732	— and Repeal	9	x
<i>Drumcliff</i>	6	2354	— and 'Young Ireland'	9	xi
<i>Drumgoole</i>	5	1936	— Edward	8	2983
<i>DRUMMOND, WILLIAM HAMILTON</i>	3	930	— <i>In Defense of Charles Gavan</i>	9	3550
<i>Drunkard to a Bottle of Whisky, Address of</i>	5	1946	— in Prison	3	811; 6 2128, 2129, 2220
' <i>Dry be that tear</i> '	SHERIDAN	8 3118	— in Prison, To	6	2220
<i>Dryden on R. Flecknoe</i>	3	1208	— on faction fight at Turloughmore	9	3316
<i>Dubhdun, King of Oriel</i>	4	1623	— on T. Furlong	4	1244
<i>Dubhlacha</i>	4	1608	— on Gerald Griffin	4	1465
Dublin.			— on J. C. Mangon	6	2351
— A new student at Trinity College	5	1986	DUGAN, MAURICE (biography)	10	4011
— Beautiful view of, from Killiney Hill	7	2652	— Translation from the Irish of	3	1188
— Castle, A Drawing Room in	1	246	Duigenan, Dr., at the College visitation	9	3516
— On	DOWLING	3 887	— duel with a bar-rister	1	143
— History of the City of	GILBERT	4 1258	<i>Duke of Grafton, To the</i>	3	1228
— in the XVIII. Century	5	1914	Dullahan, The, described	3	xlx
<i>Journal, The, O'Connell on</i>	7	2637	Dun Angus, A visit to the	8	xlii
<i>Life, Jane; A Sketch from</i>	COSTELLO	2 640	<i>Dunboly, The Battle of</i>	4	1622
— <i>Magazine, 1825</i>	3	1142	Dunboy, The storming of	7	2744

	VOL.	PAGE
<i>Dunbry, The Girl of</i> DAVIS	3	829
<i>Dun Cow, Book of the</i>	4	1600
<i>Dundalk</i>	2	639
— Cromlech at (half-tone engraving)	7	2666
<i>Dundarraigs</i>	3	931
<i>Dundee</i>	4	1427
<i>Dundrum</i>	7	2715
<i>Dunfanaghy, See in Heroic Deception and The Phantom Ship.</i>		
<i>Dungan, Garrett</i>	7	2570
<i>Dunganon</i>	2	639, 786
<i>Dunkerron, The Lord of</i> CROKER	2	736
<i>Dunleckny, Bagenal at home at</i>	3	817
<i>Dunluce</i>	4	1255
— Castle (color plate) OTWAY	7	2853
— The ruins of	6	2278
<i>DUNRAVEN, EARL OF</i>	3	963
— Lord, on Round Towers	9	3490
<i>Durrow, The Book of</i>	7	2671
— Gospels, Ornaments and initials from (color plate)	4	1620
<i>Dursey Island</i>	6	2314
<i>'Dust Hath Closed Helen's Eye'</i> YEATS	9	3666
<i>Duties of a Representative, The</i> BURKE	1	394
<i>Duty of Criticism in a Democracy, The</i> GODKIN	4	1290
<i>Duvac Dael Ulla</i>	7	2751
<i>Dying Girl, The</i> WILLIAMS	9	3609
— <i>Mother's Lament, The</i> KEEGAN	5	1764
E.		
Each nation master at its own fireside INGRAM	5	1661
— poet with a different talent ROLLESTON	8	2981
<i>Eagle of Cashel, The</i>	4	1591
<i>Eamania, The Palace of</i>	9	3493
<i>Eanachbuidhe (Rosebrook)</i>	6	2277
<i>'Earl of Essex, The'</i> BROOKE	1	288
<i>'Early Christian Architecture'</i> STOKES	8	3238
— humor of Irish Celts	6	vii
— <i>Irish Literature</i> HYDE	2	vii
— Irish satirists	6	vii
— <i>Stage, The</i> MALONE	6	2346
<i>Earrannamore</i>	6	2393
<i>Earth and Man, The</i> BROOKE	1	299
— <i>Spirit, The</i> RUSSELL	8	2996
Ease often visits shepherd swains LYSAGHT	6	2109
<i>East India Company</i>	1	373, 383
— West, Home's best O'FARRELLY	10	3967
<i>Eiré, The Fair Hills, of</i> SIGERSON	10	3937
<i>ECCLES, CHARLOTTE O'CONOR</i>	3	967
<i>Ecclesiastical Property, Confiscation of</i>	9	3391
— Remains, Ancient Irish PETRIE	8	2880
<i>Echo, The</i> HAYES	10	3983
<i>Echtge Hills, The</i>	4	3669
Economics and Sociology.		
— <i>Extracts from 'The Querist'</i> BERKELEY	1	177

	VOL.	PAGE
Economics and Sociology.		
— <i>National Characteristics as Molding Public Opinion</i> BRYCE	1	331
— <i>Position of Women in the United States</i> BRYCE	4	343
— <i>The True Friends of the Poor and the Afflicted</i> DOYLE	3	919
— <i>A Scene in the Irish Famine</i> HIGGINS	4	1573
— <i>Amusements of the People</i> O'BRIEN	7	2620
<i>Edain</i>	7	2667
<i>Eden, Mr.</i>	4	1403
<i>EDGEWORTH, MARIA</i>		
— (portrait)	3	993
— M. F. Egan on	5	vii; 8 ix
— RICHARD LOVELL	3	1073
<i>Edgeworthstown, County Longford, home of R. L. Edgeworth</i>	3	1073
<i>Edinburgh reviewer, Macaulay an</i>	6	2444
<i>Editorial work on 'IRISH LITERATURE'</i>	2	xix
Education.		
— <i>Childhood in Ancient Greece</i> MAHAFFY	6	2329
— <i>Gaelic Movement, The</i> PLUNKETT	8	2908
— in America	1	334
— in Ireland	1	34
— <i>Irish as a Spoken Language</i> HYDE	4	1603
— <i>Irish Intellect, The</i> GILES	4	1280
— not completed without a duel	1	145
— of the Catholic Irish	4	1283
— <i>Plea for the Study of Irish, A</i> O'BRIEN	7	2614
— The Board of National	4	1603, 1609
— Greek	6	2328
<i>Edward I., removal of the Jacob's Stone to London</i>	7	2718
— <i>Duffy</i> ROSSA	8	2983
<i>EGAN, MAURICE FRANCIS</i>		
— (portrait)	3	1080
— on Irish novels	5	vii
<i>Egan's Duel with Roger Barrett</i>	1	142
<i>Eglinton, John</i> See WILLIAM K. MAGEE.		
<i>Egypt</i>	7	2512, 2537
— Burton on	2	409
Eighteenth Century.		
— Children's reading in the	3	1073
— Dress in the	1	33
— <i>Dublin in the</i> LECKY	5	1914
— <i>'Eighty-Five Years of Irish History'</i> DAUNT	3	811, 817
<i>Eilean Aroon</i> FURLONG	4	1251
— GRIFFIN	4	1509
<i>Eirenach</i> See DOHENY.		
<i>Eiric, Bishop, and Brig-it</i>	8	3256
— <i>El Medinah and Mecca, Pilgrimage to</i> BURTON	2	408

	VOL.	PAGE
Elder Falths of Ire- land, 'Traces of the'	WOOD-MAR- TIN	9 3640
Election incident at Bal- lynakill	1	140
Electioneering in Eng- land	2	448
— In Ireland. See <i>An Irish Mis- take and Castle Rackrent</i> .		
— Scene, An	HARTLEY	4 1557
Elections of 1868, The	6	2160
— Copy, An, on <i>Madam Blaise</i>	GOLDSMITH	4 1382
Elfintown, The End of	BARLOW	1 116
Elizabeth, Queen, — and Grana Uille	7	2858
— and Granua Wail	10	4013
— and Hugh Roe O'Donnell	2	632
— and Ireland	7 2745; 9	ix
— and Sir Walter Ra- leigh	3	909
— and the Earl of Essex	1	288
— and the Stage	6	2349
— Ireland under	8 2266; 10	3853
— Players during the reign of	6	2349
Ellis, Mr., on Poetry	9	3664
Elopements	2	xli
Eloquence, — Irish	4	1289
— Pulpit, Bar and Parliamentary	1	127
— Last Speech of Robert Emmet	3	1087
— See Oratory	5	1918
Elrington the actor	5	1918
"Elzevir, The (taken- footed)." See G. Paulkner	4	1433
Emain	7	2759
— Macha	8	3058
Emancipation and Re- form	2 773; 6	2161
— Catholic	5	1665
— Lincoln's procla- mation of	2	773
— On Catholic	4	1426, 1433
Emer, Wife of Cuchu- lann	5	1688
Emerald Isle, The	7	2556
Emergency Men, The	3	xxiii
Emerson and Newman	3	xxiii
— on folk tales	3	xxiii
Emigrant in America, The Song of the Irish	FITZSIMON	3 1206
— Lament of the Irish	3	933
Emigrants, Character of KICKHAM	5	1817
Emigration, — 'I'm very happy where I am'	BOUCICAULT	1 257
— A Scene in the South of Ireland	BUTT	2 427
— Daniel Kenny	CASEY	2 574
— Lament of the Irish Emigrant	DUFFEY	3 933
— Terence's Farewell	DUFFEY	3 934
— The Exile's Return	LOCKE	5 2003
— A Memoir	MACALEESE	6 2111
— The Passing of the Gaol	MACMANUS	6 2267
— The Exile	MOORE	7 2483

	VOL.	PAGE
Emigration, — The Irishman's Farewell	ANONYMOUS	8 3287
— Song of an Exile	7	2840
— The Exodus	9	3570
— A Farewell to America	9	3599
'Eminent Irishmen in Foreign Service'	ONAHAN	7 2814
Emmet, Robert, — (portrait)	3	1093
— absent from col- lege visitation	9	3519
— Death of	CAMPION	2 463
— expelled from University	9	3526
— first against Union	9	x
— Lord Norbury at the trial of	3	1093
— Plunket prosecu- tor of	8	2894
— secretary of United Irish- men	9	3523
— The betrothed of	7	2533
— See A Song of Defeat and When He Who Adores Thee	6	2166
— Thomas Addis	6	2166
'Emotions, An Essay on the'	COBBE	2 605
En Attendant	WYNNE	9 3649
Enchanted Woods	YEATS	9 3679
Enchantment of Gea- roidh Iarla	KENNEDY	5 1801
End of a Dream, The	MARTYN	6 2385
— 'Elfintown, The'	BARLOW	1 116
Engine-Shed, In the	WILKINS	9 3606
England and Ireland	BRUCE	1 346
— and the American war	4	1389
— cannot govern Ire- land	8	2931
— Enlisting in	1	358
— 'History of'	LECKY	5 1914
— in Shakespeare's Youth	DOWDEN	3 869
— The Curse of the Boers on (Trans.)	GREGORY	10 3929
England's Battles fought by Irishmen	9	3554
— Empire	9	3588
— Parliament, Ire- land's Cause in	MC CARTHY	6 2161
English Academy, The	BANIM	1 60
— Achievement, Ire- land's Part in	SHEIL	8 3057
— Bribery by the	2	792
— Buck	1	145
— Bull, An	3	1057
— Constitution, On	CANNING	2 465
— freedom	2	466
— indebtedness to Irish literature	2	xviii
— Institutions satir- ized	9	3355
— 'Misrule and Irish Misdeeds'	DE VERE	3 854
— of the Pale, The	9	3391
— Irish writers in, in XVII. and XVIII. Centuries	1	ix
Engus	2	804
Enlightened by a Cow- stealer	7	2651

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Enlistering in England.....	1	358	Essays and Studies.....		
Enna	5	1725	— <i>Happiness and</i>		
Ennis	7	2611	— <i>Good-Nature</i>	GOLDSMITH. 4	1345
Enniscorthy	1	80	— <i>Mountain Theology</i>	GREGORY .. 4	1455
Enniscowry	WINGFIELD..	9 3620	— <i>Ireland, Visible and</i>		
Enniskillen	7	2818	— <i>Invisible</i>	JOHNSTON .. 5	1702
Ensign Epps, the Color-			— <i>A Quiet Irish Talk</i>	KEELING .. 5	1769
— bearer	O'REILLY ..	7 2830	— <i>Moral and Intel-</i>		
Eochaidh Airemh, King			— <i>lectual Differ-</i>		
— of Erin	7	2667	— <i>ences between the</i>		
— <i>Epitaph to Fand</i>	LARMINE ..	5 1875	— <i>Scenes</i>	LECKY 5	1920
— <i>Epitaph on Doctor Par-</i>			— <i>What is the Rem-</i>		
— <i>nell</i>	GOLDSMITH. 4	1383	— <i>nant?</i>	MAGEE 6	2292
— <i>on Edward Purdon</i>	GOLDSMITH. 4	1383	— <i>The Irish in Amer-</i>		
— <i>ica</i>	4	1433	— <i>monotony and the</i>	O'BRIEN ... 7	2617
— <i>Lark</i>	6	2335	— <i>Sir Roger and the</i>		
— <i>Widow</i>	1	258	— <i>The Coverley Fam-</i>		
— <i>History of the Il-</i>	DRENNAN ..	3 924	— <i>ily Portraits</i>	STEELE 8	3203
— <i>lustrious Women</i>			— <i>The Art of Pleas-</i>		
— <i>of</i>	1	32	— <i>ing</i>	STEELE 8	3206
— <i>The Buried Forests</i>			— <i>The Story of Yor-</i>		
— <i>of</i>	MILLIGAN ..	6 2437	— <i>ick</i>	STERNE ... 8	3213
— <i>Manners and Cus-</i>			— <i>The Story of Le</i>		
— <i>tombs of Ancient</i>	O'CURRY ... 7	2666	— <i>Fevre</i>	STERNE ... 8	3220
— <i>The Old Books of</i>	O'CURRY ... 7	2670	— <i>'Dust Hath Closed</i>		
— <i>Erin's Lament for</i>			— <i>Heaven's Eye</i>	YEATS 9	3666
— <i>O'Connell</i>	8	3269	— <i>Village Ghosts</i>	YEATS 9	3673
— <i>Erne, Lord</i>	7	2612	— <i>Enchanted Woods</i>	YEATS 9	3679
— <i>The</i>	6 2354, 2363,	2365	— <i>Essex, The Earl of</i>	BROOKE ... 1	288
— <i>Erilgal</i>	6	2436	— <i>(reference)</i>		7 2744
— <i>Erskine, Lord, Sheridan</i>			— <i>Essex-street, The</i>		
— <i>on</i>	8	3125	— <i>Wooden man in</i>		4 1259
— <i>Erwin, Bishop, of Kil-</i>			— <i>Esthetic sensibility of</i>		
— <i>lala</i>	6	2232	— <i>Pagan Irish</i>		2 xviii
— <i>Escape of Hugh Roe</i>	CONNELLAN. 2	635	— <i>'Etheistan'</i>	DARLEY ... 2	809
— <i>Esler, Mrs. E. REN-</i>			— <i>Ethical content of an-</i>		
— <i>TOUL</i>	3	1096	— <i>cient Irish literature</i>		8 2973
— <i>'Essay on Irish Bulls'</i>	EDGEWORTH. 3	1055	— <i>Ethnic legends of Ire-</i>		
— <i>land in 1720</i>	2	605	— <i>land</i>		9 vii
— <i>on the Emotions</i>	COBBE 2	605	— <i>ETTINGSALL, THOMAS</i>		3 1114
— <i>on the State of Ire-</i>			— <i>O'Donoghue on</i>		6 xiv
— <i>land in 1720</i>	TONE 9	3415	— <i>Eulogy of Washington</i>	PHILLIPS .. 8	2891
— <i>on Translated</i>			— <i>Europe, Irish scholars</i>		
— <i>Verse, From the</i>	ROSCOMMON. 8	2981	— <i>in</i>		9 3395
— <i>'Essays'</i>	WISMAN .. 9	3627	— <i>European literature,</i>		
— <i>Essays and Studies</i>			— <i>Ireland's influence on</i>		4 vii
— <i>True Pleasures</i>	BERKELEY .. 1	174	— <i>Evangelistarium of St.</i>		
— <i>The View from</i>			— <i>Moling, The</i>		7 2671
— <i>Honeyman's Hill</i>	BERKELEY .. 1	176	— <i>Evening Hymn, The</i>	TRENCH .. 9	3437
— <i>A Gentleman</i>	BROOKE ... 1	285	— <i>Evening</i>	ROLLESTON. 8	2977
— <i>The Preternatural</i>			— <i>Events of 1798, The</i>		6 2229
— <i>in Fiction</i>	BURTON ... 1	404	— <i>Ever eating</i>	SWIFT 9	3389
— <i>The Contagion of</i>			— <i>Eviction, An</i>	BARLOW ... 1	98
— <i>Love</i>	COBBE 2	605	— <i>Evolution, Doctrine of</i>		9 3466
— <i>Despair and Hope</i>			— <i>Sir J. Herschel on</i>		5 1787
— <i>in Prison</i>	DAVITT 3	837	— <i>of Species</i>		5 1786
— <i>The Originality of</i>			— <i>Execution of Lady Jane</i>		
— <i>Irish Bulls Ex-</i>			— <i>Grey</i>		3 851
— <i>amined</i>	EDGEWORTH. 3	1055	— <i>Executions</i>		
— <i>The Gentleman in</i>			— <i>The Manchester</i>		
— <i>Black</i>	GOLDSMITH. 4	1317	— <i>martyrs</i>		7 2607
— <i>Advice to the La-</i>			— <i>The Night before</i>		
— <i>dies</i>	GOLDSMITH. 4	1322	— <i>Larry was</i>		
— <i>Beau Tibbs</i>	GOLDSMITH. 4	1326	— <i>stretched</i>		9 3308
— <i>Liberty in England</i>	GOLDSMITH. 4	1331	— <i>'Trust to luck'</i>		9 3319
— <i>The Love of</i>			— <i>Etile, The</i>	MOORE 7	2483
— <i>Freaks</i>	GOLDSMITH. 4	1334	— <i>Song of an</i>	ORR 7	2840
— <i>The Worship of</i>			— <i>The Irish</i>	MCDERMOTT. 6	2189
— <i>Pinchbeck Heroes</i>	GOLDSMITH. 4	1338	— <i>Etile's Christmas Song</i>		
— <i>Whang and his</i>			— <i>The Kilkenny</i>	KENEALY ... 5	1788
— <i>Dream of Dia-</i>					
— <i>monds</i>	GOLDSMITH. 4	1341			
— <i>The Love of Quack</i>					
— <i>Medicines</i>	GOLDSMITH. 4	1343			

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Erle's Return, or Morn-</i>			<i>Fairy Brugh of Slieve-</i>		
<i>ing on the Irish</i>			<i>namon, The</i>	8	2971
<i>Coast, The</i>	LOCKE	5 2003	<i>Court, The</i>	DARLEY	2 809
<i>Exiles, Our</i>	SULLIVAN	9 3328	<i>Fiddler, The</i>	CHESSON	2 592
<i>Erebus, The</i>	WILDE	9 3570	<i>Gold</i>	TODHUNTER	9 3411
<i>The Great</i>	4 xii; 2	3395	<i>Greyhound, The</i>	ANONYMOUS	3 1154
<i>Expeditions</i>	2	xli	<i>Legends and Tra-</i>		
<i>Exploits of Curol, The</i>	JOYCE	5 1749	<i>ditions'</i>	CROKER	2 695, 736
<i>Exports and Imports,</i>			<i>Poetry</i>		3 xx
<i>Irish</i>		9 3364	<i>Shoemaker, The</i>		
<i>Extract from the 'Jour-</i>			<i>Leprecaun or</i>	ALLINGHAM	1 20
<i>nal to Stella'</i>	SWIFT	9 3378	<i>Tales, Irish'</i>	LEAMY	5 1899
<i>from the Life of</i>			<i>Importance of,</i>		
<i>Brigit. From the</i>			<i>to Irish-Ameri-</i>		
<i>Irish</i>	STOKES	8 3246	<i>cans</i>	3	xxii
<i>Extracts from a Letter</i>			<i>Tales. See Folk</i>		
<i>to a Noble Lord</i>	BURKE	1 379	<i>Lore.</i>		
<i>The Querist</i>	BERKELEY	1 177	<i>The Selfish Giant</i>	9	3534
<i>Extraordinary Phenom-</i>			<i>The Story of</i>		
<i>enon, An</i>	IRWIN	5 1669	<i>Childe Charly.</i>	1	314
F.			<i>Faith of a Felon, The.</i>	5	1555
<i>F. M. Allen</i>	See	DOWNEY.	<i>'Faiths of Ireland'</i>	WOOD-MAR-	
<i>Fabian Dei Franchi</i>	WILDE	9 3593		TIN	9 3640
<i>Society, The</i>		8 3035	<i>Falls of Killarney, The</i>		
<i>Facetious Irish Peer, A</i>	DAUNT	3 811	<i>(half-tone engraving).</i>	5	1876
<i>Facsimile of first Irish</i>			<i>Fallon, Squire</i>	1	145
<i>newspaper</i>	4	1258	Famine.		
<i>title page of first</i>			<i>and the Plague in</i>		
<i>book printed in</i>			<i>Ireland, The</i>	1	85
<i>Gaelic in Ireland</i>	7	2941	<i>A Lay of the</i>	STREET BAL-	
<i>Facsimiles. See 'Irish</i>				LAD	9 3295
<i>MSS. Illuminated.'</i>			<i>A Scene in the.</i>	KEARY	5 1755
<i>'Irish MSS.' 'Ancient</i>			<i>A Scene in the</i>		
<i>Irish MSS.'</i>			<i>Irish</i>	HIGGINS	4 1573
<i>Faction Fight, The</i>	MATHEW	6 2391	<i>Drilmin Donn Dills.</i>	9	3511
<i>Factories and Work-</i>			<i>The great</i>	6	2391
<i>shops Bill of 1878.</i>	6	2178	<i>of 1879, The</i>	6	2861
<i>Faery Fool, The</i>	CHESSON	2 593	<i>of 1845, The</i>	9	xi
<i>Song, A</i>	YEATS	9 3704	<i>Year, The (half-</i>		
<i>Fahan</i>	6	2427	<i>tone engraving).</i>	WILDE	9 3575
<i>FAHY, FRANCIS A.</i>		3 1124	<i>Fand, Epilogue to</i>	LARMINIE	5 1875
<i>Faint as the breezes.</i>	DOWNING	3 916	<i>Fannet. See Jamie Freel</i>		
<i>Faintly as tolls the eve-</i>			<i>and the Young Lady</i>		
<i>ning chime</i>	MOORE	7 2540	<i>and Rambling Remi-</i>		
<i>Fair Amoret has gone</i>			<i>niscences.</i>		
<i>astray</i>	CONGREVE	2 614	<i>Far are the Gaelic</i>		
<i>An Irish Pig (half-</i>			<i>tribes</i>	M'GEE	6 2218
<i>tone engraving).</i>	7	2484	<i>Darrig, The</i>	WELSH	3 xvii, xix
<i>Hills of Eiré, The.</i>			<i>in Donegal</i>	MAC L I N -	
<i>From the</i>				TOCK	6 2248
<i>Irish of Mac</i>			<i>Farewell, A</i>	SIGERSON	8 3142
<i>Conmara</i>	SIGERSON	10 3937	<i>Gorta, The</i>	3	xx
<i>From the Irish</i>			<i>the gray loch runs.</i>	TRENCH	9 3432
<i>of Mac Con-</i>			<i>Far-Away</i>	SIGERSON	8 3138
<i>mara</i>	MANGAN	6 2378	<i>Farewell</i>	SULLIVAN	9 3331
<i>of Ireland, The</i>			<i>but whenever you</i>		
<i>(half-tone en-</i>			<i>welcome the</i>		
<i>graving)</i>	FERGUSON	3 1185	<i>hour</i>	MOORE	7 2525
<i>Rent, fixity of ten-</i>			<i>my more than fa-</i>		
<i>ture, and fair sale</i>			<i>therland</i>	WILDE	9 3599
<i>(the 'Three F's')</i>			<i>the doom is</i>		
<i>Fatreat! put on achile.</i>	MOORE	7 2529	<i>spoken</i>	SIGERSON	8 3133
<i>Fairhead, or Benmore.</i>		6 2278	<i>to America, A</i>	WILDE	9 3599
Fairies.			<i>to the Irish Par-</i>		
<i>or No Fairies.</i>	CROKER	2 720	<i>lament</i>	CURRAN	2 788
<i>The</i>	ALLINGHAM	1 18	<i>Farm life in Ireland</i>		4 1467
<i>The Flitting of the</i>	BARLOW	1 116	<i>Farmer in Ireland, The.</i>	4	1574
<i>The history of the</i>			<i>FARQUHAR, GEORGE</i>		3 1164
<i>Slithe</i>	9	3707	<i>Farran, Miss, Sheridan</i>		
<i>Faery, A Donegal</i>	MACLINTOCK	6 2253	<i>on</i>	8	3122
<i>and Folk Tales.</i>			<i>Far-Shee, The. See</i>		
<i>Irish</i>	WELSH	3 xvii	<i>Banshee.</i>		
<i>and Folk Tales of</i>			<i>Fate of Frank M'Kenna,</i>		
<i>Ireland</i>	ANONYMOUS	3 1136	<i>The</i>	CARLETON	2 553
			<i>'Father Connell'</i>	BANIM	1 60

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Father Gilligan, The</i>			Fiction. All works of fiction, short stories, etc., are indexed under their titles and the authors' names.		
— <i>Ballad of</i>YEATS	9	3702	— <i>The Preternatural</i>BURTON	2	404
— <i>Labor is Promoted</i> . BLUNDELL	1	225	— <i>Fictions of the Irish Celts, Legendary</i>KENNEDY	5	1796
— <i>O'Flynn</i>GRAVES	4	1412		1799, 1801, 1803	
— <i>O'Leary, Some Anecdotes of</i>	7	2793	Fielding, The humor of	3	873
— <i>Prout</i>See MAHONY.			<i>Fifteenth Century, Books of Courtesy in the</i>GREEN	4	1417
— <i>personalities of</i>	6	ix	<i>Figaro, The Novel in the</i>O'MEARA	7	2805
Faulkner, George	4	1258; 5	<i>Fight of the "Armstrong" Privateer</i>ROCHE	8	2961
Feasts	2	xii	<i>Fighting Race, The</i>CLARKE	2	598
Féis, The, of Tara	4	1611; 5	Files (filias) in Ancient Ireland	2	xviii
<i>Feithfallge</i>MACMANUS	6	2269	Fin. See Finn.		
<i>Felire Aengusa</i> (the Festology of Aengus)	7	2673	<i>Finn the Rover</i>JOYCE	5	1743
<i>Felon, The Faith of a</i> . LALOR	5	1855	Finegas, the poet of the Boinn	4	1449
'Felon-setting.' Stephens' article on	7	2799	Fingal, Lord, O'Connell on	7	2635, 2640
Fena, The	5	1722	Finley, Michael. See note to Phaidrig Crohoore.		
— <i>The Last of the</i> . JOYCE	5	1714	<i>Finn, The Coming of</i>GREGORY	4	1447
Fencing with the small-sword	1	147	— or Fionn, mac Cumhall or Mac-Cool, Glory of	4	1524
Fenian Brotherhood, The	9	xi	— and his people	2	630
— Cycle, The	2	xi	— and the Fena	5	1715; 7
— movement, Poets of the. W. B. Yeats on	3	xi	— <i>and the Princess</i> . McCALL	6	2117
Fenian Movement, The.			— Banner of	2	594
— <i>The Irish Church</i> . MCCARTHY	6	2148	— Cleft of	5	2052
— <i>A Young Ireland Meeting</i>	6	2180	— Horn of	2	591
— <i>Why Parnell Went into Politics</i>O'BRIEN	7	2607	— Influence of the legends of	8	2990
— <i>Charles Kickham and 'The Irish People'</i>	7	2798	— Keen of	9	3642
— <i>The Irishman's Farquell</i>ANONYMOUS	8	3287	— in the third Cycle.	2	xii
'Fenian Nights' Entertainments, The'MCCALL	6	2117	— Mac Gorman, Bishop of Kil-dare	4	1600
'Fenians and Fenianism, Recollections of'O'LEARY	7	2798	— or Ossianic cycle.	2	629
Feral, The Lake of	6	2276	Flinnacha and the ClericsO'DONOVAN	7	2706
Fera-Ros, The King of	7	2708	— <i>Became Rich, How</i> . O'DONOVAN	7	2708
Ferghal, King	7	2709	Flinnerty, P., Grattan's speech on	7	xxiii
Fergus, Son of a Noble Sire	2	804	Fintan Street	3	930
— Son of Flathrí	4	1624	Fionn Ghall (Normans or English)	2	635
— The wars of	5	1705	Fionn's monument on Nephin	6	2231
FERGUSON, SIR SAMUEL (portrait)	3	1168	<i>Fionnuala</i>MILLIGAN	6	2437
— (reference)	6	2219	— <i>From</i>ARMSTRONG	1	25
— M. F. Egan on	5	xiv	— <i>The Song of</i>MOORE	7	2534
— Sir H. Plunkett on	8	2911	Firbolgs, The	7	2752; 9
— W. B. Yeats on	3	x	— Buildings of the	8	2882
<i>Ferguson's Speech on Robert Burns</i>FERGUSON	3	1170	<i>Fire-Eaters, The</i>BARRINGTON	1	141
Fermoy, an adventure at	7	2730	Fires, Druidical	7	2667
— <i>The Book of</i>	5	1724	'Fireside Stories of Ireland, The'KENNEDY	5	1789
<i>Fern, The Mountain</i>GEOGHIEGHAN	4	1255		1793	
Ferocity in Irish humor	6	xi	<i>'Firing of Rome, The'</i> . CROLY	2	739
'Festology of Aengus'	7	2673	<i>First Boycott, The</i>O'BRIEN	7	2611
— of Cathal Maguire, The'	7	2674	— Irish newspaper.	4	1258
Feudal tenure, The	7	2862	— <i>Lord Liftmant, The</i>TRENCH	4	1233
Feuquères, Marquise de	2	677	— printed book in Gaelic, Facsimile of	7	2741
Fewc Mountains in Armagh, The	2	639	— <i>Sight of the Rocky Mountains</i>BUTLER	2	415
Flacha Mac Hugh (O'Byrne)	2	636			
— Son of Conga	4	1453			
Flanna, The.4 1447, 1524; 6 2231; 7 2755					
— <i>After the</i> . From OisínSIGERSON	8	3139			

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>First Step towards Home</i>			Foley's, J. H., O'Connell		
<i>Rule, The</i> REDMOND . . .	8	2926	monument (half-		
<i>Steps, The</i> BLAKE . . .	1	190	tone engraving)	7	2645
<i>Voyage, The</i> MOLLOY . . .	6	2459	Statue of Burke . . .		
Fisher Folk life	1	103, 114; 2	(half-tone en-		
	4	1266, 1512; 5	graving)	1	397
<i>The Young</i> GWYNN . . .	4	1516	Statue of Grattan . . .		
Fisherles Bill, The Irish	6	2176	(half-tone en-		
Fishing-curragh (half-			graving)	4	1384
tone engraving)	9	3458	<i>Folk and Fairy Tales,</i>		
Fitzgerald, Amby	1	145	<i>Irish</i> WELSH . . .	3	xvii
Fireeater: Duel			Folk Lore and Fairy Tales.		
with Lord Nor-			<i>The Ban-Shce</i> . . . ALLINGHAM .	1	17
bury	1	143	<i>The Fairies</i> ALLINGHAM .	1	18
Lord Edward and			<i>The Leprecaun, or</i>		
'98	4	1531; 9	<i>Fairy Shoemaker</i> . ALLINGHAM .	1	20
Sir Boyle Roche			<i>Flitting of the</i>		
on	1	137	<i>Fairies</i> BARLOW . . .	1	116
Curran's speech			<i>From Fionnuala</i> . . ARMSTRONG .	1	125
for	7	xxiii	<i>To the Leanan</i>		
MAURICE (biograp-			<i>Sidhe</i> BOYD	1	258
phy)	10	4011	<i>Ned Gcraghty's</i>		
Translation from			<i>Luck</i> BROUGHAM . .	1	301
the Irish of	1	280	<i>The Story of Child</i>		
PERCY HETHERING-			<i>Charity</i> BROWNE . . .	1	314
TON	3	1190	<i>The Fairy Fiddler</i> . . CHESSON .	2	592
FITZPATRICK, WILLIAM			<i>The Fairy Fool</i> . . . CHESSON .	2	593
JOHN	3	1199	<i>The Hospitality of</i>		
FITZSIMON, MRS. ELLEN	3	1206	<i>Cuanna's House</i> . . CONNELLAN .	2	629
Fitzwilliam (Lord),			<i>The Confessions of</i>		
Character of	6	2164	<i>Tom Bourke</i> CROKER . .	2	681
— recalled	8	2930	<i>The Soul Cages</i> . . . CROKER . .	2	695
Five Ends of Erin, The	2	442	<i>The Haunted Cel-</i>		
Fixity of tenure, Isaac			<i>lar</i> CROKER	2	707
Butt on	2	425	<i>Teigue of the Lee</i> . . CROKER . .	2	714
— J. H. McCarthy on	6	2179	<i>Fairies or No Fair-</i>		
Flanders, Irish soldiers			<i>ies</i> CROKER	2	720
in the battle of			<i>Flory Cantillon's</i>		
Fontenoy	3	823, 842	<i>Funeral</i> CROKER . . .	2	724
— Sarsfield at	7	2816	<i>The Banshee of the</i>		
The battle of	7	2830	<i>MacCarthys</i> CROKER . .	2	727
FLAVELL, THOMAS (bi-			<i>The Brevery of</i>		
ography)	10	4011	<i>Egg-Shells</i> CROKER . .	2	731
<i>The County of</i>			<i>The Story of the</i>		
<i>Mayo</i> by	3	1224	<i>Little Bird</i> CROKER . .	2	734
FLECKNOE, RICHARD	3	1208	<i>The Lord of Dun-</i>		
Fleming, Colonel, slain			<i>kerron</i> CROKER . . .	2	736
at Drogheda	7	2568	<i>Little Woman in</i>		
'Flitters, Tatters, and			<i>Red, A</i> DEENY	3	846
the Counselor' HARTLEY .	4	1568	<i>Strange Indeed!</i> . . . DEENY . .	3	847
Flitting of the Fairies			<i>Will O' The Wisp</i> . . ANONYMOUS .	3	1136
<i>The</i> BARLOW	1	116	<i>Loughcagh</i> ANONYMOUS .	3	1142
Flood, Sir Frederick	1	130	<i>Donald, and his</i>		
HENRY	3	1210	<i>Neighbors</i> ANONYMOUS .	3	1147
the first real Irish			<i>Queen's County</i>		
orator	7	x	<i>Witch</i> ANONYMOUS .	3	1150
— and Grattan	3	1210; 4	<i>Rent-Day</i> ANONYMOUS .	3	1160
— and the Monks of			<i>The Only Son of</i>		
the Screw	2	797	<i>Aoife</i> GREGORY . . .	4	1426
— Grattan on	7	2421	Conversion of King		
— Opposed to Ameri-			<i>Laoghair's</i>		
can Liberty	4	1402	Daughters	3	1162
— Philippic against . GRATTAN . .	4	1400	<i>Death of Cuchu-</i>		
Flood's Reply to Grat-			<i>lain</i> GREGORY	4	1431
tan's Invective FLOOD . . .	3	1212	<i>Cacl and Credhe</i> . . . GREGORY . .	4	1445
Florida Gardens	1	165	<i>The Coming of</i>		
Flory Cantillon's Fu-			<i>Finn</i> GREGORY . . .	4	1447
neral CROKER	2	724	<i>Mountain Theol-</i>		
Flotow, Irish Influence			<i>ogy</i> GREGORY . . .	4	1455
on	3	vii	<i>Hard-Gum, Strong-</i>		
Flower of the young			<i>Ham, Swift</i>		
and fair FURLONG . . .	3	1252	<i>Foot, and the</i>		
<i>Flowers I Would Bring</i> . DE VERE .	3	861	<i>Eyeless Lad</i> HYDE . . .	4	1625
Flying, Wings Invented			— Neil O'Carrae HYDE . . .	4	1638
by Pockrich for	7	2698	— <i>The Hags of the</i>		
			<i>Long Teeth</i> HYDE . . .	4	1642

Folk Lore and Fairy Tales.		VOL.	PAGE	Folk Tales		VOL.	PAGE
— <i>Munachar and Man- achar</i>	HYDE	4	1647	— Collectors of	10	3735	et seq.
— <i>Oisín in Tina- noge</i>	JOYCE	5	1714	— Elements of the	3	xxv	
— <i>The Voyage of the Sons of O'Corra</i>	JOYCE	5	1724	— Irish	5	1866	
— <i>Conula of the Gol- den Hair</i>	JOYCE	5	1731	— Nature in	9	3653	
— <i>The Exploits of Curoi</i>	JOYCE	5	1749	— of Ireland, <i>Fairy and</i>	ANONYMOUS.	3	1123
— <i>The Lazy Beauty and her Aunts</i>	KENNEDY	5	1789	— Fomor of the Blows	5	1717	
— <i>The Haughty Prin- cess</i>	KENNEDY	5	1793	— Fomorlan Pirates, The	5	1746	
— <i>The Kildare Pooka</i>	KENNEDY	5	1796	— Fomorlans, The	9	viii	
— <i>The Witches' Ex- cursion</i>	KENNEDY	5	1799	— Fontenoy	3	823	
— <i>The Enchantment of Gearoidh Iarla</i>	KENNEDY	5	1801	— <i>The Brigade at</i>	3	878	
— <i>The Long Spoon</i>	KENNEDY	5	1803	— Battle of (half- tone engraving)	3	850	
— <i>The Red Pony</i>	LARMINIE	5	1866	— (reference)	2	593	
— <i>The Nameless Story</i>	LARMINIE	5	1871	— Father Antho- ny's father slain at	9	3445	
— <i>The Changeling</i>	LAWLESS	5	1877	— <i>Food, Dress and Daily Life in Ancient Ire- land</i>	JOYCE	5	1735
— <i>The Golden Spears</i>	LEAMY	5	1899	— 'Fool and his Heart, The'	CONNELL	2	616
— <i>King O'Toole and Saint Kerin</i>	LOVER	5	2046	— Footing, Paying the	4	1452	
— <i>Mac Cumhail and the Princess</i>	MCCALL	6	2117	— Foot-warmer, The	6	2233	
— <i>Jamie Frecl and the Young Lady</i>	MACLINTOCK	6	2242	— For, now returned from golden lands	GREENE	4	1424
— <i>Far Darrig in Don- egal</i>	MACLINTOCK	6	2248	— <i>For the I shall not die</i>	HYDE	4	1656
— <i>Grace Connor</i>	MACLINTOCK	6	2251	— Forbuid	4	1430	
— <i>Daniel O'Rourke</i>	MAGINN	6	2313	— Foreclosure of mort- gage	8	3230	
— <i>Fionnuala</i>	MILLIGAN	6	2437	— Foreign languages in Greece	6	2332	
— <i>Account of King Bochaidh Airemh</i>	O'CURRY	7	2667	— 'Service, Eminent Irishmen in'	ONAHAN	7	2814
— <i>Finnachta and the Clerics</i>	O'DONOVAN	7	2706	— <i>Fore-song to 'Mal- moria'</i>	CLARKE	2	536
— <i>How Finnachta Became Rich</i>	O'DONOVAN	7	2708	— <i>Forests of Erin, The Buried</i>	MILLIGAN	6	2437
— <i>The Battle of Alm- ham</i>	O'DONOVAN	7	2709	— <i>Foreword</i>	WELSH	1	xvii
— <i>Queen Meave and her Hosts</i>	O'GRADY	7	2746	— <i>Forging of the Anchor, The</i>	FERGUSON	3	1174
— <i>The Burthen of Ossian</i>	O'GRADY	7	2752	— FORRESTER, MRS. EL- LEN	3	1222	
— <i>The Knighting of Cuculain</i>	O'GRADY	7	2756	— <i>For-saken</i>	TODHUNTER	9	3406
— <i>The Cursing of Tara</i>	O'GRADY	7	2762	— <i>For's, Circular Stone</i>	8	2882	
— <i>Cacilt's Lamcat</i>	O'GRADY	7	2766	— <i>Crosses and Round Towers of Ire- land</i>	WAKEMAN and COOKE.	9	3482
— <i>The Lament of Maev Leith- Dherg</i>	ROLLESTON	8	2975	— 'Forty-eight'	7	2872	
— <i>The Demon Cat</i>	WILDE	9	3557	— <i>Forus Feasa, The</i>	10	3959	
— <i>The Horned Women</i>	WILDE	9	3558	— <i>Fosbery's, E., portrait of Charles Welsh</i>	9	viii	
— <i>The Priest's Soul</i>	WILDE	9	3561	— <i>Fosterage explained</i>	1	35	
— <i>Seanchan the Bard and the King of the Cats</i>	WILDE	9	3566	— <i>Found Out</i>	BLESSING- TON	1	200
— <i>The Black Lamb</i>	WILDE	9	3569	— <i>Founding of The Na- tion</i>	3	950	
— <i>The Selfish Giant</i>	WILDE	9	3584	— <i>Fouquier-Tinville, Trial of</i>	2	677	
— <i>The Devil</i>	YEATS	9	3673	— <i>Fountain of Tears, The</i>	O'SHAUGH- NESSY	7	2845
— <i>Enchanted Woods</i>	YEATS	9	3679	— <i>Four Courts, Dublin, The</i>	8	3065	
— <i>Village Ghosts</i>	YEATS	9	3673	— 'ducks on a pond'	ALLINGHAM	1	15
— <i>Miraculous Cra- tures</i>	YEATS	9	3678	— <i>Masters, Annals of the (see also M. O'Clery)</i>	2	629	
— <i>The Old Age of Queen Maeve</i>	YEATS	9	3697	— 632, 635; 6 2232, 2353, 2377 7 2663, 2674, 2705; 10 4018			
— <i>A Tactn Song</i>	YEATS	9	3704	— 'things did Finn dislike' (Irish Rann)	HYDE	10	3839
— <i>The Hosting of the Sidhe</i>	YEATS	9	3707	— <i>Fox, GEORGE</i>	4	1294	
Folk Songs		10	3713 et seq.	— <i>Burke on</i>	1	597	

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Fox on E. Burke	1	373	From 'The Return' ...	GREENE	4 1424
Foxes, Superstitious			— 'Wendell Phillips' ..	O'REILLY	7 2836
about	9	3680	— what dripping cell ..	LE FANU	5 1946
Fox-hunting	4	1490	Froude, J. A., on Ire-		
— scene	1	176, 254	land	8	vii
'Fox's Book of Martyrs'	8	3060	— cited on the feudal		
Foyle Lough	9	3428	land system	7	2863
— Origin of the			'F's, The three' (fair		
name	6	2277	rent, fixity of tenure,		
— The	3	1181	and free sale)	6	2179
Foynes in June, 1895 ..	7	2591	<i>Funeral, A Midnight</i> ..	DEENY	3 845
France described in			— Cursing at a	9	3641
'The Traveller'	4	1362	— customs, Ancient, 2	724, 559;	9 368
— On a Commercial			— <i>Flory Cantillon's</i> ..	2	724
<i>Treaty with</i>	FLOOD	3 1219	Funerals	9	3640
— <i>The Guillotine in</i> ..	CROKER	2 676	FURLONG, ALICE	3	1239
Francis, M. E.	See MRS. BLUN-		— MARY	4	1241
— I. of France	DELL	6 2340	— THOMAS	4	1244
— SIR PHILIP		3 1226			
Franciscan College of					
Louvain, Irish					
manuscripts in					
the	7	2673			
— Monasteries, Irish ..	1	32			
Franklin, Benjamin ..	7	2692			
<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , ..					
Founding of	6	2301			
Fredericksburg	6	2423			
— Dec. 13, 1862, At ..	O'REILLY	7 2831			
Free sale of land (the					
'three F's')	6	2179			
— Speech	9	3551			
— Trade in Ireland ..	9	3362			
Freedom of religious					
belief in Ireland,					
Carlyle on	3	952			
— of the English peo-					
ple	4	1331			
— Roman love of	2	747			
French Bulls	3	1057, 1059			
— Expedition of 1796 ..		3414			
— language banished					
by Canning from					
diplomatic corre-					
spondence	1	69			
— on way to Castle					
bar in 1798, The ..	6	2229			
— <i>Revolution, The</i> ..	BARRY	1 151			
— Effect on Ire-					
land	9	x			
— Effect of	9	3424			
— Sir Boyle Roche					
on the	1	136			
— the guillotine in					
the	2	667			
— WILLIAM PERCY ..	3	1233			
<i>Friar of Orders Grey</i> ,					
<i>The</i>	O'KEEFE	7 2778			
<i>Friars' Servant Maid</i> ,					
<i>The</i>	DOYLE	10 3875			
<i>Friend in Court, A</i> ..		7 2793			
— of Humanity					
and the Knife-					
Grinder	CANNING	2 467			
From a Munster vale					
they brought her ..	WILLIAMS	9 3609			
— a Poem by Teige					
— <i>Mac Inyre</i>	HYDE	4 1657			
— 'Actoon'	WILKINS	9 3604			
— <i>Alma Mater in De</i>					
<i>Profundis</i>	CONNELL	2 616			
— <i>Portlao to Para-</i>					
<i>disce</i>	DOWNNEY	3 891			
— the foes of my					
land	10	3829			
— the madding crowd ..	ROCHE	8 2966			

G.

<i>Gad, Mara, The</i>	M. DOYLE	10 3875
<i>Gael, The Passing of</i>		
<i>the</i>	MACMANUS	6 2267
<i>Gaelic, Effort to stamp</i>		
out the	1	lx
— English opposition		
to teaching	9	2993
— book printed in		
Ireland, Facsimile		
of first	7	2741
— Ireland, 'Peasant		
Lore from'	DEENY	3 845, 846, 847
— language a key to		
Pre-Roman Euro-		
pean history	7	2616
— League, The Ef-		
fects of	8	2911
— Objects of	8	2908
— Work of	10	xxv, 3713
— Literature, Imag-		
ination and		
Art in'	ROLLESTON	8 2968
— 'The Story of		
Early'	HYDE	5 1622
— <i>Movement, The</i> ..	PLUNKETT	8 2908
— Revival, Justin		
McCarthy on	1	xvi
— W. B. Yeats on	3	xlv
<i>Gaelic Writers</i> ,		
— <i>Death of St. Col-</i>		
<i>uncille, The</i>	ADAMNAN	4 1618
— <i>Sorrowful Lament</i>		
<i>for Ireland, A</i> ..	CARTAN,	
— <i>Geoffrey Keating</i> ..	SHIEMUS	4 1459
— <i>Rev. Pat. Rick</i> ..	10	3959
— <i>Friar's Servant</i>		
<i>Girl, The</i>	DOYLE	
— <i>Tim the Smith</i> ...	DOYLE	
— <i>Coolun, The</i>	DUGAN, MAURICE	3 1188
— <i>County of Mayo,</i>		
<i>The</i>	FLAVELL,	
— <i>Ode on his Ship</i> ..	THOMAS	3 1224
— <i>Cacille's Lament</i> ..	FITZGERALD,	
— <i>Carern, The</i>	MAURICE	1 280
— <i>Echo, The</i>	THOMAS	10 3997
— <i>Echo, The</i>	THOMAS	10 3983

Gaelic Writers.

VOL. PAGE

- *Twisting of the Rope, The* HYDE, DOUGLAS 10 3989
- *Biography* KEATING, GEOFFREY, 10 4012
- *Vision of Viands, The* MACCON-GLINNE, ANIAR 8 3134
- *Fair Hills of Ebré, O'MACCON-MARA, DONOGH* 6 2378
- *'Tis not War we Want to Wage* .. MACDAIRE, TEIGE 4 1657
- *Claragh's Lament*, MACDONNELL, JOHN 2 803
- *Biography* MACFORBES, DONALD 10 4014
- *Kiukora* MACLIAG 6 2377
- *Deus Meus* MAELISU 8 3140
- *Lament of the Mangaire Sugach* MAGRATH, ANDREW 9 3508
- *Ode on leaving Ireland* NUGENT, GERALD 3 930
- *Bridget Cruise* ... O'CAROLAN, TURLOUGH 4 1244
- *Gentle Bridesen* .. O'CAROLAN 8 3143
- *Grace Nugent* O'CAROLAN 3 1186
- *Mary Maguire* .. O'CAROLAN 4 1246
- *Mild Mabel Kelly*, O'CAROLAN 3 1186
- *O'More's Fair Daughter* O'CAROLAN 4 1252
- *Peggy Broune* O'CAROLAN 4 1252
- *Why, Liquor of Life?* O'CAROLAN 2 805
- *Biography* O'CLERY, MICHAEL 10 4018
- *Love's Despair* ... O'CURNAN, DIARMAD 8 3137
- *East, West, Home's Best* O'FARRELLY, A. 10 3967
- *Thankfulness of Dermot, The* ... O'LEARY, PATRICK 10 3953
- *Seadna's Three Wishes* O'LEARY, FATHER PETER 10 3941
- *Lament, A* O'NEACHTAN, JOHN 2 768
- *Maggy Ladir* ... O'NEACHTAN, JOHN 4 1249
- *Shone the Proud*.. O'SHEA, P.J. 10 3843
- *After the Fianna*, OISIN 8 3139
- *In Tirnanoge* ... OISIN 5 1714
- *Things Delightful*, OISIN 8 3144
- *How long has it been said* RAFTERY 10 3923
- *The Cuis da pié*.. RAFTERY 10 3917
- *Poem on Mary Hynes* RAFTERY 9 3668
- *Jesukin* ST. ITA 8 3141
- *Hymn Called Saint Patrick's Breast-plate, The* ST. PATRICK 8 3244
- *Lament of the Bard* WARD, OWEN 6 2352
- *Day, The* ANONYMOUS 9 3507
- *Description of the Sea* ANONYMOUS 7 2664
- *Dirge of O'Sullivan Bear* ANONYMOUS 2 445

Gaelic Writers.

VOL. PAGE

- *Extract from the Life of Brigit*... ANONYMOUS 8 3246
- *Fair Hills of Ireland, The* ANONYMOUS 3 1185
- *Have You Been at Carrick?* ANONYMOUS 9 3506
- *Hospitality of Cummo's House*... ANONYMOUS 2 629
- *I Shall Not Die for Thee* ANONYMOUS 4 1656
- *King Ailill's Death* ANONYMOUS 8 3261
- *Lament of Maev* ANONYMOUS 8 2975
- *Leith-Dhearg, The* ANONYMOUS 2 443
- *Little Child, I Call Thee* ANONYMOUS 4 1655
- *Lore Ballad* ANONYMOUS 6 2371
- *Man O'clpartite* .. ANONYMOUS 8 3262
- *Murmurs of Love* ANONYMOUS 7 2676
- *O Were You on the Mountain?* .. ANONYMOUS 4 1656
- *Outlaw of Loch Lene, The* ANONYMOUS 1 141
- *Pasthen Fien* ANONYMOUS 3 1184
- *Pearl of the White Breast* ANONYMOUS 7 2886
- *Roisin Dubh* ANONYMOUS 4 1247
- *She is my Love* .. ANONYMOUS 4 1413
- *Since We Should Part* ANONYMOUS 4 1413
- *White Cockade, The* ANONYMOUS 2 442
- Galang, The Hero of 6 2370
- Galatians, The 9 3549
- Gallo-Grecians 9 3549
- Galtees, The 6 2675
- Galtimore 5 1938
- Galway, A Letter from MAXWELL 6 2412
- advantages of, for trading 7 2916
- Bay 2 575
- Duelling in 1 145
- Monastery in 1 31
- The Clearing of .. PRENDERGAST 8 2913
- The Man for LEVER 5 1975
- Ganconagh described 3 xix
- Garden of God, The .. KERNAHAN 5 1809
- Garmoyle 6 2113
- Garnavilla, Kate of .. LYSAGHT 6 2108
- Garnett, Sir R., on W. Maginn 6 2300
- Garrick, David. See A Goodly Company.
- as Hamlet in Dublin 5 1919
- Epitaph on Sterne 8 3211
- Goldsmith on 4 1346
- on Goldsmith 4 1380
- Stevens' retort on 8 3227
- Garristown. (See also Gavra) 5 1714
- Garrovagh, Scenery around 1 353
- Garry, King of Ielster 6 2118
- Garryowen STREET BAL-LAD 8 3283
- Gates of Dreamland .. RUSSELL 8 2997
- Gauger, Condy Cullen and the CARLETON 2 541
- Gauntlet, O'Keefe following his servant through a 7 2776
- Gavra, ancient name of Garristown 5 1714
- Gay, Letter by 4 1695

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
<i>Gay Spanker, Lad</i> ... BOUICICAULT	1 252	<i>Glance, A, at Ireland's History</i> ... WELSH	9 vii
<i>Gearoidh Iarla, Enchantment of</i> ... KENNEDY	5 1801	<i>Glastonbury Thorn, The</i> ...	9 3366
<i>Genealogy of Jesus Christ (color plate)</i> ...	2 ix	<i>Gleeman and Actor, The</i> ...	9 3681
<i>Generieve, The Story of</i> ... JAMESON	5 1679	— <i>The Last</i> ... YEATS	9 3683
<i>Geniality of the Irish people</i> ...	8 vii	<i>Gleeman's funeral, The</i> ...	9 3681
<i>Genius of English is un-Irish</i> ...	9 3421	<i>Glen Dun, The Song of</i> ... SKRINE	8 3156
— <i>the national</i> ...	8 2990	<i>Glenann, A Song of</i> ... SKRINE	8 3157
— <i>True</i> ...	9 3377	<i>Glenarm</i> ...	7 2551
<i>Genoa, Byron and the Blessings at</i> ... MADDEN	6 2286	<i>Glenasmole</i> ...	5 1722
<i>Gentle Bridecn. From the Irish</i> ... SIGERSON	8 3143	<i>Glendalough</i> ...	5 2118
<i>Gentleman, A</i> ... BROOKE	1 285	— (color plate) ...	5 Front
<i>Gentleman in Black. The</i> ... GOLDSMITH	4 1317	— <i>A Legend of</i> ... LOVER	5 2046
— <i>What is a</i> ... O'DONOGHUE	7 2703	<i>Glengall</i> ...	5 1937
— <i>of the Kingdom of Ireland, A</i> ... KEIGHTLEY	5 1774	<i>Glengarriff. See Daniel O'Rourke.</i> ...	
<i>Gently! — gently! — down!</i> ... DARLEY	2 809	<i>Glenmalure</i> ...	2 636; 4 1423
<i>Gentry and their Retainers, Irish</i> ... BARRINGTON	1 138	<i>Glen-na-Smol</i> ... FURLONG	4 1241
<i>GEORHEGAN, ARTHUR</i> ...		<i>Glenveagh</i> ...	6 2259
<i>GERALD</i> ...	4 1254	<i>Glimpse of his Country-House near Newport, A</i> ... BERKELEY	1 175
<i>George II. on the Irish soldiers of Louis XV</i> ...	7 2815	<i>Glin, The Knight of</i> ...	4 1590
— <i>III. on Catholic emancipation</i> ...	6 2163	<i>Glinsk</i> ...	1 146
— <i>Gelth of Fen Court</i> ... RIDDELL	8 2949	<i>Glory of Ireland, The</i> ... MEAGHER	6 2420
<i>Geraldines, The</i> ...	6 2417; 8 3018	<i>Glossary</i> ...	10 4031
— <i>Spoke Gaelic</i> ...	7 2670	<i>Gloucester, Duchess of</i> ...	1 166
<i>Gesticulation, Italian</i> ... WISEMAN	9 3627	— <i>Lodge</i> ... BELL	1 165
<i>Ghosts</i> ...	9 3681	<i>Gluck and Pockrich's musical glasses</i> ...	7 2692
— <i>Village</i> ... YEATS	9 3673	<i>Glyn-Nephin, old songs and traditions in</i> ...	6 2230
<i>Giant, The Selfish</i> ... WILDE	9 3584	— <i>"Glynnes" or valleys</i> ...	6 2275
<i>Giant's Causeway, The</i> ...	6 2278	<i>Go not to the hills of Erin</i> ... SHORTER	7 3127
<i>Gifford, Countess of. See LADY DUFFERIN.</i> ...		— <i>'Go where glory waits thee'</i> ... MOORE	7 2339, 2530
<i>Gifford, Earl of</i> ...	3 932	<i>Goblin cliffs</i> ...	3 955
<i>GILBERT, LADY (ROSA MULHOLLAND)</i> ...	4 1265	<i>God bless the gray mountains</i> ... DUFFY	3 961
— <i>portrait</i> ...	5 xv	<i>God save Ireland</i> ... SULLIVAN	9 3339
— <i>M. F. Egan on</i> ...	4 1257	— (reference) ...	8 3270
— <i>Sir John T.</i> ...	4 1507	— <i>send us peace</i> ... O'REILLY	7 2831
<i>'Gile Machree'</i> ... GRIFFIN	4 1280	<i>GODKIN, E. L.</i> ...	5 1290
<i>GILES, HENRY</i> ...	4 1280	— <i>on Imagination</i> ...	4 1597
<i>Gillana-naomh O'Huidrin</i> ...	7 2706	— <i>'Gods and Fighting Men'</i> ... GREGORY	4 1445
<i>Gilray the caricaturist</i> ...	1 168	— <i>Men</i> ...	4 1447
<i>Girl I Love, The</i> ... CALLANAN	2 440	<i>Goethe, W. K. Magee on</i> ...	6 2296
— <i>of Dunbury, The</i> ... DAVIS	3 829	<i>Goibniu</i> ...	4 1149
— <i>'of the red-mouth'</i> ... MACDERMOTT	6 2191	<i>'Goldelica'</i> ... STOKES	8 3244
<i>Gladstone and Home Rule</i> ...	9 xl	<i>Going to Mass by the Well of God</i> ...	9 3668
— <i>and Land Pur-chase</i> ...	9 xl	<i>Gold found in Ulster</i> ...	6 2280
— <i>and the National League</i> ...	6 2164	<i>Gold, To</i> ... WILDE	9 3596
— <i>and the Great Home Rule Debate</i> ... O'CONNOR	7 2656	<i>'Golden Sorrow, A'</i> ... HOEY	4 1578
— <i>on O'Connell</i> ...	7 2624	— <i>Spars, The</i> ... LEAMY	5 1899
— <i>on Shell</i> ...	7 xxviii	<i>Gold-mining in Montana</i> ...	3 966
— <i>on Shell's oratory</i> ...	8 3055	<i>GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.</i> ...	4 1298
<i>Gladstone's first resolutions</i> ...	6 2157, 2160	— (portrait) ...	
— <i>Home Rule Bill, Redmond on</i> ...	8 2929	— <i>D. J. O'Donoghue on</i> ...	6 xlv
— <i>personality</i> ...	7 2656	— <i>on the musical glasses</i> ...	7 2690
— <i>policy for Ireland</i> ...	6 2153	— <i>W. B. Yeats on the poetry of</i> ...	3 vii
— <i>triumph in 1868</i> ...	6 2160	— (See <i>A Goodly Company</i>). ...	
		<i>Goll</i> ...	4 1451, 1609
		<i>Gollam (Milesius), ancestor of the O's and the Mac's</i> ...	2 444
		<i>Gomarians, The</i> ...	9 3549
		<i>Gombeen Man, The</i> ... STOKER	8 3228
		<i>Gomerus-Gallus</i> ...	9 3549
		<i>Gonecner, The, described</i> ...	3 xlx

- | | VOL. | PAGE | | VOL. | PAGE |
|--------------------------------|--------------|------------|--|------------|--------|
| <i>Gone in the Wind</i> | MANGAN | 6 2359 | Grattana and Catholic | | |
| <i>'Gone to Death'</i> | BROOKE | 1 288 | emancipation | 6 2164 | |
| Gonne, Miss Maud, as | | | ---and Curran con- | | |
| an actress | 10 | xxi | trasted | 7 | xxii |
| Good and Evil, Ideas | | | ---and Flood | 3 1210; | 4 1384 |
| of '.....' | YEATS, 9 | 3654, 3661 | ---and Pitt | 7 | xv |
| <i>Good Luck to the Fri-</i> | | | ---as a Monk of the | | |
| ars of Old..... | LEVER | 5 1958 | Screw | 2 | 797 |
| --- men and true! in | | | Duel with Chancel- | | |
| this house who | | | lor Corry | 1 | 142 |
| dwell | McBURNAY.. | 6 2115 | <i>Invective, Flood's</i> | | |
| --- people all, with | | | <i>Reply to</i> | FLOOD | 3 1212 |
| one accord | GOLDSMITH.. | 4 1382 | Lord Brougham on | 6 | 2421 |
| --- <i>Ship Castle Down,</i> | | | --- Opposition of, to | | |
| <i>The</i> | McBURNAY.. | 6 2113 | the Act of Union | 6 | 2170 |
| <i>Goodly Company, A</i> | MOORE | 7 2468 | --- Oratorical methods | | |
| Gore House | 1 | 193 | of | 7 xi, | xiii |
| Gorey | 6 | 2115 | --- Oratory of | 7 | xx |
| Gort, County Galway.... | 4 | 1455 | --- described | 7 | xx |
| Gortaveha | 4 | 1455 | --- statute of (half- | | |
| Gosse, E., on Parnell's | | | tone engraving)..... | 4 | 1384 |
| poems | 7 | 2874 | --- tribute of, to Dr. | | |
| --- on Sir John Den- | | | Kirwan | 7 | xvii |
| ham | 3 | 849 | --- See <i>The Irish</i> | | |
| --- on Thomas Moore | 7 | 2508 | <i>Chieftains.</i> | | |
| Göttingen, University of | 4 | 466 | <i>Grace, the Grace, The</i> .MANGAN ... | 6 | 2380 |
| <i>Gougane Barra</i> (half- | | | GRAVES, ALFRED PERCE- | | |
| tone engraving) | CALLANAN.. | 2 439 | --- VAL | 4 | 1409 |
| Goulbourn, Mr. | 7 | 2652 | --- on Sir Samuel Fer- | | |
| Gounod on Mrs. Alex- | | | guson's poetry..... | 3 | 1169 |
| ander | 1 | 1 | --- on J. S. Le Fanu | 5 | 1927 |
| Government. See Pol- | | | --- Dr. | 9 | 3521 |
| itics. | | | --- Early Christian, in | | |
| --- by consent | 9 | 3362 | Ireland | 9 | 3484 |
| --- newspaper, A | 7 | 2639 | Gray, John, and Repeal | 9 | x |
| --- of Ireland under | | | --- in prison | 3 811; | 4 2128 |
| Henry II. | 7 | 2741 | --- <i>Fog, The</i> | CHESSON | 2 591 |
| --- the Tudors | 7 | 2741 | --- gray ls Abbey Asa- | | |
| --- Principles of '.....' | O'BRIEN | 7 2620 | roe | ALLINOHAM. | 1 13 |
| " G. P. O." and W. M. | | | --- the poet, on musc- | | |
| Thackeray | 8 | xvi | al glasses | 7 | 2691 |
| <i>Grace Connor</i> | MAC LINTOCK. | 6 2251 | Gray's portrait of W. | | |
| <i>Nugent.</i> From the | | | Carleton | 2 | 469 |
| Irish | FERGUSON.. | 3 1186 | <i>Gracily, and Mullen,</i> | | |
| --- of the Heroes. See | | | <i>Sorrowful Lamenta-</i> | | |
| Grace O'Mealley. | | | <i>tion of Callaghan.</i> STREET BAL- | | |
| --- O'Malley | 7 | 2856 | LAD | 9 | 3316 |
| <i>Gracie Og Machree</i> | CASEY | 2 573 | <i>Great Breath, The</i> | RUSSELL | 8 3064 |
| <i>Grady, Harry Deane</i> .. | O'FLANAGAN. | 7 2728 | --- <i>Cry and Little</i> | | |
| --- duels with Coun- | | | Wool | 7 | 2653 |
| sellors O'Mahon | | | --- <i>Diamond is Ob-</i> | | |
| and Campbell | 1 | 143 | tained and Used. | O'BRIEN | 7 2594 |
| <i>Grafton, To the Duke of</i> | FRANCIS | 3 1228 | --- Divide, The' | DUNRAVEN | 3 963 |
| 'Gragal-machree' | 8 | 3270 | --- Irish Struggle, | | |
| Graham's, P. P., por- | | | The' | O'CONNOR | 7 2656 |
| trait of G. Griffin | 4 | 1464 | --- Lone Land, The'. | BUTLER | 2 415 |
| 'Grammont, Memoirs of | | | --- Risk, A | HOEY | 4 1578 |
| the Count de'.HAMILTON .. | 4 | 1542 | Greece, Age of begin- | | |
| --- Sir W. Scott on | 4 | 1542 | ning education in | | |
| Grana O'Maille of the | | | ancient | 6 | 2334 |
| Uisles | 7 | 2859 | --- <i>Childhood in Au-</i> | | |
| --- Uaile and Queen | | | cient | MAHAFFY | 6 2328 |
| Elizabeth | 7 | 2858 | 'Greek Education' | 6 | 2328 |
| --- <i>The Story of</i> | OTWAY | 7 2856 | --- families small | 6 | 2332 |
| Granna Wail and Queen | | | --- origin of Irish | | |
| Elizabeth | 10 | 4013 | people, The | 1 | viii |
| Grand Jury Reform Bill, | | | --- and Irish com- | | |
| The | 6 | 2176 | pared | 4 | 1285 |
| --- <i>Match, The</i> | SKRINE | 8 3153 | Green, in the wizard | | |
| --- Sarah | See MACFALL. | | arms | TODHUNTER. | 9 3409 |
| Grantee | 6 | 2223 | --- <i>Little Shamrock of</i> | | |
| 'Granla' | LAWLESS | 5 1877 | Ireland, The' | CHERRY | 2 587 |
| GRATTAN, HENRY | 4 | 1384 | --- J. R. on Steele | 8 | 3196 |
| --- a master in ora- | | | --- Mrs. J. R. | 4 | 1417 |
| tory | 6 | xxviii | Greencastle | 6 | 2113 |

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
GREENE, GEORGE AR-			Half a league, half a		
THUR	4	1433	league	TELLERSON	8 301a
— on A. P. Graves'			Half-Red Maeve o' Lein-		
poetry	4	1410	ster, The		7 2748
— and the Rhymers'			HALL, Mrs. S. C.		4 1533
Club	5	1693	— describes Lady		
— on Jane Barlow's			Morgan		7 2543
stories	1	98	— M. F. Egan on		5 xv
GREGORY, LADY AUGUSTA			— on Maria Edge-		
(portrait)	4	1426	worth		3 995
— cited on 'The Lost			— Mr. and Mrs. on		
Saint'	4	1658	wakes and keen-		
— M. F. Egan on	5	vii	ing		9 3641
— on Home Rule	1	xvii	HALPINE, CHARLES GRA		
— on the drama in			HAN		4 1539
Ireland	10	xxvi	— as a humorist		6 xv
— W. B. Yeats on the			HAMILTON, COUNT		4 1542
translations of	3	xiv	— MISS		4 1543
— work of, for Celtic			— Single Speech		7 ix
literature	2	xvii	— Sir John Stuart		1 125, 131
— <i>The Curse of the</i>			Hampden's Fortune		
<i>Boots</i>	10	3928	Burke on		1 375
— <i>The grief of a</i>			HAND, JOHN		7 3265
<i>girl's heart</i>	10	3933	'Handbook of Irish An-		
Grey of Macha, Cuchu-			tiquities'		
lan's warhorse	2	xviii	WAKEMAN		
'Greydrake, Geoffrey.'			and COOKE	9	3482
See ETTINGSALL,			Handel in Dublin		5 1918
Gridiron, The	5	2063	Hand-wall of Ulster		4 1616
Grief of a Girl's Heart	10	3933	Hannah Healy, the		
GRIFFIN, GERALD (por-			Pride of Houth		STREET BAL-
trait)	4	1464	LAD	8	3284
— M. F. Egan on	5	vii	Happiness and Good Na-		
— Inherently Irish	1	xi	ture		GOLDSMITH, 4 1345
— 'The Collegians'			Happy the Wooing		
his masterpiece	1	xi	that's Not Long a Do-		
Grinpat	3	1097	ing		TYNAN-
Grindun and Ireland	4	viii	HINKSON	9	3439
Guernsey and Ireland			'Happy Prince and		
compared	7	2865	Other Tales, The'		WILDE 9 3584
Guesses	7	2687	Harcourt, Sir (charac-		
Gulceloll, The Countess			ter in 'London Assur-		
of, and Byron	6	2288	ance')		1 252
Guide to Ignorance, A.	3	881	Harcourt's Ministry		
Guiney, L. L., on J. C.			Grattan on		4 1403
Mangan	6	2352	Hardcastle (character		4 1352
Gulliver Among the			In 'She Stoops to		
Giants	9	3354	Conquer')		4 1352
— <i>The Pigmies</i>	9	3346	Hard-Gum, Strong-Ham,		
'Gulliver's Travels'	9	3346, 3354	Swift-Foot and the		
Guillotine in France,			Eyeless Lad		HYDE 4 1625
The	2	676	Hardiman on John Mac-		
Guizot	1	153, 154	Donnell	10	4013
Gull Mac Morna	4	1525, 1526	Hardiman's 'Irish Min-		
Gutter Children	4	1568	strelsy'	4	1251; 6 2230
'Guy Mannerling,' Lord			Hardy, Gathorne, on the		
Derby's quotation			Irish Church		6 2158
from	6	2159	— The Art of		
GWINN, STEPHEN (por-			Thomas'		JOHNSON 5 1694
trait)	4	1512	Hark! a martial sound		
— on the poetry of			is heard		BUGGY 1 558
"A. E."	8	2987	'Hark! the vesper		
Gymnasium of Elo-			hymn'		MOORE 7 2537
quence, A	7	x	Harleian MSS., The		
			(color plate)		8 Front
			'Harp that once through		
			Tara's halls, The'		MOORE 7 2535
			Harris, Walter, trans-		
			lator of the Works of		
			Sir James Ware		9 3514
			Harrison, Coscy		1 145
			'Harry Lorrequer'		LEVER 5 1979
			HARTLEY, Mrs. (MAY		
			LAFFAN)		4 1557
			— M. F. Egan on		5 vii
			Harvard, Chap-books at		3 xxi
			Harvest Hymn, The		
			Irish Reaper's		KEEGAN 5 1765

H.

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Has summer come with- out the rose O'SHAUGH- NESSY	7 2844	Henrys, Ireland under the	10 3845
Hastings (character in 'She Stoops to Conquer')	4 1349	<i>Her Majesty the King</i> . ROCHE	8 2959
— Warren, Extract from 'The Im- peachment of'.	1 383	— Voice WILDE	9 3593
— Sheridan's Speech on	1 129	Hercules, Pillars of	2 747
— Meagher on	6 2424	Here is the road. MACMANUS.	6 2273
Hats in Ireland	9 3496	— Hes Nolly Gold- smith GARRICK	4 1380
<i>Haughty Princess, The</i> . KENNEDY	5 1793	— poor Ned Pur- don GOLDSMITH.	4 1383
<i>Haunch of Venison, The</i> . GOLDSMITH.	4 1377	Heredity in the Sherl- dan family	8 3068
<i>Haunted Cellar, The</i> CROKER	2 707	Here's first the toast. FURLONG	4 1249
'Have you been at Car- rick?' WALSH	9 3507	— to the maiden of bashful fifteen. SHERIDAN	8 3117
— Garnavilla? LYSAGHT	6 2108	Hermann Kelstach, an ancient idol	7 2718
Hawkesworth on 'The Arabian Nights'	2 405	'Hero, The Death of an Arctic' ALEXANDER.	1 10
Hayes, 'Ballads of Ire- land'	5 1788	Herodotus, Keating the Irish	10 3065
— THOMAS (biogra- phy)	10 4027	Heroes, National leg- endary	8 2090
— <i>The Cavern</i> , by	10 3977	— The Irish mythical, not represented in art	9 3665
— <i>The Echo</i> , by	10 3983	Heroic Cycle, The	2 xi
Hazlett on George Far- quhar	3 1164	— <i>Deception, An</i> GWYNN	4 1512
— on R. B. Sheridan	8 3070	Heron on 'The Arabian Nights'	2 406
"He dies to-day," said the heartless judge. CAMPION	2 463	Herschel, Sir John, on evolution	5 1787
He found his work, but far behind LECKY	5 1913	'Herself' BARLOW	1 98
He grasped his ponder- ous hammer JOYCE	5 1741	— and <i>Myself</i> MCCALL	6 2125
He planted an oak. LECKY	5 1926	'Hesperia' WILDE	9 3596
'He said that he was not our brother' BANIM	1 58	<i>Hesperus and Phosphor</i> . <i>The Planet Venus</i> CLARKE	2 601
He that goes to bed, and goes to bed sober.	3 997	Hi Fianna, The	6 2232
He that is down is trampled (Irish prov- erb)	10 3901	Hisibernian Tales, The	3 xx
Head-dress, Ancient	9 3495	— Tales, a Chap- book (fairy and folk lore) ANONYMOUS.	4 1136 1147
Headings by Brigit	8 3251, 3255	HIGGINS, MATTHEW JAMES	4 1572
Heardst thou over the Fortress ALLINGHAM.	1 17	High Church Ritualists and Irish Roman- ists, Disraeli al- leges conspiracy between	6 2158
Heartiness of Irish hu- mor	6 viii	— Kings of Ireland, The	2 xii
<i>Heather, Among the</i> ALLINGHAM.	1 16	— upon the gallows tree SULLIVAN.	9 3339
'— Field, The' MARTYN	6 2385	'Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Stage, An' MALONE	6 2346
Hedge-school, The	1 34, 4 1283	— <i>Character of Na- polcon, An</i> PETRIE	8 2888
Hedgehogs, Supersti- tions about	9 3680	— Essay on the Dress of the An- cient and Mod- ern Irish' WALKER	9 3493
Heine, H., on Ireland.	8 xxi	— Map of Ireland	9 3708
<i>Hellas</i> WILDE	9 3595	— Society, the foun- dation of Irish eloquence	7 x
Helen	9 3660	History.	
'Hell-fire Club, The'	5 1916, 1917	— Women in Ireland in Penal Days. ATKINSON.	1 28
Hemans, Mrs., A Keen by	9 3646	— Lynch law on Vin- egar Hill BANIM	1 77
Henley, W. E., on Os- car Wilde	9 3571	— <i>A Nation's History</i> . BURKE	1 398
Hennesys, The	3 941	— <i>Capture of Hugh Roe O'Donnell</i> CONNELLAN.	2 632
Henry II. and the con- quest of Ireland.	9 viii		
— VII., Extract from a daily expense- book of	6 2347		
— VIII., Ireland un- der	7 2742		
— King, declared head of Church.	9 3390		
— Policy of, to- ward Ireland.	9 ix		
— Patrick	6 2114		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
History.			'History of England' . . . LECKY	5	1914
— <i>Escape of Hugh</i>			— of Ireland, Critical and Philo-		
— <i>Roc</i> CONNELLAN	2	635	sophical' O'GRADY	7	2752
— <i>Guillotine in France</i> CROKER	2	676	— <i>A Literary</i> HYDE	4	1603
— <i>Repealers in Prison and Out</i> DAUNT	3	811	1610, 1613, 1618		
— <i>England in Shakespeare's Youth</i> DOWDEN	3	809	— <i>as told in her Ruins</i> BURKE	1	398
— <i>Books of Courtesy in the Fifteenth Century</i> GREEN	4	1417	— <i>of my Horse Saladin, The</i> BROWNE	1	323
— <i>Scene in the Irish Famine</i> HIGGINS	4	1573	— <i>of Our Own Times, A'</i> MCCARTHY	6	2148
— <i>Death of St. Columcille</i> HYDE	4	1618	— <i>of the City of Dublin</i> GILBERT	4	1258
— <i>Splendors of Tara</i> HYDE	4	1610	— <i>of the Guillotine, The</i> CROKER	2	676
— <i>Food, Dress, and Daily Life in Ancient Ireland</i> JOYCE	5	1735	— <i>of the Illustrious Women of Erin</i>	1	32
— <i>Scenes in the Insurrection of 1798</i> LEADBEATER	5	1886	— <i>of the Lombards, Irish version of the</i>	7	2672
— <i>Dublin in the Eighteenth Century</i> LECKY	5	1914	— <i>Relation of myths and legends to</i>	1	vi
— <i>Beginnings of Home Rule</i> MCCARTHY	6	2174	— <i>Two Centuries of Irish</i> BRYCE	1	346
— <i>The Irish Church</i> MCCARTHY	6	2148	Hitchinson, Francis, duel with Lord Mountmorris	1	143
— <i>An Outline of Irish History</i> MCCARTHY	6	2174	Hobart, Major (dinner party)	1	134
— <i>The Early Stage</i> MALONE	6	2346	Hoche, General	9	3419
— <i>Picture of Ulster</i> MACNEVIN	6	2274	HOEY, MRS. CASHEL	4	1578
— <i>Irish in the War</i> MACUIRE	6	2321	— JOHN CASHEL	4	1588
— <i>Massacre at Drogheda</i> MURPHY	7	2567	HOGAN, MICHAEL	4	1591
— <i>Capture of Wolfe Tone</i> O'BRIEN	7	2604	— M. P. HARTLEY	4	1557
— <i>The First Boycott</i> O'BRIEN	7	2611	Hogarth, view of life	3	871
— <i>Oldest and the Great Home Rule Debate</i> O'CONNOR	7	2656	<i>Hold the Harvest</i> PARNELL	7	2871
— <i>Druids and Druidism</i> O'CURRY	7	2666	Holland, described in 'The Traveller'	4	1363
— <i>Old Books of Erin</i> O'CURRY	7	2670	Holmes, Oliver Wendell, on Moore	7	2505
— <i>Idolatry of the Irish</i> O'FLAHERTY	7	2718	Holy was good St. Joseph	10	3807
— <i>Lia Fail; or Jacob's Stone</i> O'FLAHERTY	7	2717	— <i>Well, The Dark</i>		
— <i>Tried by his Peers</i> O'FLANAGAN	7	2723	— <i>Girl by the</i> KEEGAN	5	1766
— <i>Pacata Hibernia</i> O'GRADY	7	2740	Hollywood	6	2113
— <i>Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan</i> ONAHAN	7	2814	Home manufactures in Ireland	9	3363
— <i>Shane the Proud</i> O'SHEA	10	3843	— Swift on	9	3416
— <i>Story of Granuaile</i> OTWAY	7	2856	— market, O'Connell on the	7	2647
— <i>Clearing of Gateway</i> PRENOERGAST	8	2913	— Rule Association, The	9	xi
— <i>Balaklava</i> RUSSELL	8	3008	— Bill (the second) 1893	9	xi
— <i>Marriage of Florence MacCarthy</i>			— <i>Debate, Gladstone and the Great</i> O'CONNOR	7	2656
— <i>More</i> SADLER	8	3018	— in Canada	6	2175
— <i>Sarsfield's Ride</i> SULLIVAN	9	3323	— in the Australasian colonies	6	2175
— <i>A Century of Subjection</i> TAYLOR	9	3390	— Isle of Man	6	2175
— <i>Interviews with Buonaparte</i> TONE	9	3418	— United States	6	2176
— <i>Origin of the Irish War</i> WARE	9	3547	— Gladstone and	9	xi
— <i>A Glance at Ireland's History</i> WELSH	9	vii	— Lady Gregory on	1	xvii
History and Biography.			— Redmond on	8	2929
— and Literature	9	vii	— <i>Beginnings of</i> MCCARTHY	6	2174
— <i>Eighty-Five Years of Irish</i> DAUNT	3	811	— <i>First Step towards</i> RICHMOND	8	2920
— <i>Lectures on Manuscript Materials of Irish</i> O'CURRY	7	2670	— vs. Local Self-Government	3	833
— <i>Not only a record of War</i>	4	vii	<i>Homeward Bound</i> LOVER	5	2024
			<i>Honey Fair, The</i> RIYS	8	2940
			Honey-sweet, sweet as honey TYNAN-HINKSON	9	8457

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Honor of the Irish people	7	2533	Hughes, Joseph	1	131
<i>Honor, An Affair of</i> ...CASTLE	2	570	Huguenot influence on		
Hoods worn by Irish ladies	9	3498	Irish dress	9	3496
<i>'Hope, thou nurse of young desire'</i>	BICKERSTAFF	1 187	MULL, ELEANOR	4	1597
Hopper, Nora	See CHESSEON.		— Work of, for Celtic literature	2	xviii
Horneck, Mary (The Jessamy Bride)	4	1301	Humor, American	1	332
<i>Horned Women, The</i> ...WILDE	9	3558	— Conviviality in	6	x
Horse, St. Columcille's.	2 xvii; 4	1619	— Ferocity in	6	ix
Horse-dealing in Ireland	8	3182	— Greek and Irish, compared	1	viii
Horsemanship	8	2935	— Heartiness of Irish	6	viii
Horse racing in Ireland	8	3166	— Imaginative character of Irish	6	viii
Hose, Gentlemen's	9	3498	— In Iceland	3	943
— In ancient times.	7	2496	— In Anglo-Irish literature	6	xli, xlii
Hospitality	5	1724, 1736	— Irish	3	1114
— In Ireland	1	29, 33	— sense of	8	xvi
— of <i>Quanna's House, The</i> . From the Irish	CONNELLAN.	2 629	— wit and, D. J. O'Donoghue on	6	vii
<i>Host of the Air, The</i> ...YEATS	9	3701	— Merriment in	6	ix
Hostelries, Ancient	5	1736	— Theories of	6	x
Hosting of the <i>Sidhe, The</i>	YEATS	9 3707	— of <i>Shakespeare, The</i>	3	870
Hotel life in Ireland	8	xx	— Pathos of	6	viii
Hotels, Dr. Magee on	8	xxi	— Political	6	ix
'Hours of Exercise in the Alps'	TYNDALL	9 3478	— Prevalence of	6	x
'House by the Churchyard, The'	LE FANU	5 1934	— Sources of	6	ix
— spirits described.	3	xx	— See <i>The Summings of Irish Life</i> .		
Household occupations	1	35	Humorists, The Irish. See <i>Irish Wit and Humor</i> , D. J. O'Donoghue.		
Houses, Ancient, in Ireland	4	1613	Humorous Poems.		
<i>How Covetousness Came into the Church</i> (folk song)	HYDE	10 3823	— <i>The French Revolution</i>	BARRY	1 131
— dimmed is the glory	CALLANAN.	2 443	— <i>Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder</i>	CANNING	2 467
— <i>Finnachta Became Rich</i>	O'DONOVAN.	7 2708	— <i>Song</i>	CANNING	2 466
— happy is the sailor's life	BICKERSTAFF	1 186	— <i>The Sprig of Shillelagh</i>	CODE	2 607
— <i>Ireland Lost Her Parliament</i>	MCCARTHY.	6 2161	— <i>Monks of the Scree</i>	CURRAN	2 797
— 'IRISH LITERATURE' was made	2	xxiii	— <i>Bumpers, Squire Jones</i>	DAWSON	3 841
— justly alarmed is each Dublin cit.	LYSAGHT.	6 2107	— <i>Katey's Letter</i>	DUFFERIN	3 935
— <i>Long Has it Been Said</i>	RAFTERY	10 3923	— <i>Elegy on Madam Blaize</i>	GOLDSMITH.	4 1382
— <i>Myles Murphy got his Ponies out of the Pound</i>	GRIFFIN	4 1483	— <i>Extracts from 'Retallation'</i>	GOLDSMITH.	4 1380
— <i>sad is my case: Irish Rann</i>	HYDE	10 3835	— <i>Haunch of Venison</i>	GOLDSMITH.	4 1377
— shall we bury him?	ALEXANDER.	1 10	— <i>Father O'Flinn</i>	GRAVES	4 1412
— the <i>Anglo-Irish Problem Could be Solved</i>	DAVITT	3 832	— <i>Paddy MacCarthy</i>	HOGAN	4 1594
— <i>to Become a Poet</i>	FAHY	3 1124	— <i>An Irish Thing in Rhyme</i>	KEELING	5 1772
— <i>get on in the World</i>	MACKLIN	6 2237	— <i>Why Are You Wandering Here?</i>	KENNEY	5 1807
— <i>govern Ireland</i>	DE VERE	3 854	— <i>Good Luck to the Friars of Old</i>	LEVER	5 1958
Howth and Killiney	6	2132	— <i>The Man for Galway</i>	LEVER	5 1975
— scenery around	7	2652	— <i>Larry McHale</i>	LEVER	5 2001
Hudden, Dudden, and Donald	3	xxi, 1147	— <i>The Pope He Leads a Happy Life</i>	LEVER	5 2002
Hugh O'Neill	4	1530	— <i>The Widow Malone</i>	LEVER	5 1999
— <i>Roe O'Donnell, Capture of</i>	CONNELLAN.	2 632	— <i>Barney O'Hea</i>	LOVER	6 2080
— <i>The Escape of</i>	CONNELLAN.	2 635	— <i>I'm Not Myself at All</i>	LOVER	6 2083
			— <i>The Low-Backed Car</i>	LOVER	6 2079
			— <i>Molly Carew</i>	LOVER	6 2076

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Humorous Poems.			Humorous Prose.		
— <i>Rory O'More</i>	LOVER	6 2084	— <i>The Thrush and the Blackbird</i>	KICKHAM	5 1824
— <i>The Whistlin' Thief</i>	LOVER	6 2081	— <i>The Quare Gander</i>	LE FANU	5 1920
— <i>Widow Machree</i>	LOVER	6 2078	— <i>Dinner Party Broken Up</i>	LEVER	5 1972
— <i>A Prospect</i>	LYSAGHT	6 2107	— <i>Major Bob Mahon's Hospitality</i>	LEVER	5 1964
— <i>Herself and Myself</i>	MCCALL	6 2125	— <i>Monks of the Scree</i>	LEVER	5 1953
— <i>Groves of Blarney</i>	MILLIKEN	6 2439	— <i>My First Day in Trinity</i>	LEVER	5 1986
— <i>Orator Puff</i>	MOORE	7 2541	— <i>My Last Night in Trinity</i>	LEVER	5 1990
— <i>Humors of Donnybrook Fair</i>	O'FLAHERTY	7 2713	— <i>Othello at Drill</i>	LEVER	5 1979
— <i>Friar of Orders Gray</i>	O'KEEFE	7 2778	— <i>Barny O'Reardon</i>	LOVER	5 2008
— <i>Curse of Doneraile</i>	O'KELLY	7 2779	— <i>The Gridiron</i>	LOVER	5 2063
— <i>The V-A-S-B.</i>	ROCHE	8 2966	— <i>King O'Toole and St. Kevin</i>	LOVER	5 2046
— <i>Kitty of Coleraine</i>	SHANLY	8 3032	— <i>New Potatoes</i>	LOVER	6 2071
— <i>The Legend of Stiffenbach</i>	WILLIAMS	9 3610	— <i>Paddy the Piper</i>	LOVER	5 2055
— <i>Brian O'Linn</i>	ANONYMOUS.	8 3273	— <i>Fionn MacCumhail and the Princess</i>	MCCALL	6 2117
— <i>Garryowen</i>	ANONYMOUS.	8 3283	— <i>Nathaniel P. Cramp</i>	MCCARTHY	6 2134
— <i>Lanigan's Ball</i>	ANONYMOUS.	8 3293	— <i>Love-Making in Ireland</i>	MACDONAGH	6 2193
— <i>Johnny, I Hardly Kneic Ye</i>	ANONYMOUS.	8 3290	— <i>Jim Walsh's Tin Box</i>	MACINTOSH	6 2233
Humorous and Satirical Prose.			— <i>Macklin, Anecdotes of</i>		6 2241
— <i>Modern Medievalism</i>	BARRETT	1 120	— <i>Why Thomas Dubh Walked</i>	MACMANUS	6 2254
— <i>Montmorenci and Cherubina</i>	BARRETT	1 123	— <i>O'Connell and Biddy Moriarty</i>	MADDEN	6 2281
— <i>The Seven Baronnets</i>	BARRINGTON	1 129	— <i>Bob Burke's Duel</i>	MAGINN	6 2303
— <i>The Cow Charmer</i>	BOYLE	1 264	— <i>Daniel O'Rourke</i>	MAGINN	6 2313
— <i>The Rural Swains</i>	BULLOCK	1 360	— <i>Rogueries of Tom Moore</i>	MAHONY	6 2337
— <i>Burke, Wise and Witty Sayings of</i>		1 396	— <i>The Captain's Story</i>	MAXWELL	6 2400
— <i>Condy Cullen and the Gauger</i>	CARLETON	2 541	— <i>A Letter from Galway</i>	MAXWELL	6 2412
— <i>Biddy Brady's Banshee</i>	CASEY	2 565	— <i>Loan of a Congregation</i>	MAXWELL	6 2411
— <i>An Affair of Honor</i>	CASTLE	2 576	— <i>A Goodly Company</i>	MOORE	7 2468
— <i>A Blast</i>	CROTTY	2 758	— <i>O'Rory Converses with the Quality</i>	MORGAN	7 2549
— <i>Curran's Witticisms, Some of</i>		2 798	— <i>O'Connell, Some Anecdotes of</i>		7 2651
— <i>Guide to Ignorance</i>	DOWLING	3 881	— <i>Paddy Frei, the Priest's Boy</i>	O'DONNELL	7 2678
— <i>On Dublin Castle</i>	DOWLING	3 887	— <i>Father O'Leary, Anecdotes of</i>		7 2793
— <i>Portlaw to Paradise</i>	DOWNNEY	3 891	— <i>Her Majesty the King</i>	ROCHE	8 2959
— <i>King John and the Mayor</i>	DOWNNEY	2 900	— <i>Sheridan, Bons Mots of</i>		8 3119
— <i>Raleigh in Munster</i>	DOWNNEY	3 909	— <i>Lisheen Races, Second-Hand</i>	SOMEVILLE	8 3166
— <i>An Icelandic Dinner</i>	DUFFERIN	3 942	— <i>Trinket's Colt</i>	SOMERVILLE	8 3182
— <i>Originality of Irish Bulls Examined</i>	EDGEWORTH	3 1055	— <i>Sterne, Some Bons Mots of</i>		8 3227
— <i>Darby Doyle's Voyage to Quebec</i>	ETTINGSALL	3 114	— <i>Widow Wadman's Eye</i>	STERNE	8 3211
— <i>How to Become a Poet</i>	FAHY	3 1124	— <i>Rackrenters on the Stump</i>	SULLIVAN	9 3333
— <i>First Lord Liftinant</i>	FRENCH	3 1233	— <i>Gulliver among the Giants</i>	SWIFT	9 3354
— <i>Advice to the Ladies</i>	GOLDSMITH	4 1322	— <i>Gulliver among the Pigmies</i>	SWIFT	9 3346
— <i>Beau Tibbs</i>	GOLDSMITH	4 1326	— <i>'Humors of Donegal'</i>	MACMANUS	6 2254
— <i>Love of Freaks</i>	GOLDSMITH	4 1334	— <i>Humors of Donnybrook Fair</i>	O'FLAHERTY	7 2713
— <i>Love of Quack Medicines</i>	GOLDSMITH	4 1343	— <i>Humphrey attacked by Lord Santry</i>		7 2723
— <i>'We'll See About It'</i>	HALL	4 1534			
— <i>An Extraordinary Phenomenon</i>	IRWIN	5 1669			
— <i>Poet and Publisher</i>	JOHNSTONE	5 1709			
— <i>An Irish Thing in Prose</i>	KEELING	5 1771			

	VOL. PAGE	I.	VOL. PAGE
Hunchback Quasimodo,		I am a friar of orders	
Hugo's description of.....	6 2343	gray.....	O'KEEFE .. 7 2778
Hunt, <i>The</i>	LEVER .. 5 1995	— a wand'ring min-	
Hunting, Irish love of.....	8 xiii	— strel man.....	WALSH ... 9 3503
Hunting Song.....	1 1490	— desolate.....	SIGERSON .. 8 3137
— Tom Moody.....	CHERRY ... 2 588	— God's Martin'	
Huntsman, <i>The Death</i>		(Irish Rann).....	HYDE10 3841
of the.....	GRIFFIN ... 4 1489	— the tender voice.....	RUSSELL .. 8 2992
Hush! hear you how		— blind myself to day	
the night wind.....	STREET BAL- LAD 8 3295	— to a strong vir-	
Hutchinson, Hely, duel		— tue.....	STOKES ... 8 3244
with Doyle.....	1 143	— do not love thee!.....	NORTON ... 7 2589
Huxley, Professor T. H.,		— drink to the	
on the origin of		— Graces, Law,	
life.....	4 1785	— Physis, Divinity.....	LEVER 5 1993
— on Bishop Berke-		— found in Innisfall	
ley.....	1 1734	— the fair.....	MANGAN ... 6 2375
Huzza for McDonnell,		— give my heart to	
Dunluce is our own.....	7 2856	— thee'.....	O'GRADY ... 7 2760
Hy-Brasil; <i>The Isle of</i>		— go to knit two	
<i>the Blessed</i> (see also		— clans together.....	DE VERE .. 3 860
I-Brazil).....	4 1510	— grieve when I	
HYDE, DOUGLAS (por-		— think.....	HOGAN 5 1593
trait).....	4 1603	— groan as I put out.....	TYNAN- HINKSON. 9 3458
— M. F. Egan on.....	5 vii	— hate a castle on	
— on antiquity of		— bog land built'	
Irish litera-		(Irish Rann).....	HYDE10 3839
ture.....	3 xvii	— hate poor hounds	
— early Irish lit-		— about a house'	
erature.....	2 vii	(Irish Rann).....	HYDE10 3839
— Kennedy's col-		— heard a distant	
lection of folk		— clarion blare.....	ARMSTRONG. 1 25
tales.....	5 1789	— the dogs howl in	
— Eugene O'Curry.....	7 2663	— the moonlight	
— J. O'Donovan and		— night.....	ALLINGHAM. 1 21
'The Annals		— hope and pray	
of the Four		— that none may	
Masters'.....	7 2705	— kill me'.....	HYDE10 3833
— Mrs. Clement		— knew by the	
Shorter's verse.....	8 3126	— smoke'.....	MOORE 7 2529
— Dr. Sigerson's		— know a lake.....	O'BRIEN ... 7 2602
poetry.....	8 3132	— a maiden: she is	
— The plays of.....	10 xiii	— dark and fair.....	O'DONNELL. 7 2687
— <i>The Twisting of</i>		— what will hap-	
<i>the Rope</i>	10 3989	— pen, sweet.....	SULLIVAN... 9 3340
— Work of, for Cel-		— who won the	
tic literature.....	2 xviii	— peace of God.....	STOKES ... 8 3261
— W. B. Yeats on		— left two lovers.....	M'GEE 7 2224
translations of.....	3 xlv	— love you, and I	
Hy-Many, Connacht.....	7 2762	— love you.....	FURLONG ... 4 1242
— The Tribes and		— loved a love—a	
Customs of'.....	7 2705	— royal love.....	LEAMY 5 1910
Hymn Before Tarah, St.		— made another gar-	
Patrick's. From		— den, yea.....	O'SHAUGH- NESSY ... 7 2844
the Irish.....	MANGAN ... 6 2360	— met an ould cail-	
— Called St. Pat-		— lach.....	SKRINE ... 8 3152
rick's Breast-		— Mind not being	
plate, <i>The</i>	STOKES ... 8 3244	— drunk, but then	
— to Contentment,		(Irish Rann).....	HYDE10 3833
From.....	PARNELL .. 7 2876	— placed the silver	
Hymns.		— in her palm.....	CAREY 2 573
— <i>There is a Green</i>		— said my pleasure.....	RUSSELL .. 8 3001
— <i>Hill Far Away</i>	ALEXANDER. 1 3	— sat within the val-	
— <i>Litany</i>	MONSELL .. 7 2465	— ley green.....	JOYCE 5 1746
— <i>Soon and Forever</i>	MONSELL .. 7 2466	— saw the Master of	
— <i>Sound the Loud</i>		— the Sun.....	DE VERE .. 3 858
— <i>Timbrel</i>	MOORE 7 2537	— sell the best brandy	
— <i>This World is All</i>		— and sherry.....	MAGRATH ..10 4016
— <i>a Fleeting Shore</i>	MOORE 7 2538	— shall not die for	
— <i>Thou Art, O God</i>	MOORE 7 2538	— love of thee.....	GRAVES ... 4 1414
Hynes, Mary, and Raf-		— Die for Thee.....	HYDE 4 1656
tery.....	9 3667	— sit beside my dar-	
Hyperbole in Irish lit-		— ling's grave.....	O'LEARY ... 7 2796
erature.....	2 xiii		
'Hypocrite, The'.....	BICKERSTAFF 1 182		

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
I tell you an ancient story	GWYNN . . . 4 1523	Imaal. The crags of	6 2267
— thank the goodness and the grace	4 1610	Image of beauty, when I	RUSSELL . . 8 3000
— walked in the lone- some evening	ALLINGHAM. 1 14	Imageries of dreams re- veal	JOHNSON . . 4 1699
— want no lectures from a learned master	GRIFFIN . . . 4 1382	'Imagination and Art in Gaelic Litera- ture'	ROLLESTON. 8 2968
— watched last night the rising moon	KENEALY . . 5 1788	— <i>Scientific Limit of the</i>	TYNDALL . . 9 3471
— wear a shamrock in my heart	GILBERT . . . 4 1279	— Scientific use of the	1 xvii
— will arise and go now	YEATS 9 3707	Imaginative character of Irish wit	6 viii
— would I were on yonder hill	STREET BAL- LAD 9 3315	— element in the Irish character	4 1287
I Breasil (see also Hy- Brasall)	MACMANUS. 6 2268	Imogen, Shakespeare's love of	3 875
Ibsen and the Irish drama	10 xx	'Impachment of War- ren Hastings'	BURKE 1 383
Iceland, Manners and customs in	3 943	<i>Imperatrix, Ave</i>	WILDE 9 3588
<i>Icelandic Dinner, An</i>	DUFFERIN . 3 942	Imports and exports, Irish	9 3364
Icilius, the Roman lover of Virginia	5 1850	Impressionism	9 3582
I'd rock my own sweet childie	GRAVES 4 1411	Imtheacht na Tromd- hainbe, The	2 629
— wed you without herds	3 1181	In a quiet watered land	ROLLESTON. 8 2979
'Ideals in Ireland'	RUSSELL . . . 8 2989	— a slumber visional	SIGERSON . . 8 3134
'Ideas of Good and Evil'	YEATS. 9 3654, 3661	— <i>Defense of Charles Gavan Duffy</i>	WHITESIDE. 9 3550
<i>Idler in France, The</i>	BLESSING- TON 1 212	— Egypt's land, con- tagious to the Nile	9 3685
<i>Idolatry of the Irish</i>	O'FLAHERTY. 7 2718	— <i>Exile, Australia</i>	ORR 7 2837
If I had thought thou couldst have died	WOLFE 9 3634	— France they called them <i>Trouba- dours</i>	LOVER 5 2007
— I'm the Faery fool, Balua	CHESSON . . . 2 593	— Ireland 'tis even- ing	ORR 7 2840
— sadly thinking, with spirits sink- ing	CURRAN 2 796	— Pulchram Lacti- feram	MAHONY . . . 6 2340
— you go over desert and mountain	O'SHAUGH- NESSY 7 2845	— <i>Saint Patrick's Ward</i>	BLUNDELL . . 1 215
— <i>hope to teach, you must be a fool</i> (Irish Rann)	HYDE 10 3833	— <i>September</i>	TODHUNTER. 9 3406
— searched the county o' Car low	M'CALL 6 2122	— Siberia's wastes	MANGAN . . . 6 2368
— would like to see FAHY	3 1132	— the airy whirling wheel	ROLLESTON. 8 2970
'Ignorant Essays'	DOWLING . . . 3 881	— <i>The Engine-Shed</i>	WILKINS . . . 9 3606
Ikerrin	3 859	— <i>the Gates of the North</i>	O'GRADY . . . 7 2746
Ilbrec, son of Manan- ran	4 1449	— the gloomy ocean bed	ROCHE 8 2964
Illet distilling	1 46; 2 541; 4 1456	— the gold vale of Limerick	STREET BAL- LAD 9 3310
Illuminated MSS., An- cient Irish	2 xx	— the heart of a German forest	ROLLESTON. 8 2977
— ornaments and Ini- tials (color plate)	4 1620; 8 Front 9 Front	— the heart of high blue hills	FURLONG . . . 4 1241
I'm a bold undaunted Irishman	STREET BAL- LAD 8 3275	— the Kingdom of Kerry'	CROKEN 2 660
— left all alone like a stone	GRAVES 4 1414	— the town of Athy one Jeremy Lani- gan	STREET BAL- LAD 9 3293
— <i>Not Myself at All</i>	LOVER 6 2083	— the Valley of Shanganagh	MARTLEY . . . 6 2382
— sitting on the stile	DUFFERIN . . . 3 923	— the wet dusk sil- ver sweet	RUSSELL 8 3003
— up and down and round about	SWIFT 9 3389	— <i>Thoughtland and Dreamland</i>	KEELING 5 1769
— very happy where I am	BOUCICAULT. 1 257	— yonder well there lurks a spell	MAHONY 2 690
		Inchegeelagh	3 114
		Inchy	4 1650

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
<i>Income-Tax, Speech in</i>		<i>Invasion, The Danish</i>	9 viii
<i>Opposition to Pitt's</i>		<i>Invasions, caused dis-</i>	
<i>First</i>SHERIDAN ..	8 3072	person of MSS.....	7 2670
<i>Independence, Declara-</i>		of Ireland.....	9 vii
<i>tion of American</i>	4 1665	<i>Inver Bay, My</i>MACMANUS..	6 2264
<i>India. See Warren</i>		<i>Scelne</i>	4 1484
<i>Hastings.</i>		<i>Iona, The Abbey of</i>	4 1618
<i>cruelities in</i>	1 385	<i>Iona's ruined cloisters</i>	6 2226
<i>Indian Chief, Capture</i>		<i>Iota</i>See CAFFYN ..	2 429
<i>of an</i>REID	8 2935	<i>Ireland</i>GWYNN ..	4 1532
<i>horsemanship</i>	8 2935	<i>A Literary History</i>	
<i>Tale, An</i>	4 1323	<i>of</i>HYDE	4 1603
<i>India's diadems</i>	7 2511	1610, 1613, 1618	
<i>Individual ownership</i>		<i>A Sorrowful La-</i>	
<i>of land</i>	7 2866	<i>ment for</i>GREGORY ..	4 1459
<i>Individually of Irish</i>		<i>Ancient Legends</i>	
<i>literature</i>	2 xvii	<i>of</i>WILDE	9 3557
<i>Indo-European family,</i>		3561, 3566	
<i>Irish part of an</i>	3 xvii	<i>and the Arts</i>YEATS	9 3661
<i>Industries, Irish</i>	9 3362	<i>Annals of</i>O'DONOVAN..	7 2706
<i>Infanticide in ancient</i>		2708, 2709	
<i>Greece</i>	6 2332	<i>Antiquity of</i>	1 399
<i>Influence of Irish learn-</i>		<i>Cromwell in</i>MURPHY ..	7 2567
<i>ing and art</i>	4 1599	<i>Fair Hills of</i>FERGUSON ..	3 1185
<i>the Irish lan-</i>		<i>Food, Dress and</i>	
<i>guage, The</i>O'BRIEN ..	7 2614	<i>Daily Life in An-</i>	
<i>INGRAM, JOHN KELLS</i>	4 1659	<i>cient</i>JOYCE	5 1735
<i>Inheritance</i>RUSSELL ..	8 3002	<i>her own or the</i>	
<i>Inis Fall, the Isle of</i>		<i>world in a blaze</i>	8 3067
<i>Destiny</i>2 443; 5 1708		<i>Historic and Pic-</i>	
<i>Inisfail</i>5 1745		<i>turesque</i>JOHNSTON ..	5 1702
<i>Aldfrid's Itinerary</i>		<i>How to Govern</i>DE VERE ..	3 854
<i>in</i>	6 2375	<i>in 1720, Essay on</i>	
<i>See Ode written on</i>		<i>the State of</i>TONE	9 3415
<i>Leaving Ireland</i>		<i>in 1727, A Short</i>	
<i>and Ways of</i>		<i>View of</i>SWIFT	9 3362
<i>War.</i>		<i>in 1798, The State</i>	
<i>Inisfallen</i>	5 1875	<i>of</i>TONE	9 3421
<i>Killarney (half-</i>		<i>in Penal Days,</i>	
<i>tone engraving)</i>	8 3020	<i>Women in</i>ATKINSON ..	1 28
<i>ruined abbey at</i>	8 3020	<i>in Summer (half-</i>	
<i>The beauty of</i>	5 1875	<i>tone engraving)</i>	5 1703
<i>Inishmann</i>	5 1884	<i>in the New Cen-</i>	
<i>Inismore, The Prince of</i>	7 2543	<i>tury</i>PLUNKETT ..	8 2908
<i>Injustice of Disqualifi-</i>		<i>in the Past Gen-</i>	
<i>cation of Catholics,</i>		<i>eration, Revela-</i>	
<i>Of the</i>GRATTAN ..	4 1405	<i>tions of</i>MADDEN ...	6 2281
<i>Inisboffin, Island of</i>	4 1266	<i>JOHN, ARCH-</i>	
<i>Iniscarra</i>BUCKLEY ..	1 351	<i>BISHOP (portrait)</i>	5 1662
<i>Inisdoyle</i>	2 758	<i>Justice for</i>O'CONNELL..	7 2641
<i>Inisfree, The Lake Isle</i>		<i>Letters on the</i>	
<i>of</i>YEATS	9 3707	<i>State of</i>DOYLE	3 919
<i>Inishowen</i>DUFFY	3 961	<i>Love-making in</i>MACDONAGH	6 2193
<i>Inistuil</i>	2 632	<i>Meeting, A Young</i>MACCARTHY..	6 2180
<i>Inny (river), The</i>2 573, 575		<i>No Snakes in</i>O'KEEFE ..	7 2771
<i>Inscription</i>ALEXANDER. 1 8		<i>of His Day, The</i>FERGUSON ..	3 1170
<i>Inscriptions (Petrie's</i>		<i>oh Ireland! cen-</i>	
<i>Christian cited)</i>	9 3684	<i>ter of my long-</i>	
<i>Insularity of the Greeks</i>	6 2332	<i>ings</i>GWYNN	4 1532
<i>Insurrection of Tyrone</i>		<i>On the Policy for</i>MEAGHER ..	6 2415
<i>and Desmond, The</i>	7 2862	<i>St. Patrick, Apos-</i>	
<i>Intellectual achievement</i>		<i>tle of</i>TODD	9 3400
<i>and moral force</i>	9 2468	<i>Sixty Years Ago</i>WALSH ..	9 3513
<i>awakening caused</i>		<i>Sketches in</i>OTWAY	7 2848
<i>by The Nation</i>	9 xi	2853	
<i>Intermarriage of Irish</i>		<i>The Cromwellian</i>	
<i>and English prohib-</i>		<i>Settlement of</i>PRENDER-	
<i>ited</i>	9 ix	GAST	8 2913
<i>Interpretation of Life-</i>		<i>The Glory of</i>MEAGHER ..	6 2420
<i>ature, The</i>DOWDEN ...	3 866	<i>The National Mu-</i>	
<i>Interview between Flon</i>		<i>sic of</i>BURKE	2 460
<i>Ma Cuhball and Can-</i>		<i>The Northmen in</i>STOKES ..	8 3238
<i>nan</i>	9 3494	<i>The Pillar Towers</i>	
<i>Interviews with Buona-</i>		<i>of</i>MACCARTHY..	6 2139
<i>parte</i>TONE	9 3418	<i>The Story of</i>SULLIVAN ..	9 3323
<i>Into the Twilight</i>YEATS ..	9 3705		

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
'Ireland, The Whole Works of Sir James Ware Concerning' WARE	9 3544 3546, 3547	Irish Grandmother, The. STREET BAL- LAD	8 3288
— To WILDE	9 3573	'— History, An Out- line of' MCCARTHY.	6 2174 2179
— 'Traces of the El- der Faiths of' WOOD-MAR- TIN	9 3640	'— Eighty-Five Years of' DAUNT	3 811
— Visible and Invisi- ble JOHNSTON	5 1702	— Lectures on Manuscript Materials of O'CURRY	7 2670
N. B. The foregoing are the titles in which the word "Ireland" oc- curs; to index all references to Ireland would have taken too much space and is scarcely nec- essary.		— House of Com- mons, October, 1783	4 1400
'Ireland's Cause in Eng- land's Parlia- ment' MCCARTHY.	6 2161	'— Ideas O'BRIEN	7 2617
— Influence on Euro- pean literature SIGERSON	4 vii	'— Idylls' BARLOW	1 98
— Part in English Achievement SHEIL	8 3057	'— in America, The MAGUIRE	6 2321
— Wrongs, Carlyle on	3 951	'— in America, The O'BRIEN	7 2617
Iris Olkryn See MILLIGAN.		'— in the War, The MAGUIRE	6 2321
Irish, A Plea for the Study of O'BRIEN	7 2614	'— Intellect, The GILES	4 1280
— Antiquities, Hand book of' WAKEMAN and COOKE.	9 3482	'— Land Bill of 1876	6 2177
— As a Spoken Lan- guage HYDE	4 1603	'— Language of the Ancient WARE	9 3544
— Astronomy HALPINE	4 1540	'— prohibited	9 ix
— Bar, The O'FLANAGAN.	7 2723 2728	'— Life, The Sunniness of	8 vii
— Bear, An	7 2794	'— Literature, Charac- teristics of	2 xviii
— Borough Franchise Bill, The	6 2176	'— wrongly classed as English	2 xviii
— Bulls Examined, Originality of EDGEWORTH.	3 1055	'— Continuity of	2 xviii
— Celts, Legendary Fictions of the KENNEDY	5 1796 1799, 1801, 1803	'— England's in- debtedness to	2 xviii
— Chiefs, The DUFFY	3 959	'— Individuality of	2 xviii
— Church, The MCCARTHY.	6 2148	'— National spirit in	2 xviii
— Confederation, The	6 2419	'— Racial flavor of	2 xviii
— contingent of Louis XV., The	7 2815	'— (special article). MCCARTHY.	1 vii
— Cry, The WILSON	9 3617	'— Love Song, An FURLONG	4 1242
— Doomsday Book	7 2705	'— Lullaby GRAVES	4 1411
— Dress of the An- cient WALKER	9 3493	'— Manuscripts. (See Ancient Irish Manuscripts.)	
— Ecclesiastical Re- mains, Ancient. PETRIE	8 2880	'— Melodies, Moore's	6 2337
— Emigrant in Amer- ica, Song of the FITZSIMON.	3 1206	'— Ministreisy, Hard- iman's	4 1251
— Lament of the DUFFEIN	3 933	'— Misdeeds, English Misrule and' DE VERE	3 854
— Exile, The MAC DER- MOTT	6 2189	'— Mistake, An READ	8 2918
— Fairy and Folk Tales WELSH	3 xvii	'— Molly O FAHY	3 1133
— Tales' LEAMY	5 1899	'— Molly O STREET BAL- LAD	8 3288
— Famine, A Scene in the HIGGINS	4 1573	— Municipal Fran- chise Bill, The	6 2176
— Farmer in Contem- plation, The (color plate)	1 xvi	— Privileges Bill	6 2176
'— Felon, The LALOR	5 1855	— Music PETRIE	1 401 8 2885
'— Fisheries Bill, The	6 2176	— Musical Genius, An O'DONOGHUE	7 2690
'— Folk Tales' LARMINIE	5 1866	— Novels EGAN	5 vii
— See Irish Fairy Tales.		— Parliament, Inde- pendence of	9 x
— Gentry and their Retainers BARRINGTON.	1 138	— Speech in	3 1212, 1217
		— Patriot, The Ambi- tion of the PHILLIPS	8 2892
		— Peasant to his Mistress, The. MOORE	7 2536
		— Justin McCarthy on Moore's	6 2148
		'— People and the Irish Land. The' BUTT	2 427
		— not represented by the Irish Parliament	6 2162
		'— Prose	10 3959
		— question an Ameri- can question	9 3329

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Irish railways, The bill for purchase of.....	6 2176	It was the fairy of the place.....	RUSSELL .. 8 3002
— <i>Rapparees, The</i>	3 957	— very early in the spring.....	STREET BAL- LAD .. 8 3278
— <i>Reaper's Harvest Hymn, The</i>	5 1765	<i>Italian Gesticulation</i>	WISEMAN .. 9 3627
— Registration of Voters Bill, The.....	6 2176	Italy described in Gold- smith's <i>The Travel- ler</i>	4 1359
— <i>Rights, Declara- tion of</i>	4 1387	It's a lonely road through bog-land ..	RUSSELL .. 8 2997
— Romanists and Rit- ualists, Disraeli alleges conspir- acy between.....	6 2158	— <i>To mix-without- fault' (Irish Rann)</i>	HYDE .. 10 3835
— scholars in Europe.....	9 3395	Its edges foamed with amethyst.....	RUSSELL .. 8 3004
— <i>School of Oratory, The</i>	7 vii	Ivara.....	2 439
— <i>Sketch Book,' Thackeray's</i> (quoted).....	3 xxi	<i>Ivor, Lament for King</i>	STOKES .. 8 3260
— <i>Spinning Wheel, The</i>	4 1410	J.	
— State Church, Gladstone on.....	6 2156	J. J. W.....	See JOHN WALSH.
— <i>Surnames of the Ancient</i>	9 3546	J. W.....	See JOHN WALSH.
— <i>Idolatry of the</i>	O'FLAHERTY. 7 2718	J. K. L.....	See DOYLE.
— <i>The Origin of the</i>	4 3547	'Jack Hinton'.....	LEVER. 5 1952, 1964
— <i>Thing in Prose, An</i>	5 1771	Jackets, Women's.....	9 3495
— <i>in Rhyme, An</i>	5 1772	Jackson, Andrew, of the Ship Castledown.....	6 2114
— <i>Wit and Humor</i>	O' D O N O- GHUE .. 6 vii	Jacob Omnium.....	See HIGGINS.
— Wits and Wor- thies'.....	FITZPATRICK 3 1199	Jacobinism.....	2 443
— LITERATURE,' Ob- jects of, defined.....	1 xiv	Jacobite cause, The.....	9 3445
— See N. B. at end of Ireland, ante.		<i>Jacob's Stone</i> (half-tone engraving).....	O'FLAHERTY. 7 2717
Irish-Australians.....	7 2618	'Jail Journal, John Mitchel's'.....	MITCHEL .. 6 2444
Irishman, The.....	7 2839	James II., Curran on.....	2 780, 789
<i>Irishman's Farewell to his Country</i>	STREET BAL- LAD .. 8 3287	— and Ireland.....	9 lx
<i>Irishmen as Rulers, On</i>	DUFFERIN .. 3 938	— Memoirs of (cited).....	9 3324
— in Foreign Ser- vice, Eminent'.....	ONAHAN .. 7 2814	— Sarsfield's loyalty to.....	7 2817
Irreverent Milton! bold I deem.....	MULLANEY .. 7 2561	JAMESON, MRS.....	5 1678
Irony. See Humor.		<i>Jamie Freet and the Young Lady</i>	MACLINTOCK 6 2242
— of Dean Swift.....	6 xii	<i>Jane: A Sketch from Dublin Life</i>	COSTELLO .. 2 1640
IRWIN, THOMAS CAUL- FIELD.....	5 1668	— Grey, Execution of Lady.....	3 851
Is he then gone?.....	BROOKE .. 1 288	<i>Janus</i>	RUSSELL .. 8 3000
— it thus: O Shame.....	8 3024	Japhet, Ireland de- scended from.....	9 3548
— they will that I should wax and wane.....	9 3592	<i>Jarvey</i> (comic paper).....	6 x
— there one desires to hear.....	LARMINIE .. 5 1875	Jaunting-car (half-tone engraving).....	2 788
<i>Island Fisherman, An</i>	TYNAN- HINKSON. 9 3458	Jephson's anecdote of Faulkner.....	4 1262
— of Atlantis, The.....	CROLY .. 2 749	Jeffers, Lady.....	6 2440
— of Saints and Scholars.....	9 viii	Jefferson, J., as Bob Acres (portrait).....	8 3088
— Ireland the.....	1 xvii; 2 vii	<i>Jenny from Ballinasloe</i>	STREET BAL- LAD .. 8 3285
Islandbridge.....	7 2694	Jeremy Diddler (char- acter in 'Raising the Wind').....	5 1805
Isle in the Water, An.....	TYNAN- HINKSON. 9 3444	Jerrold, B., on 'Father Prout'.....	6 2336
— of the Blest, The.....	GRIFFIN .. 4 1510	'Jessamy Bridg, The'.....	MOORE .. 7 2468
It is far and it is far.....	MILLIGAN .. 6 2438	— (Mary Horneck).....	4 1301
— not beauty I de- mand.....	DARLEY .. 2 807	JESSOP, GEORGE H.....	5 1688
— not travel makes the man.....	FLECKNOE .. 3 1209	'Jeskin'.....	SIGERSON .. 8 3141
— was long past the noon.....	SAVAGE-ARM- STRONG .. 8 3028	<i>Jim Walsh's Tin Box</i>	MACINTOSH. 6 2233
— on the Mount Citharon.....	WILKINS .. 9 3604	Jocelyn, Robert.....	7 2724
		<i>John O'Dwyer of the Glen</i>	FURLONG .. 4 1247
		— of the Two Sheep.....	HYDE .. 4 1631
		Johnen.....	SKRINE .. 8 3154

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
<i>Johnny, I Hardly Kneec</i>		Kauffmann, Angelica,	7 2473
<i>Ye</i> STREET BAL-		The Art of.	5 1752
		LAD	8 2664
JOHNSON, LIONEL	5 1693	KAVANAGH, ROSE	8 2664
— and the Rhy-		KEARSE, THE	5 1755
— mers' Club	5 1693	KEARY, ANNIE	5 1755
— on W. Alling-		KEATING, GEOFFREY (bl-	
— ham's verse	1 11	ography)	10 4012
— on J. C. Man-		— P. S. Dineen on.	10 3959
— gan	6 2351	Keating's cave in Aher-	
— W. B. Yeats on.	3 xiii	low Glen	7 2615
— Dr. S., and Mack-		Keats, Celtic influence	9 3655
— lin	6 2241	KEEGAN, JOHN	5 1762
— on E. Burke	1 369	KEELING, ELSA D'ES-	
— on Sir John Den-		TERRE	5 1769
— ham	3 849	Keenan, Sir Patrick.	4 1605
— on Ireland's		Keening and Wake.	WOOD MAR-
— learning	1 xvii	TIN	9 3640
— on the Earl of		— of the Three Marys	
— Roscommon	8 2981	(folk song)	HYDE
— on 'The Tem-		KEIGHTLEY, SAMUEL	5 1774
— pest'	2 407	— ROBERT	5 1774
— See A Goodly Com-		— M. F. Egan on.	5 xiii
— pany and The		Kelkar, Son of Uther.	7 2759
— Haunch of Ven-		Kells	5 1738
— son.	7 2479	— Book of	5 1737; 7 2671
Johnson's Dictionary.	7 2479	— (color plate)	9 Front
Johnston, Anna. See MACMANUS.		— Crosses at	9 3485
— CHARLES	5 1702	Kelly, Eva Mary.	See O'DOHERTY.
JOHNSTONE, CHARLES.	5 1709	— HUGH	5 1781
Jonathan Freke		— D. J. O'Don-	
Silingsby. See WALLER.		— ghue on wit of.	6 xiii
Jones, Mr. Bence, Boy-		— Goldsmith on	4 1381
cotting of.	7 2613	— Margaret	9 3503
Jordan, Mrs.	5 1920	— the Fenian leader,	
Jordan's Banks	7 2517	Rescue of	7 2607
Josephus on the dis-		KELVIN, LORD (SIR WIL-	
persal after Babel	9 3548	LIAM THOMPSON)	5 1783
Journal of a Lady of		Kenealy, Dr., D. J.	
Fashion	BLESSING-	O'Donoghue on	6 xiv
	TON	— WILLIAM	5 1788
'— to Stella, The'. SWIFT	9 3378	Kenmare, Rimucln's	
— Journey in Disguise, A. BURTON	2 408	— journey from	1 32
Journeys End in Lovers		KENNEY, PATRICK	5 1789
Meeting	KICKHAM	Kennedys, The	3 941
'Jove's Poet'. See MOORE.	5 1815	KENNEY, JAMES	5 1805
Joy! Joy! the day is		— D. J. O'Donoghue	
come at last	DUFFY	— on wit of	6 xiii
JOYE, PATRICK WES-		Kensington and Rane-	
TON (portrait)	5 1713. 1730	agh Gardens	1 165
— ROBERT DWYER.	5 1741	Keogh, Anecdotes of.	FITZPATRICK 3 1199
Judge's Bill. The	4 1395	— Jemmy	1 145
July the first of a		KERNAHAN, COULSON	
morning clear	STREET BAL-	(portrait)	5 1809
	LAD	Kerry "a fit cradle for	
Junius, the Letters of.	3 1226	O'Connell"	4 1588
Jupiter's moons	1 38	— Ancient families	4 1590
Just after the war, in		— Dance, The	MOLLOY
the year	LE FANU	— In the Kingdom	
Justice for Ireland	O'CONNELL.	of'	CROKER
		— Number of Irish	4 1607
		— words used in.	4 1590
		— The Knight of	4 1590
		Kerry's pride and Mun-	
		ster's glory	8 3066
		Key-Shield of the Mass.	
		KICKHAM, CHARLES JO-	
		SEPH	5 1855
		— and the 'Irish Pco-	
		ple'	O'LEARY
		— as a humorist	6 xv
		— D. J. O'Donoghue	
		on	5 xvii
		— M. F. Egan on	5 vii, xv

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Kickham, W. B. Yeats on	3 xl	King of Prussia, The, and feudal land tenure	7 2866
Kieran, St., and Clon- macnoise	9 3484	— <i>the Black Des- ert, The.</i> From fairy and folk lore	10 3713
Kilbride, Carlow to	3 1182	— <i>the Cats, Sean- chan the Bard and the</i>	9 3566
Kilcoo, The Glens of	4 1255	— <i>O'Toole and St. Kevin</i>	5 2046
Kilcrea	1 353	— RICHARD ASHE	5 1833
Kilcullen	5 1894	— William	3 967
Kildare, Bishop of	4 1600	Kingly Power, The	2 780
— Brigit at	8 3253	Kingstown	7 2651
— landford, A	4 1574	<i>Kinkora.</i> From the Irish of Mac-Liag	6 2377
— The House of	7 2741	Kinnegad	5 1961
— <i>Pooka, The</i>	5 1796	Kinsale Fisherman, A	5 2009
— The Curragh of	5 1802	— The battle of	7 2744
Kilkee	5 1740	— The landing of the Spaniards at	7 2740
Kilduff	2 647	Kinvara	3 1134
'Kilhwch and Olwen'	4 1598	Kinvara (Kenn-Mara)	5 1729
<i>Kilkenny Exile's Christ- mas Song, The.</i> KENEALY ..	5 1788	KIRWAN, WALTER BLAKE	5 1842
— Man, The	See CAMPION.	— as an Orator	3 1202
— Statute of	9 3391	— Eloquence of	1 127
— The 'holy well' near	5 1766	— Grattan's tribute to	7 xvii
Kill, Bhélate	4 1623	— not a plagiarist	1 128
Killaan	2 689	— Mount	6 2413
Killala	4 1575	<i>Kish of Brogues, A.</i>	1 264
— The Bishops of	6 2232	<i>Kitty Neal</i>	9 3500
— The French at	9 3697	— of Coleraine	8 3032
— The Scene of <i>Cathleen ni Hool- than</i>	10 xxi	<i>Knife-Grinder, Friend of Humanity and the.</i> CANNING ..	2 467
Killaloe	6 2377	<i>Knight of the Sheep</i>	4 1466
Killarney. See <i>Dermot Astore.</i>		— <i>Tricks, The.</i>	10 3751
— Colleen Bawn Rock (half-tone en- graving)	4 1494	<i>Knighting of Cuchulain.</i> O'GRADY ..	7 2756
— Echo at the lake of	3 1056	Knights of Tara	1 146
— The beauty of	5 1876	Knock-na-Plan	7 2754
— The Falls of (half- tone engraving)	5 1876	'Knocknagow'	5 1815
— The Lake of. See <i>Rent-day.</i>		Knockthun, The Hill of	4 1255
— The Lakes of (color plate)	4 Front	KNOWLES, JAMES SHER- IDAN (portrait)	5 1846
— Olsin at	5 1714	Kylemore	6 2391
— Mountain Cottage in (half-tone en- graving)	4 1484	Knowledge, Injury of	3 882
— O'Connell at	7 2652	L.	
— Killenauale affair, The	7 2798		
Killibegs	5 1575	L. N. F. See MRS. FITZSIMON.	
Killillee	6 2354	<i>La Cruche and Kitty of Coleraine</i>	8 3032
Killiney	6 2132	La Hogue, Sea fight off	7 2823
— Bay	4 1424	La Touche, the Banker	6 2106
— Hill	7 2651	<i>Ladies, Advice to the.</i>	4 1322
Kilmartin	See JOHN WALSH.	— Irish, Dress of	9 3497
Kilrush	5 1958	<i>Lady Gay Spanker (character in 'London Assur- ance')</i>	1 252
Kiltown Abbey	6 2250	— <i>Jane Grey</i>	3 851
Kilwarden, Lord	2 797	— <i>of Fashion, Jour- nal of a</i>	1 193
Kilworth	2 681	— Teazle, Ada Echan as	8 3105
— Mountains, The	7 2730	Laeg, Son of Riagabra	4 1433
Kimbay Maefontann	7 2757	Laegaire, King, and St. Patrick. (See also Laogar, or Laoghaire)	4 1601
King Alilil's Death	8 3261	Laeghaire (Leary)	4 1616
— <i>Bagenal</i>	3 817	Laffan, May. See MRS. HARTLEY.	
— Charles he is King James's son	2 442	Laffans, The	3 941
— John and the Mayor	3 1900	La Gioconda (half-tone engraving)	3 877
— of Denmark's Ride, The	7 2587		
— England pro- claimed King of Ireland	9 3390		
— Ireland's Son, The (see also The Red Duck)	2 590		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Lalgaire	4	1443	Land tenure, Frederick		
Lake Isle of Innisfree,			William of		
<i>The</i>	YEATS	9 3707	Prussia	7	2866
— of the <i>Dismal</i>			Froude cited on	7	2866
<i>Sicamp, The</i>	MOORE	7 2539	John Bright on	7	2867
Lakes of Killarney			<i>On</i>	BUTT	2 422
(color plate)	4	Front	See also	5	1855; 7 2862
— or loughs of Ul-			Landen, The battle of	3	957; 7 2824
ster, <i>The</i>	6	2275	Landlords and Tenants	2	422
'Lalla Rookh'	MOORE	7 2509	Landlordism	10	3919
— Father Prout on	6	2342	LANE, DENNY	5	1863
— Meagher on	6	2421	Language, fossil poetry	9	3434
LALOR, JAMES FINTAN	5	1855	— <i>Irish as a Spoken</i> , HYDE	4	1603
Lambert, Nannie	See	MRS. POWER	— of <i>the Ancient</i>		
		O'DONOGHUE.	<i>Irish</i>	WARE	9 3544
Lambert, Old Lady			<i>Langue d'oïl and langue</i>		
(character in 'Mr.			d'oc, Irish older than	2	vii
Mawworn')	1	182	Lanulish, Lydia (char-		
Lament, From the Irish			acter in 'The Rivals')	8	3078
of Owen Ward, MANGAN ..	6	2352	<i>Lanigan's Ball</i>	8	3293
— A. From the Irish CURRAN ..	2	768	Laogar, King	7	2719
— <i>Claragh's</i> , From			Laogar's daughters, con-		
the Irish	D'ALTON	2 803	verted by St. Patrick	7	2720
— for Ireland, A Sor-			<i>Laoghair's Daughters,</i>		
<i>rowful</i>	GREGORY	4 1459	<i>Conversion of King</i>		
— for King Ivor	STOKES	8 3260	(fairy and folk tale), ANONYMOUS.	3	1162
— O Dalcassians! the			Laol na mná móire	4	1609
Eagle	HOGAN	4 1591	<i>Lapful of Nuts, The</i>	FERGUSON	3 1183
— of <i>Maer Leith-</i>			Larkin executed at Man-		
<i>Dherg, The</i> , From			chester	7	2608; 9 3339
the Irish	ROLLESTON.	8 2975	Larks	TYNAN-	
— of <i>O'Guire, The</i> .			HINKSON.	9	3457
— From the Irish, CALLANAN ..	2	443	LARMINIE, WILLIAM	5	1866
— of the Irish <i>Emi-</i>			<i>Larry M'Hale</i>	LEVER	5 2001
grant	DUFFERIN	3 933	<i>Last Desire, The</i>	ROLLESTON.	8 2973
— of the Irish			— <i>Gleeman, The</i>	YEATS	9 3683
Maiden, <i>The</i>	LANE	5 1865	— <i>Music, The</i>	JOHNSON	5 1700
— of the <i>Mangaic</i>			— <i>Rose of Summer,</i>		
<i>Sugach</i> , From			<i>The</i>	MOORE	7 2528
the Irish	WALSH	9 3508	— <i>Speech of Robert</i>		
— over the Ruins of			<i>Emmet</i>	EMMET	3 1087
the Abbey of			'Latitudes, Letters from		
Timolcague	FERGUSON	3 1177	High'	DUFFERIN	3 942
Lamentation of Hugh			Latnamard	3	958
Reynolds, <i>The</i>	STREET BAL-		Lauderdale, Lord, Sher-		
	LAD	8 3292	Idan on	8	3123, 3125
Lancashire cotton mills	1	37	Lavalla, The Lake of	6	2230
Land Act, Irish	2	426	Law.		
— of 1870, <i>The</i>	6	2178; 9 xi	— <i>Penal Laws, The</i>	MCCARTHY.	6 2179
— The motion of			— <i>Nation's Right</i> , A. MOLYNEUX ..	6	2460
1875 for In-			— <i>Tried by his Peers</i> , O'FLANAGAN	7	2723
quiry into the			LAWLESS, EMILY	5	1877
workings of the			— M. F. Egan on	5	viii
— Agents. See <i>Cas-</i>			Lawrence's Gate, Drog-		
<i>tle Rackrent and</i>			heda (half-tone en-		
<i>The Gommeen</i>			graving)	7	2568
— <i>Man</i> ,			Lawrence's, Sir T., por-		
— Bill of 1876, the			trait of Lady Bless-		
Irish	6	2177	ington	1	192
— Fairies described	3	xviii	Laws of coinage, <i>The</i>	9	3375
— Improvement in			<i>Lay of Ossian and Pat-</i>		
Ireland	9	3365	rick, A	GWYNN	4 1523
— Individual owner-			— of the <i>Famine</i> , A. STREET BAL-		
ship of	7	2866	LAD	8	3295
— League, <i>The Irish</i>			— of Gudrun, <i>The</i> , and Ireland ..	4	viii
National	9	xi	<i>Lazy Beauty and her</i>		
— of Cokalgne, <i>The</i>	8	3134	<i>Aunts, The</i>	KENNEDY	5 1789
— of St. Lawrence,			LE FANU, JOSEPH SHER-		
From the'	EGAN	3 1080	IDAN	5	1927
— ownership	5	1855	— as a comic		
— purchase scheme,			writer	6	xv
Gladstone's	9	xi	— on landlordism	10	3919
— question, <i>The</i> , See			— W. P.	5	1937, 1915
<i>In Friction</i> .			<i>Le Fevre, The Story of</i> , STERNE ..	8	3220
— Parnell on the	6	2178	'Leabhar Breac,' <i>The</i>	7	2615, 2663
			— na-h-Uidhre	7	2668

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
<i>Leabhar nah Uidhre, Tho</i> (Book of the Dun Cow)	4 1600	Legends and Myths.	
LEADBEATER, MARY	5 1886	— <i>King Ailill's Death</i> STOKES ... 7 3261	
— Papers, The'	5 1886	— <i>Strand of Bator.</i> TODD HUNTER. 9 3404	
LEAMY, EDMUND	5 1899	— <i>Deirdré in the</i> <i>Woods</i>	TRENCH ... 9 3431
<i>Lecanán Sidhe, To the.</i> BOYD	1 258	— <i>Children of Lár.</i> TYNAN- HINKSON. 9 3460	
Lear, The august sor- rowful	9 3660	— <i>Saint Francis and</i> <i>the Wolf</i>	TYNAN- HINKSON. 9 3451
Learning and Art, Irish in Ancient Ireland.	9 viii	— <i>The Priest's Soul.</i> WILDE ... 9 3561	
'Leaves from a Prison Diary'	DAVITT. 3 832, 837	— <i>Old Age of Queen</i> <i>Maev</i>	YEATS ... 9 3697
Lebanon	7 2517	— Wakeman on	9 3482
'Lebor Breac'	8 3141	'Legends and Stories' LOVER. 6 2055, 2071	
Lecain, The Book of (see also Lecan)	7 2663	— and Traditions. Fairy'	CROKER. 3 695, 736
Lecale	3 957	— of Ireland	9 vii
Lecan, The Book of (see also Lecain)	2 629	— Ancient	WILDE ... 9 3557
LECKY, WILLIAM E. H.	5 1912	— Archbishop Mc- Hale on	6 2231
— (portrait)	5 1916	— of the Fairies, The.	3 xx
— on Flood	3 1212	— of the Pyramids.	9 3534
— Home Rule	6 2175	— See also Folk and Fairy Tales.	
— William Smith O'Brien	7 2619	Lelinst	3 956; 4 1249; 5 1722
— O'Connell	7 2624	— Aldfrid in	6 2376
'Lectures and Essays on Irish Subjects' ..	GILES ... 4 1280	— Fionn MacCumhail in	6 2117
Lee, The (river)	1 353; 2 718	— The battle of Alm- hain in	7 2709
<i>Legend of Glendalough.</i> LOVER	3 878; 6 2344	— The Book of	4 1600, 1613
<i>Legend of Stiffenbach.</i> WILLIAMS ... 9 3610		— described	5 1738, 2884
'Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts' KENNEDY ... 5 1796		— See <i>The Battle of Dumbolg</i> and <i>The Story of MacDáthó's Pig</i> and Hound.	2 xli
— Heroes	1799, 1801, 1803	Lelth-Cuinn	6 2357
Legends	8 2990	Leltrim	2 613
— ancient Irish. Ethical content of	9 3404	— Lord, Lord Car- listle's story of.	1 234, 241
Legends and Myths.		Lelx	3 859
— From <i>Fionnuala.</i> ARMSTRONG. 1 25		Leland on the Catholic priests in war time.	3 955
— To the <i>Leánán</i> <i>Sidhe</i>	BOYD ... 1 258	Lenane	1 243
— Lord of <i>Dunkerron</i> Story of the Little Bird	CROKER ... 2 736	Lenihan's History of Limerick (cited)	9 3326
— <i>Cacl and Credhe.</i> GREGORY ... 4 1445		Lens, Peter, and the 'Hell-fire Club'	5 1916
— <i>Coming of Finn.</i> GREGORY ... 4 1447		Leo	See CASEY.
— <i>Death of Cuchulain</i> Only Son of Aoiife. GREGORY ... 4 1431		<i>Leonardo's "Mona Lisa"</i> Lepers healed by Brigit.	3 877
— <i>Lay of Ossian and</i> Patrick	GWYNN ... 4 1523	Leprecaun, or Fairy Shoemaker, The. ALLINGHAM. 1 20	
— <i>Battle of Dumbolg.</i> HYDE ... 4 1622		— Description of the	3 xix
— <i>Story of Mac-</i> <i>Dáthó's Pig and</i> Hound	HYDE ... 4 1613	Leprechaun, The (see also Leprechaun or Leprehaun)	4 1287
— <i>Conula of the</i> Golden Hair	JOYCE ... 5 1731	Leprechaun, The	1 301
— <i>Exploits of Curol.</i> JOYCE ... 5 1749		Leprehauns	4 1631
— <i>Finnch the Rover.</i> JOYCE ... 5 1743		'Lesbia hath a beaming eye'	MOORE ... 6 2340
— <i>Naisi Receives his</i> Sword	JOYCE ... 5 1746	— semper hinc et inde MAHONY ... 6 2340	
— <i>Oisín in Tirnanog.</i> JOYCE ... 5 1714		Let it may more quar- rels breed	SWIFT ... 9 3388
— <i>Enchantment of</i> <i>Gearoidh Iarla.</i> KENNEDY ... 5 1801		Let Bacchus's Sons. STREET BAL- LAD	8 3283
— <i>Epilogue to Fand.</i> LARMINIE ... 5 1875		— schoolmasters puz- zle their brain. GOLDSMITH. 4 1349	
— <i>Fionnuala.</i> MILLIGAN ... 6 2437		— the farmer praise his grounds ...	STREET BAL- LAD ... 8 3279
— <i>Battle of Athlath.</i> O'DONOVAN. 7 2709			
— <i>Knighthood of Cucu-</i> lain	O'GRADY ... 7 2756		
— <i>Queen Meave and</i> <i>her Hosts</i>	O'GRADY ... 7 2746		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Let them go by	DOWDEN	3 876	Limerick, Sarsfield at	4 1593	5 1742
— us go to the moun- tain	10	3789	— destroys sup- plies for seige	7	2820
Leth-Chluisim	7	2709	— Surrender of	3	957
Letter from Galway, A MAXWELL . .	6	2412	— The Blacksmith of JOYCE	5	1741
— the Place of his Birth	M'HALE	6 2227	— Irish Rapparees at	3	958
Letterbrick, Famine and pestilence at	4	1573	— The Treaty of	3 957	9 x
Letterkenny	4 1512	6 2249, 2252	— Treaty Stone at (half-tone en- graving)	3	957
— Tone arrested at	7	2605	Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation	5	1665
'Letters from High Latitudes'	DUFFERIN	3 942	Lindsay, Lord, on the building of the Pyra- mids	9	3533
Levarcham	4	1439	Linen Manufacture, The	9	3423
LEVELL, CHARLES JAMES (portrait)	5	1948	— Trade in Dublin	5	1916
— M. F. Egan on	5 vii.	xii	<i>Lines</i>	GREENE	4 1424
— Genius and pur- pose of novels of	1	xii	— by Robert Emmet	3	1694
Living Authors in Irish Literature	2	xx	— from the Centenary Ode to the Mem- ory of Moore	MACCARTHY.	6 2131
Lewines	9	3418	— Written to MUSIC, WOLFE . . .	9	3634
<i>Lia Fail; or Jacob's Stone, The</i>	O'FLAHERTY.	7 2717	'Lion of the Fold of Juda, The'	Sec M'HALE.	
— The	8	2970	<i>Liquor of Life</i>	D'ALTON	2 805
<i>Lia Macha</i>	7	2757	<i>Lir</i>	8	2990
Liber Hymnorum, The	7	2672	— The Children of	TYNAN-	
<i>Liberty in England</i>	GOLDSMITH.	4 1331		HINKSON.	9 3460
— of the Irish	9	3418	<i>Lisheen Races, Second- Hand</i>	SOMERVILLE and ROSS.	8 3166
— Press, The	CURRAN	2 778	Lismore	2	681
— Press	DE VERE	3 852	— The Book of	7	2766
— The Native Land of	IRELAND	5 1662	Lissadill	6	2254
— the right of all men	6	2461	<i>Litany</i>	MONSELL	7 2465
License, The first grant- ed to comedians in England	6	2346	— of St. Aedgus	8	2884
'Life and Letters of F. W. Robertson' BROOKE . . .	1	291	Literary Appreciations.		
— Literature	9	3579	— Humor of Shaks- peare	DOWDEN	3 870
— Art, and Nature	9	3578	— Shakspeare's Por- traiture of ice- man	DOWDEN	3 875
— in Death	7	2652	— Speech on Robert Burns	FERGUSON	3 1170
— of Bright	8	3246	— Country Folk	JOHNSON	5 1694
— of Canning'	BELL	1 165	— Macaulay and Ba- con	MITCHEL	6 2444
— of C. S. Parnell' O'BRIEN . .	7	2607	— Emerson and New man	MULLANEY	7 2556
		2611	— Shakspeare	WISEMAN	9 3628
— of Owen Roe O'Neill, A'	TAYLOR	9 3340	'Literary History of Ireland, A'	HYDE	4 1603
— The Origin of	KELVIN	5 1784		1610, 1613,	1618
Liffey, The	2 637	5 1914	— impulse of The Nation	9	xi
— Dublin Castle on the	3	887	— Qualities of the Saga	HULL	4 1597
Lifford	6	2357	— Revival, Modern	10	3711
Light o' the World	MCCALL	6 2124	— The Lady Greg- ory on	1	xvii
Light, Speed of	1	38	— Society of New York, The Irish	10	xviii
'Like a fire kindled be- neath a lake' (Irish rann)	HYDE	10 3833	— Theater, The Irish Literature	10	xiii
<i>Like a Stone in the Street</i>	GRAVES	4 1414	— Præternatural in Fiction	BURTON	1 494
'Lily Lass'	MACCARTHY.	6 2180	— England in Shaks- peare's Youth	DOWDEN	3 869
Limerick	1	58	— Interpretation of Literature	DOWDEN	3 866
— Bridge and Castle (half-tone en- graving)	5	1742	— Literary Qualities of the Saga	HULL	4 1597
— The defense of	9	ix	— Irish as a Spoken Language	HYDE	4 1603
— electors, Harry Deane Grady and	7	2728, 2732			
— Irish titles in	4	1590			
— Lenihan's history of (edited)	9	3326			
— The Mayor of	8	xvii			
— method of lighting streets in 1719	5	1916			

Literature.	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
— <i>What is the Rem-nant?</i>	MAGEE	6 2292	Lombards, Irish version 7 2672
— <i>Plea for the Study of Irish</i>	O'BRIEN	7 2614	— of the history of the 7 2552
— <i>Old Books of Erin</i>	O'CURRY	7 2670	'London Assurance' BOUCHAULT. 1 252
— <i>Gaelic Movement</i> . PLUNKETT	8 2908		— <i>View of</i> DENHAM 3 850
— <i>On the 'Colloquy of the Ancients'</i> . ROLLESTON.	8 2968		Londonderry 7 2867
— <i>Life, Art and Na-ture</i>	WILDE	9 3578	— (half-tone engrav-ing) 1 7
— <i>Celtic Element in Literature</i>	YEATS	9 3654	Lone and weary as I wandered FERGUSON 3 1177
— and History	9 vii		— Is my waiting here TODHUNTER. 9 3408
— and Life	9 3579		— Lake, half lost amidst GREENE 4 1423
— of the Modern Irish Language. HYDE	10 3711		Lonely from my home I come MANGAN 6 2371
— The antiquity of Irish	3 xvii		Long Deserted MULVANY 7 2562
— Irish, from first to last	1 xv		— <i>Dying, The</i> DE VERE 3 863
— Irish, of many blends	4 x		— Long ago beyond the misty M'GEE 6 2223
— <i>The Celtic Ele-ment in</i>	YEATS	9 3654	— Reddy 1 145
— Effect of National movement on	1 xlii		— <i>Spoon, The</i> KENNEDY 5 1803
— Effect of Repeal movement on	1 xlii		— they pine in dreary woe MANGAN 6 2380
— Effect of Union on	1 xli		— this night, the clouds delay SIGERSON 8 3129
— <i>Ireland's Influence on European</i>	SIGERSON	4 vii	Longford 7 2668
— <i>Interpretation of</i> . DOWDEN	3 836		Longing TODHUNTER. 9 3408
— The Story of Early Gaelic'. HYDE	4 1622		Loe 4 1519
— Value of ancient Irish	4 xl		Lookin' Back SKRINE 8 3155
— Young Ireland party and	1 xlii		— <i>Seaward</i> FERGUSON 3 1185
Litigation, Love of	3 1000		Looting 9 2636
Little Black Rose, The. DE VERE	3 858		Loquacious Barber, The. GRIFFIN 4 1503
— Black Rose, The	4 1247		Lord Beaconsfield O'CONNOR 7 2660
— <i>Britons</i> CAFFYN	2 429		Lord Edward. See Fitz-gerald.
— <i>child, I call thee</i> . HYDE	4 1655		— <i>Lieutenant's Ad-venture, The</i> BODKIN 1 232
— cowboy what have you heard	ALLINGHAM. 1 20		— Verulam and the Echo 3 1056
— <i>Dominick</i> EDGEWORTH. 3 1060			— of <i>Dunkerron, The</i> . CROKER 2 736
— <i>Mary Cassidy</i> FAHY	3 1135		Lorne, Lord 3 939
— <i>Woman in Red</i> . A. DEENY	3 846		Lost Saint, The HYDE 4 1650
Lives of Irish saints.	7 2672		— <i>Tribune, The</i> SIGERSON 8 3133
— of the Mothers of the Irish Saints'	1 32		Louane 1 114
— of the Sheridans 'The'	FITZGERALD. 3 1190		Loud roared the dread-ful thunder CHERRY 2 586
Llandaff, Lord, duel with Lord Clonmell.	1 142		Lough, Bray KAVANAGH 5 1753
Loan of a Congregation. MAXWELL	6 2411		— Bray O'GRADY 7 2760
Local Government Act.	9 xl		— Colum 4 1522
— Self-Government v. Home Rule	3 833		— Dan (half tone en-graving) 4 1424
Loch Finn	6 2271		— Dergh 7 2552
— Glynn, Folk tale of	4 1642		— Drummond 4 1522
— Ina O'BRIEN	7 2602		— Erne 2 639
— <i>Lena, Outlaw of</i> . CALLANAN	2 441		— 4 1255; 6 2276
— Lein	4 1448		— Foyle 6 2277
— Mask	4 1625		— Ine 4 1255
— Quinlan	4 1595		— Lein (Killarney) 5 1714
— Swilly	7 2605		— na Mrack 4 1521, 1522
— (see also Lough).			— Neagh 3 1180; 5 1753
Lochan	5 1725		— Healing and pet-rifying powers 6 2277, 2280
Lochinar, An Irish	3 1945		— Outer 6 2277
Locke, JOHN	5 2003		— Sheelin 6 2277
Locker-Lampson, F.	5 1809		— Swilly (half-tone engraving) 2 633
Logic in Irish literature.	2 xlii		— one of the lead-ing lakes of Ulster 6 2277
Loma	3 861		— See also Loch.
			Loughlille 3 1136
			Loughleagh (Lake of Healing) ANONYMOUS. 3 1142
			Louis XV. and his Irish contingent. 7 2815

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
MacConglinne, The Vision of	6	vii	Macreddin	6	2125
MacCon-Mara, Donough	6	2378	Mackolch, Fergus	1	1600
MACDONALD, DUNCAN	10	3937, 3939	Macroom	1	354
MacCool, Flinn; mac-Cumhail, Finn. See Flinn MacCumhail.			Mackoy, Fergus, Captain of Queen Meave's guards	7	2746
MacCorse, The Tale of	2	xli	— Description of	7	2750
MACDAIRE, TEIGE (biography)	10	4023	MacSweeney of Fauat	2	633
— From a Poem by HYDE	4	1657	MacSycophant, Charles Egerton (character in 'How to Get on in the World')	6	2237
MacDáthó's Pig and Hound, Story of	4	1613	MADDEN, DANIEL OWEN	6	228
MACDERMOTT, MARTIN	6	2189	— on Gratlan	4	1387
MACDONAGH, MICHAEL (portrait)	6	2193	— Mary A. See MRS. SADLER.		
— on The Sunniness of Irish Life	8	vii	— RICHARD ROBERT	6	2286
MacDonnell, Bishop, of Killala	6	2232	Maddyn or Madden, Daniel Owen	6	2281
— JOHN (biography)	10	4013	'Maelduin, The Voyage of'	4	1601
— (reference)	2	803	Mael-mic-Faibhe, Tenth Abbot of Hy	7	2710
MacEgan, Nehemias, Vellum book of	7	2709	Maev Leith-Dherg, The Lament of	8	2975
MACFALL, FRANCES E. (SARAH GRAND)	6	2206	Maev. See Meve.		
MACFIRBIS, DUALD (biography)	10	4014	— of Leinster, The Half Red	7	2748
— cited by Archbishop McLeale	6	2231	— The great army of	4	1432
— The Genealogy of	7	2614	— and Cuchulain	4	1437
M'GEE, THOMAS D'ARCY	6	2217	Magee, on Irish Hotels	8	xxi
MacGillicuddy of the Reeks	4	1590	— WILLIAM K. (JOHN EGLINTON)	6	2292
McGinley, Mr., The plays of	10	xlv	Magennis, Miss See FORRESTER.	3	1222
MacGorman, Finn	4	1660	Maggý Ladir	8	1249
MacGrath's, W., On the Old Sod (color plate)	1	xvi	'Magh Leana, The Battle of'	7	2664
McGuire, Conor	9	ix	Magh Life	4	1448
Macha, The Grey of	4	1435	MAGINN, WILLIAM (portrait)	6	2300
— Monga-Rue	7	2757	— as a parodist	6	xiv
— the Empress	9	3493	— M. F. Egan on	5	xv
— the Red-Haired	7	2749	— on Conviviality	6	x
McLEALE, ARCHBISHOP JOHN	7	2227	— spurious Irish songs	6	xli
MACINTOSH, SOPHIE	6	2233	Maglone, Barney. See WILSON.		
MacKenna's Dream	8	3296	Magog, son of Japhet	9	3549
— Popularity of	8	3270	MAGRATH, ANDREW (biography)	10	4015
McKernie, James See MCBURNEY.			— (reference)		
MACLIN, CHARLES	6	2236	— Lament of the Man-gaire Sugach	9	3508
— Anecdotes of	6	2241	Maguire, Hugh	2	639
— the first considerable revival of Shakespeare	5	1919	— JOHN FRANCIS	6	2321
MacLean, M., on W. Stokes as a Celticist	7	3243	— J. H. McCarthy on	6	2154
McLennan, William, M. F. Egan on	5	xiii	— The Bard O'Hussey's Ode to the Mangan	6	2369
Mac-Flag, The poems of	6	2377	— Father Tom	8	3275
MACLINTOCK, LETITIA	6	2242	MAHAFFY, JOHN PENTLAND	6	2328
MacLise, Meagher on	6	2420, 2422	Mahon, Brian's Lament for King	4	1591
MacLughaidh	2	629	MAHONY, FRANCIS SYLVESTER [FATHER PROUT] (portrait)	6	2336
MacMahon, Marshal	3	941	Maid of Cloghroe, The	9	3299
MACMANUS, JAMES (SEUMAS)	6	2254	— LAD	9	3299
— M. F. Egan on	5	xiii, xvii	Malden City, The	9	3428
— MRS. SEUMAS (ANNA JOHNSTON)	6	2267	Mall	4	1252
— T., and Young Ireland	9	xi	Mailligh Mo Stoir (Molly Astore)	7	2734
MacNessa, Conobar	2	xii	Malne, Son of Maev	4	1443
McNEVIN, THOMAS	6	2274	Mairgreád ni Chealladh	9	3503
Macpherson	6	2231	Major Bob Mahon's Hospitality	5	1964
			Make thyself Known, Sibyl	3	877

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Malaprop, Mrs.</i> (character in 'The Rivals')	SHERIDAN	8 3078	Manuscripts.		
<i>Malinmore</i>		5 1866	— National Library		
<i>Mallac</i>		2 439	— of Paris	7 2673	
<i>Mallou, The Rakes of</i> ..	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3312	— See Ancient Irish Illuminated MSS.		
'Malmorda; A Metrical Romance'	CLARKE	2 596	Many years have burst upon	SAVAGE	8 3026
<i>Malone, A</i>		7 ix	<i>Maove, the Magic</i>		7 2593
— EDMUND		6 2346	<i>Map of Ireland, His-torical</i>	9 3708	
<i>Mal'plaquet, Battle of</i> ..		9 3445	— of to-day	10 4030	
<i>Malvern Hill</i>		6 2423	<i>Marco, Polo, Irish ver-sion of the Travels of</i> ..	7 2672	
'Man of the World, The' ..	MACKLIN	6 2237	<i>Marcus</i>	5 1847	
— for <i>Galway, The</i> ..	LEVER	5 1975	<i>Marital relations</i>	5 1923; 6 2204	
— is no mushroom growth ..	INGRAM	4 1660	<i>Market Day</i> (half-tone engraving)	8 2940	
— <i>Octipartite</i> , From the Middle Irish ..	STOKES	8 3262	<i>Marlow</i> (character in 'She Stoops to Conquer')	4 1349	
<i>Man-a-nau M'Uir</i>		6 2223	<i>Marot, Clement, Father</i> ..	6 2338	
<i>Mananan, the sea-god. See Naisi Receives his Sword.</i>			<i>Marriage</i>	8 3152	
<i>Manchester Martyrs.</i>			— between relations in ancient Greece ..	6 2332	
— The	7 2608; 9 3323, 3329		— customs. See <i>Love Making in Ireland and Shane Fadhs Wedding</i> .		
— <i>Rescue, The</i>	6 2153		— Dean Swift on	8 3377	
<i>Man'aire Sugach, La-ment of the</i>	WALSH	9 3508	— law in Scotland	2 754	
<i>MANGAN, JAMES CLAR-ENCE</i> (portrait)		6 2350	— of <i>Florence Mac-Carthy More</i> ..	8 3018	
— The Woman of three Cows		10 3831	— 'Three Weeks Af-ter'	MURPHY	7 2564
— W. B. Yeats on		3 ix	<i>Marriages in Ireland</i> ..	6 2193	
— See <i>The Dead Anti-tiquary</i>		6 2218	<i>Marrying season in Ire-land, The</i>	6 2194	
<i>Mangan's delight in riv-ers</i>		6 2455	<i>Marsh, Bishop, Library founded in Dublin by</i> ..	5 1915	
' <i>Manifold Nature, Our</i> ..	MACFALL	6 2206	<i>Marten Cats, Supersti-tions about</i>	9 3680	
<i>Manners in Ireland</i> ..		2 xx; 3 943	<i>Martin and 'Young Ire-land'</i>	9 xi	
— of the Ancient Irish ..		2 629	<i>MARTIN ROSS</i> (see also E. GL. SOMER-VILLE and VIO-LET MARTIN) ..	8 3166	
— of Ancient Erlen' ..	O'CURRY	7 2666	— VIOLET. See MARTIN ROSS.		
— of Ireland in olden times ..		7 2771	<i>MARTLEY, JOHN</i>	6 2382	
— The Squire's running foot-man		7 2772	<i>MARTYN, EDWARD</i> ..	6 2383	
— See <i>Castle Rack-ent and Keen-ing and Wake; also Customs and Manners.</i>			— The plays of ..	10 xiii	
— <i>Morals</i> (see also Customs and Manners) ..		1 286; 4 1417	<i>Martyrs, Fox's Book of</i> ..	8 3060	
<i>Manning, Mr.</i> See note to <i>An Heroic Decep-tion</i> .			— The Manchester ..	7 2608; 9 3323, 3339	
' <i>Manuscript Materials of Irish History, Lec-tures on</i> '	O'CURRY	7 2670	' <i>Mary Aikenhead, Her Life, Her Work and Her Friends</i> ..	1 28	
Manuscripts.			— and <i>St. Joseph</i> (folk song) ..	10 3807	
— Dispersion of, by invasions ..		7 2680	— D'Este, Queen of James II.	2 768	
— Irish: collection in the Bodleian Library at Ox-ford		7 2673	— <i>Maguire</i>	4 1246	
— British Museum ..		7 2672	— 'Neill'	8 3271	
— <i>Burgundian Li-brary, Brussels</i> ..		7 2673	— of <i>The Nation</i> ..		
— <i>Royal Irish Academy</i>		7 2672	See	DOWNING.	
			— Queen, and Ireland ..	9 ix	
			— Tudor' ..	3 851	
			<i>Marys, The Keening of the Three</i> (folk song) ..	10 3789	
			<i>Mary's Well</i> (religious folk tale) ..	10 3795	
			<i>Maryboro'</i>	5 1939	
			<i>Masbrook, The woods of</i> ..	6 2230	
			<i>Masks, The, in Ireland</i> ..	9 3498	
			<i>Mason, Mr. Joseph</i> ..	7 2673	
			<i>Monck</i>	7 2673	

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Mass, Key-Shield of the.....	10	3965	Meave, the great queen,		
<i>Massacre at Drogheda</i> , BARRY.....	1	150	was pacing to		
MURPHY.....	7	2567	and fro.....YEATS.....	9	3697
— of 1641, The.....	3	954	— <i>The Old Age of</i>		
Massagetae, The.....	9	3549	<i>Queen</i>YEATS.....	9	3697
Massarene, Lady, daughter			'Mecca, Personal Nar-		
of Harry Deane			rative of Pilgrimage		
Grady.....	7	2733	to.....BURTON.....	1	408
Massari, Dean of Fermo.....	1	32	Medge, Baron.....	1	142
Masters, Annals of the			'Medical Student, Mis-		
Four (see Four Mas-			adventures of a'.....	9	3607
ters, Annals).			Medieval Towns.....	4	1420
Matchmaker in Ireland,			Meehan, The Rev. C. P.....	1	32
The.....	6	2194	Meenavalla; Grouse-		
Materialism, J. S. Mill			shooting in.....	6	2256
on.....	9	3464	<i>Meeting of Anarchists,</i>		
— Tyndall on.....	9	3464	A.....BARRY.....	1	156
Mathematics, Irish pro-			— <i>the Waters, The</i> , MOORE.....	7	2532
ficiency in.....	4	1280	— (color plate).....	7	Front
MATHEW, FRANK.....	6	2391	Memoirs. See Char-		
— THEOBALD.....	6	2396	acter Sketches,		
Matthew, Saint (color			etc.		
plate).....	9	Front	— of James II.		
<i>Matthorn, Thoughts</i>			(cited).....	8	3324
on the.....TYNDALL.....	9	3478	— John Cartaret		
Matutin, C. M. F. Egan			Pilkington		
on.....	5	vii	(cited).....	7	2693
Maureen, <i>acushla</i> , why. BOYLE.....	1	277	— Richard Lovell		
<i>Maury's Song</i> , A.....TRENCH.....	9	3433	<i>Edgeworth,</i>		
<i>Marc's Repentance</i>GILBERT.....	4	1265	<i>Esq.</i>EDGEWORTH.....	3	1073
<i>Mawcorm, Mr.</i> (charac-			— the Count de		
ter in 'The Hypo-			Grammont'.....HAMILTON.....	4	1542
crite').....BICKERSTAFF.....	1	182	— the Countess of		
Max Müller on Nursery			Blessington'. MADDEN.....	6	2286
Tales.....	3	xxiii	<i>Memorial by Wolfe Tone</i>		
MAXWELL, WILLIAM			to French Govern-		
HAMILTON.....	6	2400	ment, <i>Extract from</i> A. TONE.....	9	3421
— M. F. Egan on.....	5	xii	<i>Memories</i>M'GEE.....	6	2224
<i>May Lore Song</i> , A.....MILLIGAN.....	6	2438	<i>Memory</i> , A.....MACALEESE.....	6	2111
<i>Mayflower</i>O'REILLY.....	7	2834	Men's Dress in Ireland.....	9	3498
Maynooth.....	7	2485	Merchant marine of Ire-		
Maynooth College (color			land, The.....	9	3362
plate).....	3	Front	Mermald, The.....	2	736
Mayo.....	6	2438; 7	<i>Memory of Earth</i> , A.....RUSSELL.....	8	3003
Ducelling in.....	1	145	— <i>the Dead, The</i>INGRAM.....	5	1659
— Famine and pesti-			Mend, son of Sword-		
lence in.....	4	1573	heel.....	4	1617
— Lord, on the Irish			Merriment in Irish hu-		
Church.....	6	2155	mor.....	6	ix
— government of			Merrion Square, O'Con-		
India by.....	3	941	nell's residence in.....	3	815; 8
— <i>The County of</i> ,			Merrows, The.....2 697; 3 xviii;	5	1878
From the Irish.....FOX.....	4	1224	Mervin, Audley.....	7	ix
— Viscounts, Ance-			Messiah, Handels, first		
tor of the.....	7	2858	produced in Dublin.....	5	1918
Mazarin, Cardinal.....	4	1347	Meters in ancient Ire-		
Meade, L. T.....See MRS. TOULMIN			land.....	2	xviii
SMITH.			<i>Mève.</i> See <i>Maeve</i> ,		
MEAGHER, THOMAS			Meadhbh, Midhe.		
FRANCIS.....	6	2414	— and Oíolló.....	4	1613
— and 'Young Ire-			— The white Bull of.....	2	xviii
land'.....	9	xi	Meyer, Professor Kuno.....	4	1608
— in the civil war.....	6	2324; 7	— Work of, for Celtic		
J. F. Maguire on.....	6	2324	literature.....	2	xviii
Meanings of Irish			Michael of Kildare, the		
names.....	9	3546	first Irish poet in		
Meath.....	7	2748, 2827, 2864	English.....	4	ix
King Fergal and			— <i>Robartes Remem-</i>		
the men of, at			bers <i>Forgotten</i>		
Almhain.....	7	2709	<i>Beauty</i>YEATS.....	9	3708
— (Midhe). Origin			Michelstown.....	5	1714
of the name.....	7	2667	Midhe (Meath). Origin		
— of the Pastures.....	2	613	of the name.....	7	2667
— Parnell a member			Midir, the fairy chief.....	7	2668
for, in 1875.....	6	2177	<i>Midnight Escapade</i> , A.....SMITH.....	8	3158
Meave, Queen, Descrip-			— <i>Funeral</i> , A.....DEENY.....	3	845
tion of.....	7	2746			

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe	10	4013	<i>Modern Literature of the Irish Language.</i> HYDE ..	10	3711
— <i>Mabel Kelly.</i> From the Irish of O'CAROLAN	3	1187	— <i>Medievalism</i>	BARRETT	1 119
Miles O'Reilly, Private. See	HALPINE.		— <i>political feuds</i>		3 967
Milesians, The	9 vii.	3549	— <i>Society, The Church and</i>	IRELAND	5 1662
Milesius	2	444	Molra, Lord		9 3521
Milford	6	2244	— O'Neill	See SKIRINE.	
Military life in Ireland	6	2403	Molru		3 861
Mill, J. S., on Material- ism	9	3464	Molière		3 873
Millbank Prison	3	839	Moling, Bishop of Ferns	7	2706
MILLIGAN, ALICE	6	2427	MOLLOY, JAMES LYMAN	6	2457
— The plays of	10	xiii	<i>Molly Asthore</i>	FERGUSON	3 1182
MILLIKEN, RICHARD AL- FRED	6	2439	— <i>Cucur</i>	LOVER	5 2076
— D. J. O'Donoghue on the wit of	6	xlv	— <i>Muldoon</i>	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3300
Millmount, The	7	2568	MOLYNEUX, WILLIAM		6 2460
Milton	7	2561	— Irish literature be- gins before	2	vii
— <i>Elijah-like</i>	3	873	<i>Moment, A</i>	BROOKE	1 300
Miltown	7	2715	Monaghan, County	7	2696
'Ministry of all the Talents, The'	1	119	Monahan	6	2279
Minnowar, son of Ger- kin	7	2757	Monamolin	5	1804
<i>Minstrel, A Wandering.</i> LE FANU ..	5	1934	Monasterboice, Cross at (half-tone engraving)	9	3486
— <i>Boy, The</i>	7	2535	Monasteries, Irish Fran- ciscan	1	32
'Minute' Philosopher, Alaphron or the'	1	175	Monastic establish- ments	8	2882
		176	Monck, Lord	3	941
Miola (trivulet), The	6	2280	Money, Large sums of, sent home by the Irish in foreign lands	6	2197; 7 2618
Mirabeau	7	2660	Mongan and Colum Cille	4	1600
Miracles of Brigit	8	3246	— <i>Love of Dubh- lacha for</i>	4	1608
<i>Miraculous Creatures.</i> YEATS	9	3678	<i>Monks of the Serc.</i> CURRAN ..	2	797
<i>Miriam's Song (Sound the Loud Timbrel)</i>	7	2537	— LEVER	5	1952
'Mirror of Justice, The'	9	3374	<i>Monna Lisa, Leonardo's</i> (half-tone engraving)	3	877
— The Wonderful Chinese	4	1337	'Monomy'	MCCARTHY	6 2172
'Misadventures of a Medical Student'	9	3607	<i>Monotony and the Lark.</i> RUSSELL ..	8	3005
Misconceptions of the Irish. See <i>The Na- tive Irishman.</i>			Monroe doctrine, The	2	464
'Miss Erin'	BLUNDELL	1 225	— Dorothy, the fa- mous beauty	4	1377
<i>Mistake of a Night.</i> The	GOLDSMITH	4 1348	MONSELL, JAMES SAM- UEL BEWLEY	7	2465
Mr. Orator Puff had two tones	7	2511	Montana, Prospecting in	3	965
<i>Misther Denis's Return.</i> BARLOW ..	1	114	<i>Montorio, Tombs in the Church of</i>	O'DONNELL	7 2684
MITCHELL, JOHN	6	2443	<i>Moon Behind the Hill.</i> The	KENEALY	5 1788
— and E. Walsh	9	3502	'Moonachug and Meena- chug'	4	1650
— and 'Young Ire- land'	9	xl	Mooney, Dr., of Trinity College	5	1986
— cited by Meagher	6	2415	MOORE, FRANK FRANK- FORT (portrait)	7	2468
— News of sentence of	6	2185	— GEORGE	7	2482
— on XIX. Century religion	6	2446, 2449	— M. F. Egan on	5	xv
— See <i>By Memory In- spired</i>	8	3274	— on 'The Heather Field'	6	2385
'Mitchell's, John, Jail Journal'	6	2444	— Plays of	10	xiii
		2454	— Norman, on Sir S. Ferguson	3	1168
Mizen Head, The	8	2852	— <i>The Burial of Sir John</i>	9	3633
<i>Mo Craobhin Cno</i>	9	3505	— THOMAS (portrait)	7	2595
<i>Modern Algeria, A.</i>	CAMPBELL	2 448	— (reference)	8	3071
— Gaelic writers (see also Vol. 10)	2	xviii	— <i>Anecdote of O'Curry and</i>	7	2663
— Irish	10	4025	— Holmes, O. W., on	7	2505
— Drama	10	xiii	— in college	9	3523
— Poetry, Yeats on	3	vii			
— Stories	10	3875			

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Moore, <i>Lines from the Centenary Ode to the Memory of</i>	6 2131	Mountmorris, Lord, duel with Francis Hitchinson	1 143
——— Meagher on	6 2424	Mourne	6 2354
——— on Christianity in Ireland	9 3400	<i>Mourning Bride, Extracts from the</i>	CONOREVE 2 615
——— on Conviviality	6 xi	Moville, Donegal	6 2248
——— on Emmet's character	3 1087	Moyallo	5 1743, 1745
——— on Sheridan	3 1197	Moyle, The (river)	6 2534
——— on the parting of Byron and the Blessingtons	6 2289	Moy-Mell, the plain of everlasting pleasure	5 1714, 1732
——— <i>Roguerics of</i>	MAHONEY 6 2337	'Moytura'	LARMINIE 5 1876
——— the Spanish type in Ireland	4 1589	Moyvore, The Rath of	4 1255
——— W. B. Yeats on	3 viii	Muckish mountain, The	6 2251
Moral and Intellectual Differences between the Sexes	LECKY 5 1920	Muckruss Abbey, Ruins of	8 3020
——— force and Intellectual achievement	9 3468	Mulredach	9 3487
Morals, American	1 336	Mulrue	4 1447
——— of Irish people	1 34	'Mulrhemme, Cuchulain of'	GREGORY 4 1426
Moran, Michael, the last Gleeman	9 3683	Mulberry Garden, The	1 166
More, MacCarthy	4 1500; 9 ix	Mulholland, Rosa. See LADY GILBERT.	
Morfydd, To	JOHNSON 5 1698	Mulla	6 2276
MORGAN, LADY	7 2542	Mullach-brack	6 2356
——— Description of	7 2543	Mullaghmast	5 1801
——— M. F. Egan on	5 vii, xv	MULLANEY, PATRICK FRANCIS	7 2556
——— inherently Irish	1 xi	Mullen, <i>The Sorrowful Lamentation of Calaghon, Greally, and</i>	STREET BAL-LAD 9 3316
——— Dress of	9 3495	Mullinger	6 2438
'Morgante the Lesser'	MARTYN 6 2383	MULVANY, CHARLES PELHAM	7 2562
Morley, Professor, on antiquity of Gaelic Literature	4 vii	<i>Manachar and Manachar</i>	HYDE 4 1647
——— on Steele and Addison	8 3198	Municipal Corporation Bill, 'The Irish'	6 2176
Morna	7 2526	——— Franchise Bill, 'The Irish'	6 2176
<i>Morning on the Irish Coast</i> (half-tone engraving)	LOCKE 5 2003	——— Privileges Bill, 'The Irish'	6 2176
Mornington, Lord, a Monk of the Screw	2 797	Munrekar	4 1616
——— Musical academy presided over by	5 1919	Munster, Aldfrid in	6 2376
Mortgage, Foreclosure	8 3230	——— Bards, 'The'	7 2615
Morty Oge	2 445	——— <i>Cashel of</i>	FERGUSON 3 1181
Morris, William, on Art and Society	9 3662	——— 'Pacata Hibernia,' A record of	7 2740
Moses at the Fair	GOLDSMITH 4 1305	——— <i>Raleigh in</i>	DOWNEY 3 909
——— (character in Sheridan's 'School for Scandal')	8 3109	——— The Dean of Fermo on hospitality in	1 32
——— <i>The Burial of</i>	ALEXANDER 1 1	——— The women of	1 30, 32
Mother, <i>Boy who was long on his</i>	HYDE 10 3765	——— <i>War-Song, The</i>	WILLIAMS 9 3607
"——— is that the passing bell?"	KEEGAN 5 1767	——— William of	See KENEALY.
Mount Eccles	7 2701	——— Women, Dress of	1 33
——— Gabriel	7 2851	Murchad, son of the King of Leinster	7 2711
——— Saint Jerome	6 2420	<i>Murmurs of Lore</i>	O'DOHERTY 7 2676
Mountain Cottage in Killarney (half-tone engraving)	4 1484	MURPHY, ARTHUR	7 2567
——— <i>Fern, The</i>	GEOGHEGAN 4 1255	——— DENIS	
——— <i>Theology</i>	GREGORY 4 1455	——— Father, See Mac-kenna's Dream	7 2574
Mountains of the Setting Sun	2 417	——— JAMES	7 2574
Mountjoy, Lord	7 2740	<i>Murphys' Super, The</i>	BARLOW 1 103
——— The Wood of	1 3	Musgrave, Sir Richard	1 129
		Music has charms to soothe	CONGREVE 2 615
		Music in Ireland.	
		——— <i>Irish Music</i>	PETRIE 8 2885
		——— <i>The Irish Intellect</i>	GILES 4 1288
		——— <i>An Irish Musical Genus</i>	O'DONOGHUE 7 2690
		——— <i>Lines Written to</i>	WOLFE 9 3634
		——— <i>National</i>	BURKE 1 400
		——— <i>The Last</i>	JOHNSON 5 1700

	VOL.	PAGE		N.	VOL.	PAGE
Musical glasses, The.....	7	2690	Naas Jail	5	1887, 1894	
— <i>Genius, An Irish</i>O'DONOGHUE	7	2690	<i>Naisi Receives his</i>			
Muskerri	1	353	— <i>Sword</i>JOYCE	5	1746	
— Lady, a daughter			<i>Nameless One, The</i>MANGAN	6	2365	
of Harry Deane	7	2733	— <i>Story, The</i>LARMINIE	5	1871	
Grady	3	954	Names of places, Mean-			
<i>uster of the North</i>DUFFY	4	1391	ing of	6	2228	
Mutiny Act, The	6	2109	(Naois speaks) O to see			
— <i>My Ambition</i>LYSAGHT	6	2109	once more	9	3431	
— beautiful, my beau-			<i>Napoleon</i>	8	2888	
tiful!	7	2584	— <i>An Historical</i>			
— <i>Boyhood Days</i>EDGEWORTH	3	1073	Character of.....PHILLIPS	8	2888	
— Brown Girl Sweet	8	3270	— and Baron Denon	1	214	
— <i>Buried Rifle, To</i>MC CARTHY	6	2172	Narragmore	5	1888	
— country, wounded, WILDE	9	3573	— <i>Narrative of the War</i>			
— dear Vic,' ses he BARRY	1	151	with China'.....WOLSELEY	9	2636	
— eyes are filmed	6	2367	<i>Nathaniel P. Cramp</i>MC CARTHY	6	2134	
— <i>First Day in Trin-</i>			<i>Nation Once Again, A</i>DAVIS	3	827	
ity	5	1986	— <i>The, Founding of the</i>	3	950	
— girl, I fear your			— <i>Spirit of the</i>	3	x	
sense is not great			<i>National Characteristics</i>			
at all' (Irish			as <i>Molding Pub-</i>			
rann)	10	3835	lic <i>Opinion</i>BRYCE	1	331	
— Grand Recreation.....	10	4016	— <i>Dramatic Society</i>	10	xlii	
— <i>Grave</i>DAVIS	3	827	genius	8	2990	
— <i>Grief on the sea</i>HYDE	10	3763	— independence, Plun-			
— heart is far from			ket on	8	2901	
Liffey's tide	9	3505	— Land League	9	xl	
— heart is heavy in			— League, The	9	xl	
my breast	3	1206	— Library of Paris,			
— <i>Inver Bay</i>MACMANUS	6	2264	Collection of			
— <i>Land</i>DAVIS	3	831	Irish MSS. in the	7	2673	
— <i>Last Night in Trin-</i>			literature, A.....	1	x	
ity	5	1990	movement in Ire-			
— <i>Life is like the</i>			land, The	3	834	
summer rose'.....WILDE	9	3597	— <i>Music of Ireland</i>BURKE	1	400	
— little one's going			— <i>Poet of Ireland,</i>			
to sea	6	2450	The'			
— <i>Lords of Strogue</i>WINGFIELD	9	3620	spirit in Irish lit-			
— love, still I think REYNOLDS	8	2939	erature	2	xviii	
— love to fight the			literature now an			
Saxon goes	7	2686	accomplished fact	1	xliv	
— <i>Mother Dear</i>LOVER	5	2087	— extinguished by			
— name is Hugh Rey-			Act of Union.....	1	xl	
nolds	8	3292	— temperament in			
— Patrick Sheehan, KIRKHAM	5	1831	Irish literature.....	1	x	
— it is Nell	9	3306	movement, Effect			
— <i>Old Home</i>O'LEARY	7	2797	of, on literature.....	2	xiii	
— <i>Oven</i>DOWNING	3	916	Poets, See Mod-			
— Bawn's hair is			ern Irish Poetry.			
of thread of			<i>Nationality</i>INGRAM	5	1661	
gold spun	3	1179	— and <i>Imperialism</i>RUSSELL	8	2969	
— <i>prison chamber</i>ROSSA	8	2985	— Irish, now recog-			
— spirit's on the			nized	1	xvii	
mountains	9	3635	<i>Nation's History, A</i>BURKE	1	398	
— thoughts, alas, are			— <i>Right, A</i>MOLYNEUX	6	2460	
without strength, GREGORY	4	1460	<i>Native Irishman, The</i>STREET BAL-			
time how happy			LAD	9	3304	
once	1	186	— <i>Land of Liberty</i>IRELAND	5	1662	
— <i>Mystery, Celtic love of</i>BICKERSTAFF	8	2974	— literature of Ire-			
— Mysticism in the new			land original	2	vii	
movement	5	vii	Nativity, Chapel of the	9	3537	
— <i>Mythological Cycle, The</i>	2	xi	Natural scenery	2	439	
— <i>Mythology</i>	4	1426	— <i>Theology, Paley's</i>	5	1787	
— 1431, 1445, 1447, 1455, 1459			Naturalization Bill, The	4	1392	
— of the Norsemen	8	3241	Nature, Joy in	1	174	
— <i>Myths and Legends</i>			— <i>Life, Art and</i>WILDE	9	3578	
— See <i>Legends, and Folk Lore</i>			— in Myth	9	3657	
— <i>Need for study</i>	1	vii	— Myths, See <i>The Celtic Ele-</i>			
— <i>Wickman on</i>	9	3482	ment in <i>Literature</i>			
— in Nature	9	3657	— Love of, in Irish			
— Nature, See <i>The Celtic Ele-</i>			sagas	2	xv	
ment in <i>Literature</i>			<i>Nature</i> (out-door life).			
			— <i>The Young Fisher</i>GWYNN	6	2454	
			— <i>Rhapsody on Rin-</i>			
			cers, A	6	2454	

VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE	
Nature.		Nile, The	7 2512
— <i>Vicar of Cape Clear</i> OTWAY	7 2848	Nine Hostages, Nial of	1 402; 2 444
— <i>Ennishower</i> WINGFIELD	9 3620	the	9 3688
Navan	5 1738	— 'Ninety-eight'	8 2930
Navigations	2 xli	— Lord Camden and	6 2229
Navy, Irishmen in the		— The events of	
British	9 3422	— 'No doubt sure,' 'My	
Neagh, The	6 2112	self believes,	
Lough	3 1180; 5 1753; 6 2276, 2280	'Thinks I!'	
Near Castleblayney lived		(Irish rann)	10 3835
Dan Delaney	8 3270	— popery cry, The	8 3059
Ned Geraghty's Luck	BROUGHAM 1 301	— rising column	
Needy Knife-grinder	CANNING 2 467	marks this spot, EMMET	3 1094
'Neighbors'	CROTTY 2 758	— Snakes in Ireland O'KEEFE	7 2771
Neil O'Carree	HYDE 4 1638	Noble Lord, A	MURPHY 7 2574
Neill, Meaning of name	9 3546	— Extracts from a	
Nell Flaherty's Drake	STREET BAL- LAD 9 3306	Letter to a	BURKE 1 379
— D. J. O'Donoghue		Nolle Prosequi, A	7 2793
on	6 xl	Nora Creina	MOORE 6 2340
Nemedians, The	2 xl; 9 vii		7 2523
Nephin (mountain)	6 2229, 2231	Norbury, Lord, and Cur-	
Nero	2 740, 746	ran	2 798
Netterville, Nicholas,		— at the Trial of	
Viscount	7 2728	Robert Emmet	3 1093
— Father Robert,		— duel with Fitzger-	
slain at Drogheda	7 2572	ald	1 143
'Never Despair' (fac-		Norman work in Round	
simile of verses)	7 2623	Towers	9 3492
'New Antigone, The'	BARRY 1 156	Norman-Irish, The	9 3391
— Ireland, by A. M.		Norse Sagas and Gaelic	
Sullivan	7 2619	Tales	8 2973
— Irish, The	9 3391	— Invaders down	
— Misfortunes	GOLDSMITH 4 1309	Irish books	2 viii
— Potatoes	LOVER 5 2071	North, The Muster of	
Town Glens	7 2551	the	DUFFY 3 954
Newbery, John, Gold-		Northern Blackwater	KAVANAUGH 5 1752
smith on	4 1299	Northernmen in Ireland	STOKES 8 3238
Newcastle, Duke of,		NORTON, CAROLINE	
Sterne's reply to	8 3227	(LADY STIRLING-MAX-	
Newman, Cardinal	7 2556	WELL)	7 2583
Newport	7 2857	Not a drum was heard,	
— A Glimpse of his		not a funeral	
Country-House near	BERKELEY 1 175	note	WOLFE 9 3633
Newry	3 954	— a Star from the	
— Election, Speech at	CURRAN 2 788	Flag Shall Fade	HALPIN 4 1539
Newspaper, The first		— far from old Kin-	
Irish (facsimile)	4 1258	vara	FAHY 3 1134
Niagara	6 2132	— for the lucky war-	
— Dr. Johnson the,		riors	GWYNN 4 1529
of the New		— hers your vast im-	
World"	7 2472	perial mart	LAWLESS 5 1884
Nial of the Nine Hos-		Nothing Venture, Noth-	
tages	1 402; 2 444; 9 3546	ing Have	HAMILTON 4 1542
Niall	6 2356	Novel in The Figaro,	
Niam	2 593	The	O'MEARA 7 2805
— of the Golden		Novels, Irish	EGAN 5 vii
Hair	5 1715	— Burlesque	1 119, 123
Nibelungen, Lied, The	4 1598	'Novum Organum,' Ba-	
and Ireland	4 viii	con's	6 2448, 2453
— Irish older than	2 vii	Now all away to Tir	
Nicknames and So-		na n'Og	CHESSON 2 590
briquets	9 3547	— are you men	PARNELL 7 2871
'Night before Larry was		— In the lonely hour	JOYCE 5 1747
stretched, The'	STREET BAL- LAD 9 3308	— let me alone,	
— D. J. O'Dono-		though I know	
ghue on	6 xl	you won't	LOVER 5 2080
— closed around	MOORE 7 2536	— Memory, false	
— in <i>Fortunatus Vil-</i>		spendthrift	
lage, A	SIGERSON 9 3145	Memory	O'GRADY 7 2760
— Piece on Death,		— when the giant in	
From a	PARNELL 7 2874	us	RUSSELL 8 3000
Nigra, Constantine, on		NUGENT, GERALD (bio-	
Celtic rhymes	2 xli	graphy)	10 401c
		— Translation from	
		the Irish of	3 930

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Nugent, Lord, Canning	1	171	O'BRIEN, CHARLOTTE		
on			GRACE	7	2591
Nullum Tempus Bill	4	1395	— FITZ JAMES	7	2594
Number of Irish ancient			— Manus, discovers	9	3325
MSS. extant	2	xl	— Sarshfield's plow	9	3325
Numitorius	5	1848	— Michael, executed		
Nursery Tales, Max			at Manchester	7	2608; 9 3339
— Müller on	3	xxiii	— R. BARRY	7	2604
— Sir W. Scott on	3	xxiii	— on keening	9	3643
— Charles Welsh on	3	xxiv	— Smith	9	3414, 3550
			— on Wolfe Tone	7	2604
			— and Young Ire-		
			land	9	xl
			— defended by J.		
			Whiteside	9	3550
			— on T. McNevin	6	2274
			— WILLIAM	7	2614
			— WILLIAM SMITH	7	2619
			(portrait)	7	2614
			— and the Kille-		
			naule affair	7	2798
			— (reference)	10	3829
			— D. J. O'Dono-		
			ghue, on art of	6	xiii
			O'Bryne. See Macken-		
			na's Dream		
			O'Brynes of Wicklow	9	3397
			O'Burke, Father, on		
			Davis' poems	3	822
			O'Callahy, M. (now		
			Caldwell)	10	3807
			O'CAROLAN, TURLOUGH		
			(biography)	10	4017
			— and fairy music	3	xviii
			— Translations from		
			the Irish of:		
			— Grace Nugent	3	1186
			— Mild Mabel		
			— Kelly	3	1187
			— Bridget Cruise	4	1244
			— Mary Maguire	4	1246
			— Peggy Browne	4	1252
			— Why, Liquor of		
			Life	3	805
			Ocean, The, in Irish sa-		
			gas	2	xvii
			Och! a rare ould flag.	4	1539
			— girls dear, did you		
			ever hear	3	935
			— hone! and what		
			will I do?	5	2076
			— when we lived in		
			ould Glenann	8	3157
			O'CLERY, M. (biogra-		
			phy)	10	4018
			— Louvain collection		
			of manuscripts		
			made by	7	2673
			— See A Plea for the		
			Study of Irish		
			See O'Donovan.		
			O'Connell, Chancellor,		
			duel with the		
			Orange Chieftain	1	143
			— DANIEL	7	2624
			(portrait)	7	2629
			— and Biddy Mori-		
			arty	6	2281
			— and Catholic		
			Emancipation	9	x
			— and the move-		
			ment for Re-		
			peal	1	xii
			— Anecdotes of	7	2651
			— Ballads on	8	3268
			— Bulwer on	7	xxv
			— Dickens on	7	xxv

O.

O could I flow like thee.	DENHAM	3	849
— did you not hear			
of Kate Kear-			
ney?	MOROAN	7	2555
— Erin, my Queen.	PARNELL	7	2873
— gentle fair maiden.	SIGERSON	8	3143
— God, may it come			
shortly		10	3920
— had you seen the			
Coolun	FERGUSON	2	1188
— heart full of song.	O'SHAUGH-		
NESSY		7	2843
— I'm not myself at			
all, Molly dear.	LOVER	5	2083
— King of Heaven			
who did'st create.		10	3911
— Mary dear, O Mary			
fair	FERGUSON	3	1182
— Meaning of the			
prefix		9	3547
— my daughter; lead			
me forth	ALEXANDER	1	3
— Peggy Brady, you			
are my darlin'		8	3268
— say can you see.		9	3331
— say, my brown			
Brimin	CALLANAN	2	442
— Slgh of the Sea.	SIGERSON	8	3138
— a f r o n g-winged			
birds	O'BRIEN	7	2591
— the brown banks			
of the river	JOYCE	5	1752
— the days are gone.	MOORE	7	2521
— the days of the			
Kerry dancing	MOLLOY	6	2457
— the sight entranc-			
ing?	MOORE	7	2530
— the sunshine of old			
Ireland	TODHUNTER	9	3408
— thou whom sacred			
duty calls	MACCARTHY	6	2128
— were you on the			
mountain?	HYDE	4	1656
— where, Kinkora, is			
Brian	MANGAN	6	2377
— Woman of the			
Piercing Wall	MANGAN	6	2352
— Woman of three			
Cows		10	3831
— Woman, shapely as			
the swan	GRAVES	4	1414
"Oaken-footed Elzevir."			
The		4	1259
Oasis	DOWDEY	3	876
Oats, Binding the	COLEMAN	2	610
Objective method of			
studying literature.		3	868
O belisk, The Boyne			
(half tone engraving).		8	3271
O'Berne Crowe on an-			
cient Irish MSS.		2	xi

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
O'CONNELL, D., Erin's		O'DONOGHUE, D. J., on	
Lament for	8 3269	Carleton	2 472; 5 xvii
— defended by J.		— A. B. Code	2 607
Whiteside	9 3550	— William Dren-	
Genius of, de-		nan's verse	3 924
scribed	7 xxvi	— Kirkham	5 xvii
In prison	3 811; 6 2158	— William Kenealy	5 1788
Liberation of	3 814	— Lover's humor	5 2008
Monument, The		— Mrs. Power	7 2703
(half-tone en-		— of the Glens	4 1590
graving)	7 2645	O'DONOVAN, JOHN	7 2705
on the corn laws	7 2633	— on T. C. Irwin	5 1668
on death of Da-		— Work of, for Cel-	
vis	2 823	tic literature	2 xviii
on home market	7 2647	— <i>The Dead Anti-</i>	
on T. D'Arcy		quary	6 2218
McGee	6 2217	O'Driscoll drove with a	
on C. Phillips	8 2888	song	YEATS 9 3701
on property tax	7 2632	O'Dugan, Maurice	3 1188
— <i>Origin of</i>	4 1588	O'Farrell	9 ix
Shells Penand-		O'Dubhine, Diarmuid	2 629
luk Sketch of	8 3064	O'FARRELLY, Miss Ag-	
— talent of, for vi-		NES	10 3967
tuperative lan-		(biography)	10 4026
guage	6 2281	O'Flynn, Lawrence	10 3713
John, in prison	3 812; 6 2128	— <i>Father</i>	4 1412
O'CONNOR, P.	10 3713	O'er the wild gannet's	
Matthew, on		bath	DARLEY ... 2 809
Faulkner	4 1262	Of all trades that flour-	
— Rev. Charles, com-		ished of old	LEVER 5 1958
piler of the		— <i>Drinking</i>	FLECKNOE , 3 1209
Stowe Catalogue	7 2673	— old, when Scarron	
— Captain Telge	7 2570	his companions	
— THOMAS POWER		Invited	GOLDSMITH. 4 1380
(portrait)	7 2655	— priests we can offer GRAVES ..	4 1412
O'Corra, <i>The Voyage of</i>		O'FLAHERTY, CHARLES	7 2713
the Sons of	JOYCE 5 1724	— Prince of Conne-	
O'Cuisin, S., Plays of	10 xv	mara	7 2857
O'CURNAIN, D. (biogra-		— RODERICK	7 2716
phy)	10 4019	O'Flaherty's cabin in	
O'CURRY, EUGENE	7 2663	Connemara	7 2615
— on ancient Irish		O'FLANAGAN, JAMES	
MSS.	2 xi	RODERICK	7 2723
— extent of an-		Of have we trod the	
cient MSS.	2 xiii	vales of Castaly, WILDE	9 3594
— Work of, for Celtic		— <i>in the stilly night</i> MOORE	7 2527
literature	2 xviii	Ogam stones (see also	
O'Daly, Aengus, satirist	6 vii	Ogham)	4 3545; 7 2668
Ode on his Ship	BROOKE ... 1 280	O'Garas banished from	
— Written on <i>Leav-</i>		Galway	8 2917
ing Ireland. From		Ogham explained and	
the Irish	NUGENT ... 3 930	illustrated	2 x
O'DOHERTY, MRS. KE-		O'Gillarna, Martin Rua	10 3713
VIN IZOD (EVA		OGLE, GEORGE	7 2734
MARY KELLY)	7 2675	— a Monk of the	
— Sir Cahrl	6 2430	Screw	2 797
'O'Donnel, a National		— duel with Barney	
Tale'	MORGAN ... 7 2549	Coyle	1 143
O'Donnel, See <i>A Song of Defeat</i>		O'Gorman, Secretary,	
and <i>Tombs in the Church of</i>		duel with Thomas	
Montorio.		Wallace	1 143
— Abou	McCANN ... 6 2126	O'Grady of Killbally-	
— (reference)	8 3270	owen	4 1590
— <i>Capture of Hugh</i>		— STANDISH	7 2737
Roe	CONNELLAN. 2 632	on H. Grattan	4 1384
— Hugh Ruadh. See		(portrait)	7 2737
<i>Roisin Dubh.</i>		— Sir Horace Plun-	
— Red Hugh	9 ix	keft on	8 2911
— in the West	7 2743	— STANDISH HAYES	7 2762
— JOHN FRANCIS	7 2678	— Work of, for Cel-	
— Manus, grandfa-		tic literature	2 xviii
ther of Hugh		O'Grove, <i>Lament of</i> ...	CALANAN . 2 443
Roe	2 635	'Ogygia'	O'FLAHERTY. 7 2717
O'Donnells banished		— William O'Brien on	7 2615
from Galway. The	8 2917	Oh, dark, sweetest girl, FURLONG ...	4 1252
O'DONOGHUE, DAVID J.	7 2690	— Dermot Astore!	
— on Banlin's verse	1 45	between waking, CRAWFORD .	2 658

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Oh! drimín donn dills!	WALSH	9 3511	O'Heffernan, the blind	7	vii
— fairer than the lily			O'Hussey's Ode to The		
— tall	FAHY	3 1133	— Bard Maguire	MANGAN	6 2369
— farewell, Ireland, I			Oilloll		4 1613
— ain going	STREET BAL-		Oislu (see also Ossian,		
— God, it is a dread-	LAD	8 3287	— Usheen)	2	xli
— ful night	KEEGAN	5 1764	— and Finn	4	1455
— Green and fresh	TYNAN-		— Cause of popular-		
— HINKSON	9 3461		— lity of	9	3660
— If there be an Ely-			— in Tirnanoge; or		
— slum on earth	MOORE	6 2342	— the Last of the		
— In the quiet haven,			— Fena	JOYCE	5 1714
— safe for aye	ALEXANDER	1 8	— Macpherson's		
— Larry M'Hale he			— poems of	7	2673
— had little to fear	LOVER	5 2001	— See Niam and On		
— love is the soul	CODE	2 607	— the 'Colloquy of		
— lovely Mary Don-			— the Ancients'	8	2917
— nelly	ALLINGHAM	1 12	O'Kanes banished from		
— many a day have			— Galway	8	2917
— I made	CALLANAN	2 441	O'Kearney	10	3789
— time	GRAVES	4 1415	O'KELLY, PATRICK	7	2779
— my dark Rosaleen	MANGAN	6 2363	O'KENNEDY, RICHARD	7	2782
— my fair Pastheen	FERGUSON	3 1184	O'KEEFE, JOHN	7	2770
— my sweet little			— and Sir Walter		
— rose	FURLONG	4 1247	— Scott	7	2691
— I'ddy dear, and			Old Age of Queen		
— did ye hear	STREET BAL-		— Macru, The	YEATS	9 3697
— LAD	9 3320		— Books of Erin	7	2670
— Paudrig Crohoore			— Celtic Romances	JOYCE	5 1724, 1731
— was the broth of			— Custom, An	GRiffin	4 1481
— a boy	LE FANU	5 1942	— Lady Ann	CROKER	2 660
— rise up, Willy			— of Thread-		
— Relly	STREET BAL-		— needle Street,		
— LAD	9 3321		— The"	8	3076
— that my love and I	FURLONG	4 1246	— Pedhar Carthy		
— the clang of the			— from Clonmore	MCCALL	6 2122
— wooden shoon	MOLLOY	6 2458	— "White," anec-		
— the fern, the fern	GEOGHEGAN	4 1255	— dotes of	8	xviii
— the French are on			O'LEARY, ARTHUR	7	2789
— the sea	STREET BAL-		— Dr.	2	797
— LAD	9 3313		— ELLEN	7	2796
— the marriage'	DAVIS	3 825	— W. B. Yeats on	3	xi
— the rain, the			— JOHN	7	2798
— weary	MANGAN	6 2373	— on Kickham	5	1815
— then tell me,			— JOSEPH	7	2803
— Shawn O'Fer-			— as a humorist	6	xv
— rall'	CASEY	2 572	— PATRICK	10	3953
— there was a poor			— (biography)	10	4028
— man	STREET BAL-		— FATHER PETER (bi-		
— LAD	8 3281		— ography)	10	4028
— thou Atlantic,			— (reference)	10	3941
— dark and deep	CROLY	2 749	Olkryn, Iris	See MILLIGAN	
— 'tis little Mary			Ollamb, described	2	xli
— Cassidy's	FAHY	3 1135	Ollamhs, Costumes of	3	xxiv
— to have lived like			O'Longan on ancient		
— an Irish Chief	DUFFY	3 959	— Irish MSS.	2	xi
— turn thee to me	FURLONG	4 1244	— "Olwen" in The Mabl-		
— 'twas Dermot			— nogion	9	3656
— O'Nowlan McEig	O'FLAHERTY	7 2713	O'Mahon, Counsellor,		
— What a Plague is			— duel with Henry		
— Love'	TYNAN-		— Deane Grady	1	143
— HINKSON	9 3439		O'MAHONY or MAHONY,		
— what was love			— F. S. (FATHER PROUT)	6	2336
— made for	MOORE	3 1087	O'Maille, Breanbaun		
— who could desire			— Crone	7	2856
— to see better			O'Malley, Grace	7	2856
— sporting		10 3919	O'MEARA, KATHLEEN		
— who is that poor			— (GRACE RAMSAY)	7	2805
— foreigner	STREET BAL-		O'MEEHAN, FATHER	10	3829
— LAD	8 3288		— Ornium, Jacob. See HIGGINS		
— yes, 'tis true, the			O'More, Roger	9	ix
— debt is due	HOGAN	4 1592	— O'More's Fair Daughter	FURLONG	4 1252
O'HAGAN, JOHN		7 2767	— On Carrighdoun the		
O'Hara, Kane, D. J.			— heath	LANE	5 1865
— Donoghue on wit of		6 xiii	— Catholic Rights	O'CONNELL	7 2629
			— Conciliation with		
			— America	BURKE	1 376

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
On Euripides' plays we debated	ARMSTRONG.	1 24	O'Neills banished from Galway	8	2917
— <i>Great Sugarloaf</i> ,	GREENE	4 1424	— <i>Only Son of Aoife, The</i> ,	GREGORY	4 1426
— <i>Irishmen as Ru- lers</i>	DUFFERIN	3 938	— <i>Oracles, Ancient Irish</i> ,	7	2717
— <i>Land Tenure</i>	BUTT	2 422	— <i>Orange lilies, A story of</i> ,	3	970
— <i>Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays</i> ,		6 2277	— <i>The</i>	EGAN	3 1080
— <i>a Colleen Bawn</i> ,	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3310	— <i>Societies</i>	9	3520
— <i>'the Colloquy of the Ancients'</i> ,	ROLLESTON.	8 2968	Orangelism.		
— <i>Commercial Treaty with France</i>	FLOOD	3 1219	— <i>King William</i>	3	967
— <i>Death of Dr. Swift</i>	SWIFT	9 3380	— <i>Protestant Boys</i> ,	9	3311
— <i>deck of Patrick Lynch's boat</i> ,	FOX	3 1224	— <i>The Orange Lilies</i> ,	3	1080
— <i>fourteenth day, being Tuesday</i> ,		4 1484	— <i>The Orangeman's Submission</i>	9	3430
— <i>ocean that hol- lows</i>	GRIFFIN	4 1510	— <i>Willy Rellly</i>	9	3321
— <i>Old Sod (color plate)</i>		1 xvi	<i>Orangeman's Submis- sion, The</i>	TONNA	9 3430
— <i>Policy for Ire- land</i>	MEAGHER	6 2415	— <i>Orator, Canning as</i> ,	1	170
— <i>Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America</i> ,	BERKELEY	1 180	— <i>Dean Kirwan as</i> ,	1	127
— <i>Travel</i>	FLECKNOE	3 1209	— <i>Dr. Alexander as</i> ,	1	8
— <i>Wind</i>	MARTY	6 2383	— <i>Father Keogh as</i> ,	3	1202
ONAHIAN, WILLIAM J.,		7 2814	— <i>Flood as</i>	3	1210
Onchopelos	See JOHNSTONE.		— <i>Flood the first real</i> ,	7	x
One blessing on my na- tive isle	CURRAN	2 767	— <i>Fox as</i>	3	1191
— <i>day the Baron Stiffenbach</i>	WILLIAMS	9 3610	— <i>Gladstone the greatest in the Commons</i>	7	2657
— <i>Forgotten, The</i>	SHORTER	8 3128	— <i>Grattan, hero and</i> ,	4	1384
— <i>Law for All</i>		1 384	— <i>Isaac Butt as</i>	2	421
— <i>morn a Peri at the gate</i>	MOORE	7 2509	— <i>Meagher as</i>	6	2414
— <i>morning by the streamlet</i>	O'BRIEN	7 2592	— <i>O'Connell as</i>	7	2624
— <i>ranging for rec- reation</i>		8 3269	— <i>Pitt as</i>	3	1191
— <i>walking out I o'ertook</i>	ALLINGHAM,	1 16	— <i>Puff</i>	MOORE	7 2541
— <i>night of late I chanced to stray</i> ,	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3296	— <i>Sheridan as</i>	FITZGERALD,	3 1190
— <i>touch there is of magic white</i>	ALEXANDER.	1 9	<i>Orators, Great attribute of</i>	7	viii
— <i>winter's day, long, long ago</i>	KEEGAN	5 1762	— <i>In Irish Parlia- ment (portraits)</i> ,	7	viii
O'NEACHTAN, J. (blog- raphy)		10 4019	Oratory.		
— <i>John, Translations from Irish of</i> ,		2 768	— <i>Pulpit, Bar, and Parliament ary Eloquence</i>	BARRINGTON,	1 127
— <i>A Lament</i>		4 1249	— <i>Chatham and Townshend</i>	BURKE	1 391
— <i>Maggie Ladir</i>		9 3390	— <i>Extracts from the Impeachment of Warren Hastings</i> ,	BURKE	1 383
— <i>'O'Neill, A Life of Owen Roe'</i>	TAYLOR	8 3018	— <i>On American Tax- ation</i>	BURKE	1 373
— <i>Hugh</i>		1 354	— <i>On Conciliation with America</i> ,	BURKE	1 376
— <i>and his men, A vision of</i>		6 2353	— <i>Disarming of Ul- ster</i>	CURRAN	2 780
— <i>Flight of</i>		9 ix	— <i>Farewell to the Irish Parliament</i> ,	CURRAN	2 783
— <i>The rebellion of</i> ,		9 3392	— <i>Liberty of the Press</i>	CURRAN	2 778
— <i>Submission of</i> ,		10 3851	— <i>On Catholic Eman- cipation</i>	CURRAN	2 774
— <i>of Ulster</i>	See SKRINE.		— <i>Speech at Newry Election</i>	CURRAN	2 788
— <i>Moirra</i>		9 ix	— <i>Last Speech</i>	EMMET	3 1087
— <i>Owen Roe</i>		3 928	— <i>Speech on Robert Burns</i>	FERGUSON...	3 1170
— <i>Sir Phelim</i>		9 328	— <i>Defense of the Vol- unters</i>	FLOOD	3 1217
— <i>or O'Neill</i>		957; 4 249, 1530; 7 2686	— <i>On a Commercial Treaty with France</i>	FLOOD	3 1219
			— <i>Reply to Grattan's Inveective</i>	FLOOD	3 1212
			— <i>Declaration of Irish Rights</i>	GRATTAN	4 1387
			— <i>Of the Injustice of Disqualification of Catholics</i>	GRATTAN	4 1405

VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE	
Oratory.		ORR, JAMES 7 2839	
— <i>Philippe against Flood</i>	GRATTAN . . 4 1400	— <i>The Wake of William</i>	DRENNAN . . 3 925
— <i>Glory of Ireland.</i>	MEAGHER . . 6 2420	Orrery, Lord, Swift and Faulkner	4 1263
— <i>On the Policy for Ireland</i>	MEAGHER . . 6 2415	O'Ryan was a man of might	HALPINE . . 4 1540
— <i>Speech from the Dock</i>	MEAGHER . . 6 2424	Osborne, Anecdote of Sir William	2 425
— <i>Justice for Ireland.</i>	O'CONNELL . . 7 2641	Oscar, Keen, light-footed	7 2766
— <i>On Catholic Rights.</i>	O'CONNELL . . 7 2629	— <i>Strength of</i>	5 1723
— <i>Common Citizen Soldier</i>	O'REILLY . . 7 2825	— <i>with edged blade fighting</i>	4 1525
— <i>Address Before the House, Washington</i>	PARNELL . . 7 2861	Osgar (Oscur), grandson of Ossla	4 1455; 8 2753
— <i>Ambition of the Irish Patriot.</i>	PHILLIPS . . 8 2892	O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR	7 2842
— <i>Eulogy of Washington</i>	PHILLIPS . . 8 2891	O'SHEA, P. J.	10 3843
— <i>The Union</i>	PLUNKET . . 8 2896	— (biography)	10 4029
— <i>First Step toward Home Rule</i>	REDMOND . . 8 2926	Ossian (see also Oislin)	8 2990
— <i>Ireland's Part in English Achievement</i>	SHEIL . . . 8 3057	— (biography)	10 4020
— <i>Speech in Opposition to Pitt's First Income Tax</i>	SHERIDAN . . 8 3072	— <i>and Patrick, Lay of</i>	GWYNN . . 4 1523
— <i>In Defense of Charles Gavan Duffy</i>	WHITESIDE . 9 3550	— <i>and St. Patrick.</i>	2 xvi; 4 1601
— <i>A century of. See The Irish School of Oratory.</i>		— <i>The Burthen of.</i>	O'GRADY . . 7 2752
— <i>In America, Bryce on</i>	1 337	— <i>See MACALEESE and The Celts.</i>	
— <i>Irish, pitched in a high key</i>	7 vii	Ossianic lays, The	4 1606
— <i>Masters in</i>	7 xxviii	— <i>manuscripts in the Trinity College collection</i>	7 2672
— <i>The Irish School of</i>	7 vii	— <i>or Finn Cycle</i>	2 629
O'Reilly, See <i>Mackenna's Dream</i>	8 3297	— <i>poems, The</i>	6 2231
— (Father) on naming children	4 1610	— <i>prose romances.</i>	8 2968
— JOHN BOYLE (portrait)	7 2825	Ossian's prose among the Irish people	4 1609
— <i>His Life, Poems, and Speeches</i>	7 2825	Ossin, Ossian, or Oislin	5 1705
— <i>on Fanny Parnell's Land League songs.</i>	7 2870	O'Sullivan Bear, <i>Dirge of</i>	CALLANAN . 2 445
— <i>Private Miles. See HALPINE.</i>		— <i>Gaelic</i>	3 vii
— <i>Myles, F. M. Egan on</i>	5 viii	— <i>Red</i>	3 vii
Orford, Lord, on an Irish bull	3 1058	— <i>Rev. S. on the Burial of Str John Moore</i>	9 3632
Oriel, Dubhdun, King of	4 1623	<i>Othello at Drill</i>	LEVER . . . 5 1979
Oriental bull, An	3 1056	O'Trigger, Sir Lucius (character in 'The Rivals')	8 3082, 3088
— <i>folk lore and Irish life</i>	3 xvii	O'Tundher	9 3515
— <i>Origin of Life, The.</i>	KELVIN . . 5 1784	OTWAY, CÆSAR	7 2848
— <i>O'Connell</i>	HOEY . . . 4 1588	'Ould Master, The'	BARLOW . . 1 114
— <i>the Irish, The.</i>	WARE . . . 9 3547	— <i>Plaid Shawl, The.</i>	FAHY . . . 3 1134
Originality of ancient Irish literature	1 viii	— (color plate)	10 Front
— <i>Irish Bulls Exomined, The</i>	EDGEWORTH. 3 1055	<i>Our Exiles</i>	SULLIVAN . . 9 3328
Ormond, M. F. Egan on	5 xi	— <i>long dispute must close</i>	CROLY . . . 2 1747
Ormonde on the massacre at Drogheda	7 2567, 2573	— <i>Manifold Nature, Stories from Life</i>	MACFALL . . 6 2206
Ormsby, Sir Charles; a story of the butcher	1 144	— <i>own Times, History of</i>	MCCARTHY . 6 2148
'Oro, O darlina Fair!'	SIGERSON . . 8 3142	— <i>Road</i>	MACMANUS . 6 2273
O'Rourke, Daniel	MAGINN . . 6 2313	— <i>Thrones Decay</i>	RUSSELL . . 8 3001
O'Rory, <i>Conversations with the Quality</i>	MORGAN . . 7 2549	<i>Ourselfs Alone</i>	O'HAGAN . . 7 2767
ORR, ANDREW	7 2837	<i>Out of Order</i>	7 2793
		— <i>upon the sand-dunes</i>	TYNAN-HINKSON. 9 3460
		Outer, Lough	6 2277
		<i>Outlaw of Loch Lene, The</i>	CALLANAN . 2 441
		'Outline of Irish History, An'	MCCARTHY . 6 2174
		Outside Car (half-tone engraving)	2 788

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Outworn heart, in a time outwornYEATS	9 3705	PARNELL, C. S., Address of, before the House, Washing- ton, Feb. 2, 1879	7 2861
Over here in England.SKRINE	8 3154	— and the Land Lea- gue	9 xl
— moving water and surges whiteMILLIGAN	6 2435	— National League	9 xl
— the carnage rose prophetic a Voice	7 2827	— J. H. McCarthy on	6 2177
Oveton, Father Richard, slain at Drogheda	7 2573	— Life of Charles Stewart'O'BRIEN	7 2607 2611
Owen Barn	3 1179	— on the Manchester martyrs	7 2608
— King of Munster	2 444	— Service of, to Eng- lish legislation	6 2178
— Mór, King of Fern- mag	4 1616	— went into Politics. WhyO'BRIEN	7 2607
— Roe (see also <i>A Glance at Ire- land's History</i>)	3 959	— Epitaph on DoctorGOLDSMITH.	4 1383
— O'Neill, Life of. TAYLOR	9 3390	— FANNY	7 2870
Ow nabwee, The	5 1865	— W. B. Yeats on	3 xlii
Ox Mountains, The	6 2229	— Sir John, and Ire- land's Inde- pendence	6 2170
P.		— Chancellor of the Exchequer	1 135
<i>Pacata Hibernia</i>O'GRADY	7 2740	— THOMAS	7 2874
— Author of	7 2744	— English poet	9 2177
Paddy, agra, run down to the bogSTREET BAL- LAD	8 3285	— W. B. Yeats on	3 vii
— Blake and the echo	3 1056	Parodist, Maginn the best	6 xiv
— <i>Corcoran's Wife</i>CARLETON	2 562	Parsons as a Monk of the Screw	5 1957
— <i>Fret, the Priest's Boy</i>O'DONNELL.	7 2678	Parthalomans, The	9 vii
— <i>MacCarthy</i>HOGAN	4 1594	Partholan	2 xl
— <i>the Piper</i>LOVER	5 2055	Parties in Ireland in 1798	9 3426
Pagan Irish, Esthetic sensitivity of the	2 xviii	— "The Chiefs of".MADDEN	6 2284
Pain's 'Age of Reason' condemned	9 3521	<i>Partners in Crime</i>GRIFFIN	4 1494
Painting, Expression of female beauty by	5 1924	'Party Fight and Fu- neral'CARLETON	2 559
Pale, The	4 1255	<i>Passing of the Gael, The</i>MACMANUS.	6 2267
— English of the	9 3391	Pasteur, Pouchet, and Bastian	5 1784
— The English	10 3867	Pastha, The, described.	3 xx
Pater and thinner the morningM'GEE	6 2222	<i>Pasthen Flon</i> . From the IrishFERGUSON	3 1184
Palestine	7 2517	<i>Pat</i> (comic paper)	6 x
Paley's 'Natural Theol- ogy'	5 1787	Pater, Walter, on George Moore	7 2483
Palliser, Archbishop	5 1915	Pathos in Irish humor.	6 viii
Palmerston, Lord	3 941	Patience of the Irish peasant	3 855
Pamphlet, Power of the.	7 ix	Patrician Bards, The.	2 xviii
<i>Pamphleteer, Swift as a</i> BOYLE	1 260	<i>Patrick, A Lay of Os- sian and</i>GWYNN	4 1523
Pantheon, The early Irish	9 3344	— and Ossian	7 2753
<i>Paradise and the Peri</i>MOORE	2 xi	— See also <i>Saint Patrick</i> . <i>Sheehan</i>KICKHAM	5 1831
Paralons, or Migdonia.	7 2509	<i>Patriot, The Ambition of the Irish</i>PHILLIPS	7 2892
Parents and children, Affection between	4 1484	Patriotic Songs, Songs of War, etc.	
<i>Parliament, Farewell to the Irish</i>CURRAN	6 2196	— <i>Siege of Derry</i>ALEXANDER.	1 3
— <i>How Ireland Lost her</i>MCCARTHY.	2 783	— "He said that he was not our brother"BANIM	1 58
— Irish Houses of (half-tone en- graving)	6 2161	— <i>The Sword</i>BARRY	1 149
— of Ireland close.	2 786	— <i>The Saxon Shilling</i>BUGGY	1 358
— The rights of	6 2464	— <i>Gougane Barra</i>CALLANAN	2 439
'Parliamentary Reform, Speech on'	2 465	— "O say my brown drimin'"CALLANAN	2 442
— speaking, Canning on	1 170	— <i>Rising of the Moon</i>CASEY	2 572
PARNELL, CHARLES STEWART (portrait).	7 2860	— <i>Green little Sham- rock of Ireland</i>CHERRY	2 587

Patriotic and War
Songs.

VOL. PAGE

— The Fighting Race.	CLARKE	2	598
— Wearing of the Green	CURRAN	2	767
— Fontenoy	DAVIS	3	823
— My Grave	DAVIS	3	827
— My Land	DAVIS	3	831
— A Nation once again	DAVIS	3	827
— The West's Asleep.	DAVIS	3	828
— A Cushla Gal mo Chree	DOHENT	3	864
— Brigade at Fontenoy	DOWLING	3	878
— Erin	DRENNAN	3	924
— Wake of W. Orr.	DRENNAN	3	925
— Battle of Beal-An-Atha-Buidh	DRENNAN	3	928
— Ode on Leaving Ireland	DRUMMOND	3	930
— Innishowen	DUFFY	3	961
— Irish Chiefs	DUFFY	3	959
— Irish Rapparees	DUFFY	3	957
— Muster of the North	DUFFY	3	954
— Lines on Arbor Hill	EMMET	3	1094
— Fair Hills of Ireland	FERGUSON	3	1185
— Song of the Irish Emigrant	FITZSIMON	3	1206
— County of Mayo.	FOX	3	1224
— Roisin Dubh	FURLONG	4	1247
— Sorrowful Lament for Ireland	GREGORY	4	1459
— Ireland	GWYNN	4	1532
— Song of Defeat	GWYNN	4	1529
— "Not a star from the flag shall fade"	HALPINE	4	1539
— Sarsfield Testimonial	HOGAN	4	1592
— Memory of the Dead	INGRAM	5	1659
— Ways of War	JOHNSON	5	1699
— Blacksmith of Limerick	JOYCE	5	1741
— Crossing the Blackwater	JOYCE	5	1744
— Finca, the Rover.	JOYCE	5	1743
— Irish Reaper's Harvest Hymn	KEEGAN	5	1765
— Rory of the Hill.	KICKHAM	5	1829
— Royal Lore	LEAMY	5	1910
— Exiles Return	LOCKE	5	2003
— War-Ships of Peace	LOVER	6	2085
— The Croppy Boy.	MCBURNERY	6	2115
— Good Ship Castle Down	MCBURNERY	6	2113
— O'Donnell Abao	MCCANN	6	2126
— Pillar Towers of Ireland	MACCARTHY	6	2120
— To my Buried Rifle	MACCARTHY	6	2172
— The fair Hills of Erin	MCCONMARA	10	3937
— The Irish Exile	MACDERMOTT	6	2189
— Am I Remembered	M'GEE	6	2225
— The Celts	M'GEE	6	2223
— Head Antiquary, O'Donovan	M'GEE	6	2218
— Death of the Homeward Bound	M'GEE	6	2222

Patriotic and War
Songs.

VOL. PAGE

— Salutation of the Celts	M'GEE	6	2226
— To Duffy in Prison	M'GEE	6	2220
— My Inver Bay	MACMANUS	6	2264
— Passing of the Gacl	MACMANUS	6	2267
— Shiela-ni-Gara	MACMANUS	6	2271
— Dark Rosaleen	MANGAN	6	2363
— Fair Hills of Eire	MANGAN	6	2378
— Kathaleen-Ny-Hou-lahan	MANGAN	6	2380
— Kinkora	MANGAN	6	2377
— Lament	MANGAN	6	2352
— Buried Forests of Erin	MILLIGAN	6	2437
— After the Battle.	MOORE	7	2536
— 'Fairer' put on a white	MOORE	7	2529
— 'Go where glory waits thee'	MOORE	7	2530
— Irish Peasant to his Mistress	MOORE	7	2536
— Meeting of the Waters	MOORE	7	2532
— The Minstrel Boy	MOORE	7	2535
— 'O the sight of trancing'	MOORE	7	2531
— 'Rich and rare were the gems she wore'	MOORE	7	2532
— Song of Fionnuala	MOORE	7	2534
— The harp that once	MOORE	7	2535
— 'When he who adores thee'	MOORE	7	2534
— Loch Ina	O'BRIEN	7	2602
— Tipperary	O'DOHERTY	7	2675
— Spinning Song	O'DONNELL	7	2686
— Tombs in the Church of Montorio	O'DONNELL	7	2684
— 'I give my heart to thee'	O'GRADY	7	2760
— Dear Land	O'HAGAN	7	2768
— Ourselves Alone	O'HAGAN	7	2767
— To God and Ireland True	O'LEARY	7	2796
— At Fredricksburg, Dec. 13, 1862	O'REILLY	7	2831
— Ensign Epps, the Color-Bearer	O'REILLY	7	2830
— From 'Wendell Phillips'	O'REILLY	7	2836
— Mayflower	O'REILLY	7	2834
— In Exile: Australia	ORR	7	2837
— The Irishman	ORR	7	2839
— Song of an Exile	ORR	7	2840
— Erin, my Queen	PARNELL	7	2875
— Hold the Harvest	PARNELL	7	2875
— Post-Mortem	PARNELL	7	2870
— Fight of the Arm-strong Privateer	ROCHE	8	2961
— Edward Duffy	ROSSA	8	2983
— Shane's Head	SAVAGE	8	3024
— The Lost Tribune	SIGERSON	8	3122
— Corrueneela	SKERINE	8	3154
— Lament for King Ivor	STOKES	8	3260
— The Boyne Water	STREET BAL-LAD	8	3271
— MacKenna's Dream	STREET BAL-LAD	8	3296
— By Memory Inspired	STREET BAL-LAD	8	3274

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Patriotic and War Songs.			<i>People, Amusements of.</i> O'BRIEN ...	7	2620
— <i>Protestant Boys.</i> STREET BAL-			'Perhaps' WYNNE	9	3649
— <i>Shan Van Vocht.</i> STREET BAL-			Persecution by Protest-		
— <i>Wearin' o' the Green</i> STREET BAL-			ants and Roman Cath-		
— <i>Dear old Ireland.</i> SULLIVAN ..	9	3311	olics alike 7	2790	
— <i>God save Ireland.</i> SULLIVAN ..	9	3339	'Personal Narrative of		
— <i>Fairy Gold</i> TODHUNTER. 9	3411		a Pilgrimage to		
— <i>Longing</i> TODHUNTER. 9	3408		El Medinah and		
— <i>The Maiden City.</i> TONNA 9	3428		Mecca' BURTON	2	408
— <i>Orangeman's Sub-</i>			— 'Sketches' BARRINGTON. 1	127	
— <i>mission</i> TONNA 9	3430		129, 138, 141		
— 'Oh, green and			Personification of Ire-		
— <i>fresh</i> TYNAN-			land 1	viii	
— <i>The Exodus</i> WILDE 9	3570		Pery, E. S., Speaker of		
— <i>To Ireland</i> WILDE 9	3573		Irish House of Par-		
— <i>Farewell to Amer-</i>			liament 7	ix	
— <i>ica</i> WILDE 9	3599		Petre, Lord, and Father		
— <i>Monster War-Song.</i> WILLIAMS .. 9	3607		O'Leary 7	2793	
Patriotism.			PETRIE, GEORGE 8	2879	
— Archbishop Ireland			— on the Round Tow-		
— on 5	1662		ers 9	3489	
— of the Irish 2	442		Petrie's 'Christian De-		
— See <i>Nationality and Imperialism.</i>			scriptions' (cited) 9	3484	
Patterson, Chief Justice			Petticoats, Ancient Irish 9	3495	
C. P., duels with gen-			<i>Phantom Ship, The</i> MILLIGAN ..	6	2435
— tlemen 1	143		<i>Phauidrig Crohoore</i> LE FANU ..	5	1942
PAYNE, PERCY SOMERS 7	2878		<i>Philandering</i> BOYLE 1	277	
Pearce, Sir Edward 5	1914		<i>Philippic Against Flood.</i> GRATTAN ..	4	1400
<i>Pearl of the White</i>			Phillips, Bishop, of Kil-		
<i>Breast</i> PETRIE 8	2886		lala 6	2232	
'Peasant Lore from			PHILLIPS, CHARLES 8	2888	
Gaelic Ireland' DEENY 3	845		— Sir Thomas, pri-		
846, 847			— vate collector of		
— to his Mistress,			Irish MSS. 7	2673	
<i>The Irish</i> MOORE 7	2536		'Philo-Junius,' See Sir		
— Superstitions of			Philip Francis.		
the Irish 6	2149		Philology.		
— English and Irish,			— <i>Poetry of Words.</i> TRENCH ... 9	3434	
compared 5	1835		— <i>Language of the</i>		
Peasantry and landlords 1	138		— <i>Ancient Irish</i> WARE 9	3544	
— Character of the			— Place names in		
Irish 1	138; 3	854; 6	Ireland 6	2228	
— Conditions of the. 9	3426		— <i>Surnames of the</i>		
— Dress of the 9	3495		<i>Ancient Irish</i> WARE 9	3546	
Peck, H. T., on George			Philosopher, Emerson,		
Moore 7	2483		The 7	2556	
Pedersen, Dr., on the			'Philosophical Survey		
Irish vocabulary 4	1607		of the South of Ire-		
Peel, Sir R., Challenge			land, A' 7	2695	
of, to O'Connell. 7	2625		Philosophy.		
— on E. Burke 1	x		— <i>Extracts from 'The</i>		
'Peep O'Day, The' BANIM 1	46		<i>Querist'</i> BERKELEY .. 1	177	
<i>Peggy Browne.</i> From			— <i>Glimpse of his</i>		
the Irish FURLONG .. 4	1252		<i>Country House.</i> BERKELEY .. 1	175	
Pelascie style of archi-			— <i>True Pleasures</i> BERKELEY .. 1	174	
tecture 8	2881		— <i>Thoughts on Vari-</i>		
'Pen and Ink Sketch of			<i>ous Subjects</i> SWIFT 9	3377	
Daniel O'Connell' SHEIL 8	3064		— <i>Twelve Articles.</i> SWIFT 9	3388	
Penal Days, Women in			Phoenix Park 1	146	
Ireland in ATKINSON .. 1	28		Phooka's Tower, The. 6	2313	
— <i>Laws</i> MCCARTHY. 6	2179		<i>Phosphor, The Planet</i>		
— (reference) 7	2615		<i>Venus, Hesperus and</i> CLARKE ... 2	601	
— Injustice of the. 5	1838		<i>Picture of Ulster</i> MCNEVIN .. 6	2274	
— of 1695-97 9	x		Pig Fair (half-tone en-		
— servitude, The hor-			graving) 7	2484	
rors of 3	839		'Pilgrimage to El Me-		
'Penny numbers,' The			dinah and Mecca, Per-		
evils of 2	640		sonal Narrative of a		
Pensions for veterans of			Pilgrimages in olden		
the civil war 7	2829		times 1	32	
Pentonville Prison 3	839		<i>Pilgrims</i> ARMSTRONG. 1	26	
			Pilkington, John Carta-		
			ret 7	2693	
			<i>Pillar Towers of Ire-</i>		
			<i>land, The</i> MACCARTHY. 6	2130	
			Pillars of Hercules. 2	749	
			<i>Pinchbeck Heroes, The</i>		
			<i>Worship of</i> GOLDSMITH. 4	1338	

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Flozzl, Signor	6	2471	Poets of Young Ire-	3	viii
Piper, A Blind Irish			land, W. B. Yeats on		
(half-tone engraving)	5	1762	Pole, Wellesley, a		
Pitch-capping	9	3447	Monk of the Screw	5	1957
Pitt, William	6	2284	Polemical ballads, On	8	3268
— and Sheridan	3	1194	Policy for Ireland, On		
— on Grattan's ora-			the	6	2415
tory	7	xv	Political humor	6	ix
— Sheridan's retort			— satire. See Rack-		
on	8	3122	— rchers on the		
Pitt's First Income Tax			Stump.		
Bill, Speech in Oppo-			Politics and Gov-		
sition to	8	3072	— ernment.		
Pity of Love, The	9	3704	— Swift as a Pam-		
Place of Rest, The	8	2997	phleteer	1	260
— names in Ireland	6	2228	— England and Ire-		
Placidia	5	1925	land	1	346
Plague in Ireland, The			— Chatham and		
Famine and the	1	58	Townshend	1	391
Planet Venus, <i>Hesperus</i>			— Extracts from a		
and Phosphor, The	2	601	Letter to a Noble		
Plato	2	603	Lord	1	379
Plato's 'Timeus'	2	749	— Extracts from the		
Players in London dur-			Impachment of		
ing the reign of			Warren Hastings	1	383
Henry VII.	6	2347	— On American Tax-		
Plea for Liberty of Con-			ation	1	373
science	7	2789	— On Conciliation		
— the Study of			with America	1	376
Irish, A	7	2614	— On Land Tenure	2	422
'Pleasant Ned Lysaght'			— On the English		
Pleasing, The Art of	8	3206	Constitution	2	465
Plebeian bards, The	3	xviii	— Disarming of Ul-		
ledge, Signing the	6	2398	ster	2	780
Plower, The	2	612	— Farewell to the		
PLUNKET, WILLIAM			Irish Parliament	2	783
CONYNHAM	8	2894	— Liberty of the		
— A master of ora-			Press	2	778
tory	7	xxviii	— On Catholic Eman-		
— and the Irish na-			cipation	2	773
tional Parla-			— Speech at Newry		
ment	6	2171	Ellection	2	788
— as a Monk of the			— How the Anglo-		
Screw	5	1957	Irish Problem		
— Bulwer on	7	xxv	— Could be Solved	3	832
— Oratory of, de-			— How to Govern		
scribed	7	xxv	Ireland	3	854
PLUNKETT, SIR HORACE			— On Irishmen as		
(portrait)	8	2908	Rulers	3	938
Pocket boroughs, Irish			— On a Commercial		
Parliament elected by	6	2162	Treaty with		
Pockrich, Richard, in-			France	3	1219
ventor of the musical			— Reply to Grattan's		
glasses	7	2690	Invective	3	1212
'Poems'	9	3704	— To the Duke of		
Poet and Publisher	5	1709	Grafton	3	1228
— How to Become a FAHY	3	1124	— Duty of Criticism		
Poetry. (All poems are indexed			in a Democracy	4	1290
under their titles and first			— Liberty in En-		
lines.)			land	4	1331
— Irish, E. Spenser			— Declaration of		
on	4	ix	Irish Rights	4	1388
— Modern Irish,			— Of the Injustice of		
Yeats on	3	vii	Disqualification		
— of Words, The	9	3434	of Catholics	4	1405
Poet's Corner in West-			— Philippic against		
minster Abbey	4	1319	Flood	4	1400
'Poets and Dreamers', GREGORY	4	1455	— Native Land of		
1459			Liberty	5	1662
— In Ancient Ireland	2	xviii	— Politics at Dinner	5	1833
— of the Agrarian			— Faith of a Felon	5	1855
movement	3	xii	— Beginnings of		
— Fenian move-			Home Rule	6	2174
ment	3	xi	— How Ireland Lost		
— Nation. See			Her Parliament	6	2161
Modern Irish			— The Irish Church	6	2148
Literature.					

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Politics and Government.		Poynings Act passed in 1495	9 1x
— <i>Penal Laws, The.</i>	MACCARTHY. 6 2179	— Law	3 1210, 1213; 4 1395
— <i>On the Policy for Ireland</i>	MEAGHER . . . 6 2415	— 1401, 1403; 6 2161; 9 3390	9 x
— <i>A Nation's Right.</i>	MOLYNEUX . . . 6 2460	— Repealed	9 x
— <i>Colonial Slavery, 1831</i>	O'CONNELL . . . 7 2650	— <i>Practical Illustration, A.</i>	8 3035
— <i>Justice for Ireland</i>	O'CONNELL . . . 7 2641	— <i>joking</i>	8 xvi
— <i>On Catholic Rights</i>	O'CONNELL . . . 7 2629	— <i>Prejudices, Swift on</i>	9 3377
— <i>Gladstone and the Great Home Rule Debate</i>	O'CONNOR . . . 7 2656	— <i>Racial</i>	8 2995
— <i>Address Before the House, Washington</i>	PARNELL 7 2861	— <i>Premium, Mr. (character in 'School for Scandal')</i>	8 3105
— <i>The Union</i>	PLUNKET 8 2896	— <i>PRENDERGAST, JOHN</i>	8 2913
— <i>First Step toward Home Rule</i>	REDMOND 8 2926	— <i>Prentice boys, The.</i>	9 3428
— <i>Nationality and Imperialism</i>	RUSSELL 8 2989	— <i>Preponderance of Protestant power</i>	9 3423
— <i>Ireland's Part in English Achievement</i>	SHEIL 8 3057	— <i>Presentation at the Vice-regal court, Dublin.</i>	1 246; 6 2203
— <i>Speech in Opposition to Pitt's First Income-Tax</i>	SHERIDAN 8 3072	— <i>Press, Liberty of the.</i>	DE VERE . . . 3 852
— <i>Our Critics</i>	SULLIVAN 9 3328	— <i>The Liberty of the</i>	CURRAN 2 778
— <i>Brass Half-pence.</i>	SWIFT 9 3369	— <i>Præternatural in Fiction.</i>	BURTON 1 404
— <i>Short View of Ireland</i>	SWIFT 9 3362	— <i>Prevalence of Irish humor</i>	6 x
— <i>Essay on the State of Ireland in 1720</i>	TONE 9 3415	— <i>Priest, Love of Irish for</i>	BANIM 1 56
— <i>State of Ireland in 1798, The</i>	TONE 9 3421	— <i>Priest's Brother, The.</i>	SHORTER 8 3130
— <i>Some College Recollections</i>	WALSH 9 3513	— <i>Soul, The</i>	WILDE 4 3561
<i>Politics at Dinner</i>	KING 5 1833	— <i>Priests at Drogheda, Murder of the</i>	7 2572
— <i>Bryce on American</i>	1 338	— <i>Primitive Irish, Antiquity of the</i>	2 viii
<i>Pollruane</i>	7 2763	— <i>Prince of Dublin Printers, The</i>	GILBERT 4 1258
— <i>Pooka, The, described (see also Phooka)</i>	3 xlx	— <i>of Inismore, The.</i>	MORGAN 7 2543
— <i>Pope, A., on Sir John Denham</i>	3 849	— <i>Princess Talleyrand as a Critic, The.</i>	BLESSINGTON 1 212
— <i>on the Earl of Rosecommon</i>	8 2981	— <i>'Principles of Government'</i>	O'BRIEN 7 2620
— <i>Poppæa, The Empress.</i>	2 740	— <i>Printers, The Prince of Dublin</i>	GILBERT 4 1258
— <i>Popular Superstitions. See The Celtic Element in Literature; Superstitions; Fairy and Folk tales, etc.</i>		— <i>Prison Code, The.</i>	6 2178
— <i>Population of Ireland, Decrease in</i>	9 3416	— <i>'Diary, Leaves from a'</i>	DAVITT. 3 832, 837
— <i>Portland, Duke of, on the Union</i>	8 2897	— <i>To Duffy in</i>	M'GEE 6 2220
— <i>Portland to Paradise, From</i>	DOWNEY 3 891	— <i>Private Miles O'Reilly. See HALPINE.</i>	
— <i>Portmore</i>	3 928	— <i>'Problems of Modern Democracy'</i>	GODKIN 4 1200
— <i>Portsalon</i>	6 2432	— <i>Procession of peers at Lord Santry's trial.</i>	7 2725
— <i>Portstewart</i>	4 1518	— <i>Proclamation, a, concerning Shane the Proud</i>	10 3843
— <i>Position of Women in the United States.</i>	BRYCE 1 343	— <i>Procrastination, Evils of.</i>	4 1535
— <i>Positiveness, Swift on</i>	9 3377	— <i>Progress, Human</i>	1 175
— <i>Posterity, Sir Boyle Roche on</i>	1 135	— <i>Proleke Stone, The (half-tone engraving)</i>	7 2666
— <i>Post-Mortem</i>	PARNELL 7 2870	— <i>Promised Wife, To my.</i>	WALSH 9 3510
— <i>Pot of Broth, The.</i>	10 xlv	— <i>Progresses (migrations).</i>	2 xii
— <i>Post Office, The, in 1830 (half-tone engraving)</i>	6 2107	— <i>Property tax, O'Connell on the</i>	7 2633
— <i>Potato failure of 1846</i>	4 1572	— <i>Prophecy regarding Jacob's Stone, The.</i>	7 2717
— <i>'Potatoes and point'</i>	4 1504	— <i>Prosecutions, Evils of State</i>	9 3552
— <i>'Poten Punch'</i>	1 232	— <i>Prospect, A</i>	6 2107
— <i>Poulannass</i>	5 2052	— <i>Prospecting in Montana.</i>	3 965
— <i>Poul-a-Phooka (half-tone engraving)</i>	5 1796	— <i>Protection to American Industry</i>	4 1296
		— <i>Protestant Boys</i>	STREET BAL-LAD 9 3311
		— <i>'Garrison in Ireland, The'</i>	6 2153, 2156
		— <i>power in Ireland.</i>	9 3423
		— <i>The great orators in Irish Parliaments were</i>	7 viii

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Proud of you, fond of you	DOWNING	3 916	Racing, Irish love of	8	xiii
Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding, McCANN ...	6	2126	Rackett Lady (character in 'Three Weeks After Marriage')	7	2564
PROUT, Father. See MAHONY.			— Sir Charles (character in 'Three Weeks After Marriage')	7	2564
— Famous Blarney-Stone stanza of, in <i>The Groves of Blarney</i>	6	2441	<i>Rackrent, Castle</i>	EDGEWORTH.	3 995
— on 'Lalla Rookh'	6	2342	— <i>Family, Continuation of the Memoirs of the</i>	EDGEWORTH.	3 1014
— Moore's 'Nation-al Melody'	6	2342, 2345	<i>Rackrenters on the Stump</i>	SULLIVAN	9 3333
— T. C. Croker	2	680	<i>Raftern, Anthony</i>	10	3917, 3923
— Reliques of Father	MAHONY	6 2337	— (biography)	10	4022
Proverbs, Early Irish, joyous	6	vii	— and Mary Hynes	9	3667
— See Irish Ranns	10	3833	— and the Bush	9	3671
Prussia, The King of, cited on land tenure	7	2866	— <i>How long has it been said</i>	10	3917
Psalter of Rosbrine	7	2853	— <i>The Cuis Da pié</i>	10	3917
Psalters of Tara and Cashel, The	7	2664	Raftery's poems among the people	4	1609
Psychological method of studying literature	3	868	— poetry	9	3671
Public opinion, Effect of French Revolution on	9	3424	— <i>Repentance</i>	HYDE	10 3911
Puca, The, becomes Puck in Shakespeare	4	ix	Raglan, Lord, at Balaclava	8	3012
<i>Puc's Occurrences</i> (a Dublin newspaper)	5	1919	Railroad Story, A. See <i>In the Engine-Shed</i> .		
<i>Puff, Orator</i>	MOORE	7 2541	Raise the Cromlech high	ROLLESTON.	8 2975
Pucin's 'Revival of Christian Architecture' (quoted)	8	3238	— 'Raising the Wind'	KENNEY	5 1805
<i>Pulpit, Bar, and Parliamentary Eloquence</i>	BARRINGTON.	1 127	<i>Rakes of Mallow, The</i>	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3312
<i>Purdon, Epitaph on Edward</i>	GOLDSMITH.	4 1383	<i>Raleigh in Munster</i>	DOWNNEY	3 909
Put your head, darling, FERGUSON ..	3	1183	<i>Rambling Reminiscences</i>	MILLIOAN.	6 2427
<i>Pyramids, The</i>	WARBURTON.	9 3529	Ramelton	4	1512; 6 2252
Pythagoras	2	602	Ramillie cock-hat, The	9	3496
Q.			Ramsay, Grace. See O'MEARA.		
<i>Quare Gander, The</i>	LE FANU	5 1928	Randle, Dr., Bishop of Derry, cited on Lord Santry's Trial	7	2726
Quand je suis mort, je veux qu'on m'enterre, MAROT ...	6	2338	Ranelagh Gardens	1	165
<i>Quarrelsome Irishmen</i>	O'KEEFE	7 2773	Ranns, Irish	10	3833
<i>Quarterly Review, The</i> , founded by John Wilson	CROKER	2 675	Raphoe, Donegal	6	2251
<i>Quebec, Darby Doyle's Voyage to</i>	ETTINGSALL.	3 1114	Rapparee, The, among the hill fern	3	1255
<i>Queen and Cromwell, The</i>	WILLS	9 3612	<i>Rapparees, The Irish</i>	DUFFY	3 957
<i>Queen's County Witch, A</i> (fairy and folk tale)	ANONYMOUS.	3 1150	<i>Raps</i>	9	3369
Queestown (half-tone engraving)	2	427	Rath Maolain (Rathmullen)	2	633
<i>Querist, Extracts from The</i>	BERKELEY	1 177	— of Croghan, The	3	1162
Querns or hand-mills	5	1736	— Cruane	7	2752
<i>Quiet Irish Talk, A</i>	KEELING	5 1769	Rathdowney	3	1150
Quin, Matthew and Mary	8	2915	Rathdrum, Beautiful scenery between Arklow and	7	2532
<i>Quotation, A Pointed</i>	7	2652	Rathmore	2	573
R.			Rathmullen	6	2431
Rabelais	3	873	— Hugh Roe at	2	633
Race prejudice	8	2995	Ray, T. M., and Repeal	9	x
Racial flavor in Irish literature	2	xviii	— In Prison	6	2128
			Ray's 'Social Condition of Europe'	2	423
			READ, CHARLES ANDERSON	8	2918
			— out the names	CLARKE	2 598
			<i>Reaper's Harvest Hymn, The Irish</i>	KEEGAN	5 1765
			<i>Reason for Accepting the Doctrine of Pur-gatory</i> (anecdote)	7	2793
			Rebel chaunt, A	6	2113
			Rebellion of 1798	9	x
			'Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism', O'LEARY ...	7	2798

- | | VOL. | PAGE | | VOL. | PAGE |
|--|----------------|---------|--|----------------|--------|
| Recollections of John O'Keefe, The' | O'KEEFE | 7 2771 | Repeal movement, The, effect of, on literature | 1 | xlii |
| Recruiting Song, Tipperary | STREET BAL-LAD | 9 3318 | — of the Union | O'CONNELL | 6 2644 |
| Red Bog, Bog Cotton on the | O'BRIEN | 7 2591 | Repealers in Prison and Out | DAUNT | 3 811 |
| — Branch Cycle, The | 2 xi; 2 804 | | Remember, Denis, all I bade you say | FORRESTER | 3 1222 |
| — Knights, The | 5 1741; 7 2593 | | Representative, The Duties of a | BURKE | 1 391 |
| — House of the | 4 1430 | | Rest | PAYNE | 7 2878 |
| — Duck, The (folk song). } Gaelic by HYDE | 10 3779 | | Retaliation, Extracts from | GOLDSMITH | 4 1380 |
| — Man's Wife, The (folk song) | HYDE | 10 3749 | Retentive Memory (anecdote of O'Connell) | 7 2654 | |
| — Pony, The | LARMINIE | 5 1866 | 'Revelations of Ireland in the Past Generation' | MADDEN | 6 2281 |
| REDMOND, JOHN EDWARD (portrait) | 8 2926 | | Revenue, Irish, decrease in | 9 3416 | |
| Reform and Emancipation | 8 3058 | | Revolution of 1798. — Lynch Law on Vinegar Hill | BANIM | 1 76 |
| — Speech on Parliamentary' | CANNING | 2 465 | — Rising of the Moon | CASEY | 2 572 |
| Reformation, The | ix | | — Lines on the Burying Ground of Arbor Hill | EMMET | 3 1094 |
| — Carlyle on the | 3 951 | | — Memory of the Dead | INGRAM | 5 1659 |
| Registration of Voters Bill, The Irish | 6 2176 | | — Scenes in the Insurrection of 1798. LEADBEATER | 5 1886 | |
| Rehan, Ada, as Lady Teazle (portrait) | 8 3105 | | — Shamus O'Brien. LE FANU | 5 1937 | |
| REID, MAYNE | 7 2932 | | — How Ireland Lost her Parliament. MCCARTHY | 6 2161 | |
| Reign of Terror, The | 2 678 | | — The Irish Church. MCCARTHY | 6 2148 | |
| Related Souls | WILDE | 9 3572 | — Noble Lord, A | MURPHY | 7 2574 |
| 'Relation of Amboyana, The' | 6 2573 | | — Capture of Wolfe, Tone | O'BRIEN | 7 2604 |
| Relatives, Auctioning Off One's | SHERIDAN | 8 3105 | — Story of Father Anthony O'Toole. TYNAN-HINKSON | 9 3444 | |
| Relics of Bright | 8 3260 | | — The American | 6 2153 | |
| Religion in America | 1 336 | | — The French | 1 136 | |
| — Swift on | 9 3377 | | Revolutionary Tribunal | 2 678 | |
| Religious Belief in Ireland, Carlyle on Freedom of | 3 952 | | Revue Celtique | 4 1459 | |
| — Legend. See The Story of the Little Bird. | | | Rewriting of destroyed MSS. begun | 2 ix | |
| — oppression, Father O'Leary on | 7 2789 | | REYNOLDS, GEORGE NUGENT | 8 2939 | |
| — sects in Ireland, proportions of the | 9 3422 | | — Sir Joshua, and John O'Keefe | 7 2777 | |
| — Songs of Connacht. HYDE | 10 3795 | | — Goldsmith on | 4 1380, 1382 | |
| — 3813, 3823, 3829, 3917 | | | — Portrait of O. Goldsmith | 4 1298 | |
| 'Reliques of Father Prout' | MAHONY | 7 2337 | — of Sheridan | 8 3026 | |
| 'Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift' | BOYLE | 1 260 | — of Sterne by | 8 3210 | |
| Remedies, Vulgar | 2 759 | | — See A Goodly Company. | | |
| Reminiscences. See Character Sketches. | | | Rhapsody on Rivers, A. MITCHEL | 6 2454 | |
| Remnant? What is the | MAGEE | 6 2292 | Rhetoric in Irish literature | 2 xlii | |
| Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow | 4 1357 | | Rhyme, Celts taught Europe to | 2 ix | |
| Renaissance in art and letters, The | 9 xi | | Rhymers' Club, The | 5 1693; 9 3463 | |
| — M. F. Egan on the Irish | 5 vii | | Rhine, The | 7 2586 | |
| — The new Irish | 2 xxi | | RHYS, GRACE | 8 2940 | |
| Rent-Day (fairy and folk tales) | ANONYMOUS | 3 1160 | Rich and rare were the gems she wore. MOORE | 7 2522 | |
| Rents, Lalor on | 5 1857 | | — (reference) | 8 3270 | |
| Repatriates of Curran | 6 ix | | Richard II. in Ireland (color plate) | 8 Front | |
| Repeal, The agitation for | 9 x | | RIDDELL, MRS. J. H. | 8 2949 | |
| — Association, The | 6 2416 | | Riddles by Dean Swift | 9 3389 | |
| — Dictionary, John O'Connell's | 2 812 | | Ridge, Counselor John | 4 1380 | |
| | | | Ridgeway | See TAYLOR. | |

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Rife, To My Buried</i> . . . MCCARTHY . . .	6	2172	<i>Rón Cerr</i>	4	1622
Rígh Shemus he has			<i>Rope, Twisting of the</i> . . . HYDE . . .	10	3989
gone to France . . . DUFFY . . .	3	957	<i>Rory of the Hill</i> . . . KICKHAM . . .	5	1829
Right of Free Speech	9	3551	— (reference)	8	3270
'Rights of Man, The'	8	3269, 3270	— <i>O'More</i>	6	2084
— of Parliament, The	6	2464	— <i>Dirge of</i>	3	859
<i>Ringleted Youth of my</i>			Rosbrine, The 'Salter		
<i>Love</i> (folk song)	10	3735	of	7	2853
Rinnchl, Archbishop of			— place where insur-		
Fermo	1	32	rections were		
'Rise and Fall of the			planned	7	2852
Irish Franciscan			Roscommon	4	1607
Monasteries' . . . MEEHAN . . .	1	32	— EARL OF	8	2981
— up and come for			— W. B. Yeats on	3	vii
the dawn	10	3917	— Duelling in	1	145
<i>Rising of the Moon</i> . . . CASEY . . .	2	572	Rose o' the World, she		
<i>Rival Strains, The</i> . . . BULLOCK . . .	1	360	came	2	592
'Rivals, The'	4	1499	— of Ardee, The	8	3270
— SHEEHAN	8	3078	— of the World, The . . . YEATS . . .	9	3706
		3088	Ross, Martin. See MARTIN ROSS.		
River of billows, to . . .			— Red-Haired	4	1444
whose mighty . . . DE VERE . . .	3	852	— The Siege of	6	2115
— Roe, The	8	3270	ROSSA, J. O'DONOVAN	8	2983
Roads in Ireland	5	1739	Rosstrevor	6	2454
<i>Robertson, Frederick</i>			Roubillac in Dublin	5	1919
William	1	291	<i>Round of Visits, A</i> . . . O'KENNEDY . . .	7	2782
'— Life and Letters			— <i>Table of Stories</i> . . . GILBERT . . .	4	1265
of'	1	291	— 'Towers, The'	8	2880
Robespierre, Revolt			— described in de-		
against	2	677	tall	9	3491
'Robinson Crusoe';			— Petrie on	9	3489, 3490
'Princess Talley-			— of <i>Ireland,</i>		
rand's amusing			<i>Fort's, Crosses</i>		
blunder	1	213	and	WAKEMAN	
— W. M. F. Egan			and COOKE	9	3482
on	5	viii	'Rover, The'	CANNING . . .	2 466
Roche, Lady	7	2733	Rowan, A. H.	2	778; 9 3513
— Sir Boyle	1	134	— Curran's defense		
— JAMES JEFFREY			of	7	xxiii
(portrait)	8	2959	Royal Fairy Tales, The	3	xx
<i>Rocky Mountains, First</i>			— Irish Academy.		
<i>Sight of the</i>	2	415	Collection of		
Rogers, Michael	10	3807	manuscripts in	7	2672
<i>Roguerics of Tom</i>			— Love, A	5	1910
<i>Moore, The</i>	6	2337	'Ruadh.' See MACALEESE.		
Roe, Owen (see also A			Ruadhan of Lorrha	7	2763
<i>Glance at Ireland's</i>			Rückert, <i>Gone in the</i>		
<i>History</i>)	3	959	Wind not a transla-		
<i>Roisín Dubh</i> . From the			tion from German	6	2359
Irish	4	1247	Ruff, The, worn in Ire-		
Roland, Song of	9	3657	land	9	3498
— the Brave, Irish			<i>Ruined Chapel, The</i> . . . ALLINGHAM . . .	1	22
version of the			— Race, A	8	3145
history of	7	2672	Rules of S. Robert	4	1419
Roll forth, my song . . . MANGAN . . .	6	2365	Rushes that grow by		
ROLLSTON, THOMAS W.			the black water . . . TRENCH . . .	9	3433
H A Z E N (por-			Russell, Baron	1	381
trait)	8	2068	— GEORGE W. ('A		
— and the Rhymers'			E.") (portrait)	8	2986
Club	5	1693	— Love Songs of	8	3659
— on George Darley	2	807	— "A. E." on the		
— the poetry of			poems of W.		
G. F. Savage	8	3027	Larnline	5	1866
'Rollind, The'	3	1193	— S t a n d i s h		
Roman Invasion had lit-			O'Grady	7	2787
tle effect on Ireland	9	viii	— W. B. Yeats'		
Romance. See Flec-			poetry	9	3651
tion; Myths and Le-			— Plays of	10	xiii
gends; Fairy and			— W. B. Yeats on	3	xiii
Folk Tales			— Lord, and the		
'Romances, Old Cel-			movement to dis-		
tic'	5	1724, 1731	establish the		
Romanesque, The Irish			Irish Church	6	2159
style	8	3228	— MATTHEW	8	3005
<i>Rome, The Piring of</i> . . . CROLY . . .	2	739	— SIR WILLIAM		
			HOWARD	8	3008

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Russian Air	7	2537	St. Mathew (color plate)	9	Front
Rutland, The Duke of	1	133	St. Molaga, The Black Book of	7	2664
Ryan, Crowe	1	145	St. Molaise's Church	8	2881
S.					
<i>Sack of the Summer Palace</i>	WOLSELEY...	9 3636	St. Moling, The Evangelistarium of	7	2671
Sabbata Pango (inscription on an old bell)	6	2343	St. Ninian, Life of (quoted)	8	2884
Sacramento, The	6	2132	St. Patrick. See also <i>Irish Astronomy</i>	4	1541
Sacred subjects, Treatment of, by Irish wits	6	xv	— and Bright	8	3249
<i>Sacrifice</i>	RUSSELL	8 2998	— and Ossian	7	2753
SADLER, MRS. J.	8	3017	— Apostle of Ireland. TODD	9	3400
<i>Saga, Literary Qualities of the</i>	HULL	4 1597	— Cross of St. Columba and, at Kells	9	3485
— literature, its extent	2	xlii	— in the 'Colloquy of the Ancients'	8	2968
— Its style	2	xliii	— introduced Christianity	9	viii
— MS. of a Lost	4	1608	— Ireland converted from idolatry by	7	2718
Sagas, Minute description in	2	xv	— Legend of	4	1457
— Norse and Gaelic tales in	8	2973	— Pagan festivals adopted by	4	1600
— The Irish described	2	xi	— The Order of	3 797; 5	1956
Sail bravely on, thou gallant bark	SULLIVAN...	9 3331	<i>St. Patrick's Breastplate, The Hymn Called</i>	8	3244
St. Aengus, the Culdee, Litany of	8	2884	— Day, 1866, Address delivered in the <i>People's Theater, Virginia City</i> , on	MEAGHER	6 2420
St. Augustine, Mother of	5	1925	— Hymn before Tara, trans. by	MANGAN	6 2360
St. Basil, Mother of	5	1925	— Success	TODD	9 3400
St. Brendan, Church of	8	2881	— Ward, in	BLUNDELL	1 215
St. Bulthe, The Speckled Book of the Monastery of	7	2664	<i>St. Peter</i> (folk story). ILYDE	10	3813
St. Chrysostom, Mother of	5	1925	St. Pulcheria	5	1925
St. Claran (see also St. Kieran)	4	1600	St. Ríemarch, Saltair of	7	2671
St. Columba and Christianity	9	viii	'St. Ronan's Well,' John O'Keeffe mentioned by character in	7	2691
St. Columba and St. Patrick, Cross of, at Kells	9	3485	St. Ruth (see also <i>MacKenna's Dream</i>)	8	3297
St. Cornin, Fada (meaning of)	9	3546	St. Stephen's Green, Dublin	5	1914
St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Landisfarne	8	2882	Salntre-Beuve method inaugurated by Goe- the	6	2296
St. Fechin, Church of	8	2881	Saints and Scholars, Ireland the	1	xvii
St. Finbar, Shrine of	4	1255	— The Isle of	9	viii
<i>St. Francis and the Wolf</i>	TYNAN-HINKSON.	9 3451	'Saints, Lives of the Mothers of the Irish'	1	32
St. Gall, Monastery of	4	viii	<i>Saladin, The History of my Horse</i>	BROWNE	1 323
St. Gregory, Mother of	5	1925	Salamanca, Irish soldiers at	8	3063
St. Helena	5	1925	'Salathiel the Immortal'	CROLY	2 739
St. Isadore, College of, Irish manuscript in the	7	2673	<i>Salley Gardens, Down by the</i>	YEATS	9 3705
St. James of Compostella	1	32	'Sally Cavanaugh'	KICKHAM	5 1824
St. John, Bayle, on 'The Arabian Nights'	1	406	Salmon Fishing in Ireland	4	1519
St. John's Well	5	1766	Saltair of Cashel, The (Bodleian Library)	7	2673
St. Kieran (see also Claran)	8	2979	— of St. Ríemarch	7	2671
<i>St. Kevin, King O'Toole and</i>	LOVER	5 2046	— of Tara, The	4	1611
'St. Lawrence, From the Land of'	EGAN	3 1080	<i>Salutation to the Celts</i> . M'GEE	6	2226
— The (river)	7	2540	Samhain	4	1611
'St. Mary of Egypt'	9	3684			

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Samhain, Article on			Sceoluing	2	629
— Irish Drama in	5	xxvi	Scheld, The	4	1357
— Time	4	1451	Schiehallion	TRENCH	9 3432
Sanders and the Insur-			Schiller and Goethe at		
— rection of Tyrone and			— Welmer	6	2297
— Desmond	7	2852	'School for Scandal,		
Sanson and Fouquier	2	677	— The'	SHERIDAN...	9 3099
Santry, Lord, Trial of	6	1917; 7	— life in England		3105
Sarsfield, Patrick, Earl			— in Ireland—	2	616
— of Lucan	ONAHAN	7 2814	— English Acad-		
— Patrick (Lord Lu-			— emy, The	BANIM	1 60
— can)	3	957; 9	Schools, Irish in the	10	3713
— at Sedgmoor	8	2816	Science. See Astronomy.		
— Death of	7	2824	— Scientific Limit of		
— on the battle of			— the Imagination	TYNDALL	9 3471
— the Boyne (cited)	7	2819	— The Claims of Sci-		
— Statue, The (half-			— ence	TYNDALL	9 3463
— tone engraving)	4	1592	— The Origin of Life	KELVIN	5 1784
— Testimonial, The	HOGAN	4 1592	Scientific use of the im-		
— See Blacksmith of			— agination, The	1	xvii
— Limerick, The	5	1742	Scotland, Marriage law		
— See Mackenna's			— in	2	754
— Dream	8	3297	Scott, Burke on	1	397
— See Song of De-			— and Maria Edge-		
— feat, A	4	1530	— worth	3	994; 5
Sarsfield's Ride	SULLIVAN	9 3323	— C. Johnstone	5	1709
Satire. See also Humor.			— Sir Walter, on		
— A Prospect	LYSAOHT	6 2107	— Faulkner	4	1260
— Cease to do Evil			— on Hamilton's		
— Learn to do			— Memoirs of		
— Well	MACCARTHY	6 2128	— Grammont	4	1542
— On Wind	MARTYN	6 2383	— on nursery tales	3	xxiii
— Sheelagh on her			Scriblerus Club, The	7	2874
— Proposals of			Scully	2	445
— Marriage	PLUNKET	8 2906	Sculpture.		
— Rackrenters on the			— Celt in	9	3487
— Stump	SULLIVAN	9 3333	— Expression of male		
— On the death of			— beauty by	5	1924
— D. Swift	SWIFT	9 3880	Scythians, The	9	3549
— on English insti-			Sea, Burial at	ALEXANDER	1 10
— tutions	6	vii	'Seadhna'	O'LEARY	10 3941
— Political	6	ix	Seadhna's Three Wishes	O'LEARY	10 3941
Savage, A	O'REILLY	7 2835	Seachlan the Bard and		
— JOHN	9	3024	— the King of the Cats	WILDE	9 3566
— A R M S T R O N G,			Seanchus Mor, The (an-		
— GEORGE FRANCIS	9	3027	— cient laws of Ire-		
— F., on William	9	3600	— land)	7	2705
— Wilkins			Sear Dubh (the hound)	2	629
— Marmion, The art	6	xv	Sedgmoor, Sarsfield at	7	2816
— of	7	2653	Seed-Time	COLEMAN	2 609
Saved by a Straw	1	128	Seek not the tree of		
Saurin the Huguenot			— silkiest bark	DE VERE	3 862
Saxon churches in Ire-			Seest thou how just the		
— land	8	2880	— hand	CONGREVE	2 615
— Shilling, The	BUGGY	1 358	Self-government, Irish		
Scalp, The	SA V A G E		— capacity for	1	349
— ARMSTRONG	8	3030	— help	1	179
— Hunters, The'	REID	8 2932	— Denying Ordil-		
Scandal Class Meets,			— nance, A	HAMILTON	4 1549
— The	SHERIDAN	8 3099	Selfish Giant, The	WILDE	9 3584
— The School for	SHERIDAN	8 3099	Senach, Blshop	7	2763
—		3105	September, In	TODD HUNTER	9 3406
Scandinavia, Ireland's			Set in the stormy		
— association with	4	1599	— Northern sea	WILDE	9 3588
Scandinavian Vikings			Seven Baronets, The	BARRINGTON	1 129
— in Ireland	8	3239	'Seventy Years of Irish		
Scathach	4	1426	— Life'	LE FANU	5 1927
Scene from 'Catiline'	CROLY	2 747	— 1945		
Scene in the Famine	A KEARY	5 1755	Sexton and the Land		
— in the Irish Fam-			— League	9	xi
— ine, A	HIGGINS	4 1573	Sgueldubh Gaodhalach		
— in the South of			— From the Irish of the	HYDE	4 1625, 1631
— Ireland, A	BUTT	2 427	— See selections from	HYDE	10 3713
Scenery, Irish	9	3622	— 3737, 3751, 3765		
Scenes in the Insurrec-			Shadwell's Plays	5	1920
— tion of 1798	LEADREATER	5 1886	Shakespeare	9	3628

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
'Shakespeare, A Critical Study'	DOWDEN	3 870	<i>Sheep and Lambs</i>	TYNAN	
— and Burns Klockham's favorite authors		7 2802	SHEIL, RICHARD LALOR	HINKSON	9 3454
— the musical glasses		7 2690	— and Lyndhurst on Irish 'Allens'		7 xxvii
— Celtic influence on		9 3656	— Lord Beaconsfield on		7 xxvii
— Goldsmith's opinion of		7 2691	— Bulwer on		7 xxvi
— Irish influence on work of		4 vii	— Gladstone on		7 xxvii
Shakespeare's favorite characters		3 875	— O'ra tory of, described		7 xxvi
— <i>Portraiture of Women</i>	DOWDEN	3 875	Sheoques, described		3 xviii
— <i>Youth, England in</i>	DOWDEN	3 869	Shepherds, I have lost my love	OGLE	7 2735
Shall and Will, Confusion of		7 1062	SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY (portrait)		8 3068
— mine eyes behold thy glory	PARNELL	7 2870	— A master of oratory		7 xxviii
— they bury me in the deep	DAVIS	3 827	— as a wit		6 viii
— we, the storm-tossed	ROCHE	8 2966	— as Orator	FITZGERALD	3 1190
Sham funeral, A		3 1044	— <i>Bons mots of</i> family, Heredity in the		8 3068
'Shamrock'	See WILLIAMS		— D. J. O'Donoghue on the wit of		6 xiii
— <i>The of Ireland, The Green Little</i>	EGAN	3 1085	— Meagher on		6 2421
<i>Shamrocks</i>	CHERRY	2 587	— Irish literature begins before		2 vii
— A Bunch of'	GILBERT	3 1279	— Parliamentary eloquence of		1 129
<i>Shamus O'Brien</i>	CASEY	2 565	— (reference)		6 1920
<i>Shan Van Voelt, The</i>	LE FANU	5 1937	— Speech on Hastings		1 129
— The'	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3313	— <i>Thomas</i>	O'KEEFFE	7 2774
— (reference)	MILLIGAN	6 2427	'Sheridans, Lives of the'	FITZGERALD	3 1190
— The, A Story of 1798'		8 2371; 10 xxi	'Shiela-ni-Gara'	MACMANUS	6 2271
<i>Shandon, The Bells of</i>	MURPHY	7 2574	Shillelah, The		2 496
<i>Shandon's Bells</i>	MAHONY	6 2343	— <i>The Sprig of</i>	CODE	2 607
Shandy, Mr. and Mrs.		5 2004	Shipping, Irish	YEATS	9 3362
<i>Shane Fad's Wedding</i>	CARLETON	2 512	Shoes, Gentlemen's		9 3298
— the Proud	O'SHEA	10 3843	Short Story, M. F. Egan on the		5 11
<i>Shane's Head</i>	SAVAGE	8 3024	— <i>View of Ireland, 1727, A</i>	SWIFT	9 3362
<i>Shanganagh, The Valley of</i>	MARTLEY	6 2382	SHORTER, MRS. CLEMENT (DORA SIGERSON)		8 3126
<i>Shanly, Charles Dawson</i>		8 3032	— W. B. Yeats on		3 xiii
<i>Shannon, The</i>	DE VERE	3 852	Show me a right	GRAVES	4 1410
— Cradle of the		6 2275	Shrovetide the marrying season		6 2194
— In Van Dieman's land		6 2454	<i>Shule Aroon</i>	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3315
— Palace of Kinkora on the		6 2377	<i>Siberia</i>	MANGAN	6 2368
Shaun-na-Sagart, the priest-hunter		10 3795	Siddons, Mrs., Sheridan on		8 321
SHAW, GEORGE BERNARD		8 3035	<i>Sidhe, A Call of the</i>	RUSSELL	8 2996
— William		6 2177	— <i>The Hosting of the</i>	YEATS	9 3707
She is a rich and rare land	DAVIS	3 831	<i>Siege of Derry, The</i>	ALEXANDER	1 3
— far from the Land'	MOORE	7 2533	Sieges		2 xii
— my love'	GRAVES	4 1413	SIGERSON, DORA. See MRS. CLEMENT SHORTER		8 3132; 10 3937
— Stoops to Conquer'	GOLDSMITH	4 1348	— <i>The Blackbird of Derrygam</i>		2 xvi
— walks as she were moving	ROLLESTON	9 2978	— on J. J. Callahan		2 439
Sheares, J. and H., and '98		9 x	— Gerald Griffin		4 1466
— The brothers		8 3275	<i>Ireland's Influence on European Literature</i>		4 vii
SHEEHAN, P. A.		8 3044	— W. B. Yeats on		3 xlv
— M. F. Egan on		5 vii	— MRS. HESTER		8 3145
<i>Sheelagh on her Proposals of Marriage</i>	PLUNKET	8 2906			
Sheella, Lough		6 2277			

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Sign of the Cross For</i>			Sneer (character in		
<i>Erer, The (folk song)</i> HYDE	10	3829	Sheridan's 'The		
Silent as thou, whose			Critic')	8	3114
inner life..... IRWIN	5	1673	Sneerwell Lady (charac-		
— O Moyle, be the			ter in 'The School for		
roar..... MOORE	7	2534	Scandal')	8	3099
Silk of the Cows	2	442	So, my Kathleen, you're		
'Silva Gadhalica, The' O'GRADY	7	2762	going..... DUFFERIN	3	934
(reference)	8	2968	Sobriquets or nicknames.....	9	3547
'Silver Cross, The'..... KEIGHTLEY	5	1774	Sociability of Irish Celt.....	2	xvii
— Question, E. L.			Sociable Fairies, The.....	3	xviii
Godkin on the	4	1293	Social conditions in Ire-		
Silvester	5	1725	land	2	426; 4
'Since we should part', GRAVES	4	1413	— Heredity	5	1060
'Single Speech' Hamll-			— life, described in		
ton	7	ix	IRISH LITER-		
Sir <i>Fecful Plagiarist's</i>			ATURE	2	xix
<i>Play</i> SHERIDAN	8	3114	— In America	1	343
— <i>Roger and the</i>			— Ancient Ireland.....	5	1735
<i>Widow</i> STEELE	8	3198	— Dublin	5	1918
Sirlus			— Ireland	1	32, 193, 246
<i>Skeleton at the Feast</i> , ROCHE	8	2965	3 995, 1165; 4 1557; 5 1735		
Skerret, Bishop, of Kil-			— See also <i>Kcening</i>		
lala	6	2232	and <i>Wake</i>	9	3640
Sketch of Mr. Gladstone O'CONNOR	7	2656	Society of United Irish-		
'Sketches in Ireland' OTWAY	7	2848	men	6	2162
—	8	2853	— originally a		
'— of the Irish Bar' SHEIL	8	3064	peaceful, con-		
SKRINE, MRS. W. (MOIRA			stitutional as-		
O'NEILL)	8	3152	sociation	6	2164
— W. B. Yeats on	3	xiii	— The Church and		
— M. F. Egan on	5	xiii	Modern'	IRELAND	5 1662
Skull, The bay of	7	2852	<i>Soggarth Aroon</i> BANIM	1	56
— To a	5	1673	Soldiers, Irish, in the		
<i>Slane, The Star of</i> STREET BAL-			British Army	8	3062
LAD	9	3317	Solitary Fairies	3	xix
— Yellow Book of.....	8	2664	Solomon! where is thy		
Slaughters	2	xii	throne?	6	2359
Slew-margy	6	2376	<i>Some anecdotes of Fa-</i>		
Sliahh, Breagh	2	638	<i>ther O'Leary</i>	7	2793
'Sliahh Cullinn,' See			— of O'Connell	7	2651
also J. O'HAGAN.....	7	2767	— College Recollec-		
— Dallain (mountain).....	7	2668	tions	WALSH	9 3513
Sliv, Ruadh	4	1242	— Experiences of an		
Sliv-na-man	5	1829	Irish Resident		
Slive Bladhma	4	1447	Magistrate' SOMERVILLE		
— Cullan (half-tone			and ROSS.	8	3166
engraving)	7	2767	— laws there are too		
— Donnard	6	2275	sacred	DE VERE	3 852
— Echte	4	1456	'— murmur'	TRENCH	9 3438
— Bloom	7	2675	— <i>Wise and Witty</i>		
Sliveearn	7	2766	<i>Sayings of Burke</i>	1	396
Slivenamón	7	2752	SOMERVILLE, E. (E., and		
— <i>An Adventure in</i> BANIM	1	46	VIOLET MARTIN .. See MARTIN ROSS.		
— Kiekhani at	7	2800	Song.		
Slive-nan-Or	4	1455	— Had I a heart..... SHERIDAN	8	3118
Slive Plol (Red Moun-			— Has summer come		
tain)	2	636	without the Rose O'SHAUGH-		
Sligo	6	2357	NESSY	7	2844
— Dwelling in	1	145	— How happy is the		
— in Election Time.			sailor's life BICKERSTAFF	1	180
See <i>An Irish Mts-</i>			— I'm very happy		
<i>take</i> .			where I am	BOUCICAULT	1 257
SLINGSBY, I. F. See J.			— I made another		
F. WALLER.			garden	O'SHAUGH-	
Slop ('Dr. Slop')	8	3210	NESSY	7	2844
Slow cause of my fear.....	10	4020	— My time how happy.		
Smerwick Harbor, Ruins			From 'Thomas		
at	8	2882	and Sally'	BICKERSTAFF	1 186
Smith, G. Barnett, on			— O'er the wild gan-		
William Carleton	2	472	net's bath	DARLEY	2 809
SMITH, MRS. TOULMIN			— One morning by		
(L. T. MEADE).....	8	3158	the streamlet..... O'BRIEN	7	2592
— Sidney	6	2151	— <i>Seek Not the Tree</i> . DE VERE	3	862
'Snake's Pass, The'..... STOKER	8	3223	— <i>The Silent Bird</i> GILBERT	4	1279
<i>Snakes in Ireland, No.</i> O'KEEFE	7	2771			

Song.	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
— There was a jolly miller	BICKERSTAFF	1 185	
— When I was young ..	DE VERE	3 859	
— Whene'er with haggard eyes I view. From 'The Rover'	CANNING	2 466	
— Ireland the land of ..		2 3266	
— of an Exile	ORR	7 2840	
— Defeat, A	GWYNN	4 1529	
— Fionnuala, The ..	MOORE	7 2534	
— Glen Dun, The ..	SKRINE	6 3156	
— Glenann, A	SKRINE	2 3157	
— Maelduin	ROLLESTON	5 2980	
— the Irish Emigrant in America, The ..	FITZSIMON	3 1206	
— Tony Lumpkins' ..	GOLDSMITH	4 1349	
— Songs of 'Con-nachts'	HYDE	10 3833	
— Love poem in ..		9 3658	
— of Ireland		6 2231	
— Spurious Irish		6 xli	
— Street, and Ballads, and Anonymous Verse ..	HAND	8 3265	
Sonnet Written in College	WOLFE	9 3635	
'Soon and Forever' ..	MONSELL	7 2466	
Sorrow	DE VERE	3 860	
Sorrowful Lament for Ireland, A. From the Irish	GREGORY	4 1459	
— Lamentation of Callaghan, The ..	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3316	
Soul, Butterfly symbol of the		9 3565	
— Cages, The	CROKER	2 695	
'Sound the loud tim-brel'	MOORE	7 2537	
Sources of Grattan's allusions		7 xxi	
— Irish humor		6 ix	
— wealth		1 178	
South African Bill, The ..		6 2178	
— Sweet Singer of the	See WALSH.		
'Southern, The.' ..	See DOWLING.		
'— Gall, The.' ..	See LOCKE.		
Sower and his Seed, The ..	LECKY	5 1926	
Sowth, The, described ..		3 xx	
Spaeman, The		3 xxi	
Spanish bull, A		3 1058	
— type in Ireland ..		4 1589	
Spanker, Adolphus (character in 'London Assurance') ..		1 256	
— Lady Gay (character in 'London Assurance') ..		1 252	
Spartan mothers		6 2333	
Species, Evolution of ..		5 1786	
Spectroscope, The		1 42	
Spectrum analysis ..		1 41	
Special articles de-scribed		2 21	
Speckled Book of St. Bulthe's Monastery ..		7 2664	
'Spectator, The'	STEELE	8 3198	
		3204	
Speech at Newry Elec-tion	CURRAN	2 788	
— from the Dock ..	MEAGHER	6 2424	
Speech in Opposition to Pitt's First Income Tax	SHERIDAN	8 3072	
Speed on, speed on, good master!	SHANLY	8 3032	
Spell-Struck, The	ROLLESTON	8 2978	
Spencer, H., on Fairy Lore		3 xxiii	
Spenser, Edmund, an enemy of Ireland ..		6 2150	
— in the palace of Desmond		6 2276	
— on Irish scenery ..		1 ix	
— Ireland		4 ix	
Spenser's 'View of the State of Ireland' ..		9 3397	
— (cited)		4 1248	
Speranza	See WILDE.		
Spes	See CAMPION.		
Spinner's Song	SIGERSON	8 3143	
Spinning Song, A ..	O'DONNELL	7 2685	
'Splendide Mendax' ..	GWYNN	4 1512	
Splendors of Tara, The ..	HYDE	4 1610	
'Spirit of the Nation, The'		3 x	
'Sports of the West, Wild'	MAXWELL	6 2411	
Spottiswood, Sir Henry ..		6 2276	
Sprig of Shillelagh, The ..	CODE	2 607	
'Sprig of Shillelagh, The' (quoted) ..		6 2193	
Spring Time	GREENE	4 1425	
Squirrels, Superstitions about		9 3680	
Stafford, Thomas ..		7 2744	
STANIHURST, RICHARD (biography)		10 4023	
Stanley, Lord		6 2157	
— O'Connell on ..		7 2642	
Stanley's amendment, Lord		6 2160	
'Star of Slane, The' ..		8 3270	
Star of Slane, The ..	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3317	
'Star Spangled Banner, The'		9 3331	
'Starry Heavens, The' ..	BALL	1 36,41	
Stars, The Distances of the	BALL	1 36	
— What They are Made of	BALL	1 41	
State Church in Ireland, The		6 2160	
— of Ireland in 1720. Essay on the ..	TONE	9 3415	
— 1798, The	TONE	9 3421	
— prosecutions, Evils of		9 3552	
Statute of Kilkenny ..		9 3391	
Stearn, Bishop		5 1915	
STEELE, SIR RICHARD (portrait) ..		8 3196	
— D. J. O'Donoghue on humor of ..		6 xiii	
— Thomas, in prison ..		6 2128	
— and Repeal		9 3378	
'Stella, The Journal to' ..	SWIFT	9 3378	
— To	SWIFT	9 3387	
Stephen, Leslie, on 'Junius'		3 1223	
Stephens' article on 'Felon-setting' ..		7 2799	
Stern granite gate of Wicklow	SAVAGE-ARM-STRONG	8 3030	
Sterne, Lawrence (por-trait)		8 3210	

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Sterne, Dowden on	3	873	'Stripes and Stars, The'	6	2115
— D. J. O'Donoghue			'Stroque, My Lords of,' WINGFIELD.	9	3620
— on the humor of	6	xiii	Strongbow's Monument		
— <i>Some Bons Mots</i>			(half-tone engraving)	9	xlii
— of	8	3227	'Study of Words, The,' TRENCH	9	3434
Stiffenbach, <i>The Legend</i>			Style, Celtic, M. Arnold		
of	WILLIAMS	9 3610	— on	2	xvi
Stillorgan, Harry Deane			— of 'IRISH LITERA-		
Grady's place near	7	2733	— TURE' logical	2	xlii
Stirling-Maxwell, Sir			— Saga literature	2	xlii
William, on M. J			<i>Subjection, A Century</i>		
Higgins	4	1572	of	TAYLOR	9 3390
STOKES, BRAM	8	3228	Subtleian Bridge, The	3	827
STOKES, MARGARET	8	3228	'Suetonius, The Mod-		
— on Round Towers	9	3490	ern'	See FITZPATRICK.	
— DR. WHITLEY	8 3243;	9 3520	Suffolk Fencibles, The	5	1886
— Note on	6	2360	<i>Sugach, Lament of the</i>		
— on The Calendar			<i>Mangaire, for the</i>		
— of Aengus	8	3141	<i>Irish</i>	WALSH	9 3508
— Work of, for Celtic			Sugar Loaf Mountain		
literature	2	xviii	(half-tone en-		
<i>Stolen Sheep, The</i>	BANIM	1 85	graving)	3	2767
Stone, F., portrait of			— On <i>Great</i> , GREENE	4	1424
Lady Dufferin	3	932	Suilidh (Lough Swilly)	2	633
Story, God bless you! I			Sult, The	6	2354, 2379
have none to tell,			Sullen, Mrs. (character		
sir	CANNING	2 468	in 'The Beaux'		
— of <i>Childs Charity</i> , BROWNE	1	314	Stratagem')	3	1165
— Early Gaelic			SULLIVAN, ALEXANDER		
literature,			MARTIN	9	3323
The'	HYDE	4 1622	— on E. M. P. Down-		
— Father Anthony			ing's verse	3	916
O'Toole, The	TYNAN-		— Eva Mary Kelly	7	2675
— <i>Generiere, The</i> , JAMESON	HINKSON.	9 3444	— Smilh O'Brien	7	2619
— <i>Grana Waile</i> ,	OTWAY	7 2856	— The Dublin com-		
Ireland, The'	SULLIVAN	9 3323	memoration of		
— <i>Le Ferre, The</i> ,	STERNE	8 3220	the Manchester		
— <i>MacDáthó's Pig</i>			martyrs	7	2609
— and Hound	HYDE	4 1613	— TIMOTHY DANIEL	9	3333
— the Little Bird	CROKER	2 734	— and the Land		
— Yorick, The'	STERNE	8 3213	League	9	xi
— tellers, Profes-			— W. B. Yeats on	3	xii
sional			Summer, Ireland in		
— telling, Irish, de-			(half-tone en-		
scribed	2	xiv	graving)	5	1703
— Irish gift of	2	xiv	— <i>Sweet</i>	TYNAN-	
— in Ireland a pro-			— HINKSON.	9	3457
fession	3	xvii	<i>Sun God, The</i>	DE VERE	3 858
Stowe collection of Irish			Sunburst, The Irish	9	3608
manuscripts	7	2673	<i>Sunniness of Irish Life,</i>		
Strabane	3	972	The	MACDONAGH	8 vil
<i>Strange Indeed</i>	DEENV	3 847	Sunset and silence; a		
Stranmore	6	2279	man	COLUM	2 612
<i>Street Arabs, Three</i>			Superstition about the		
Dublin	HARTLEY	4 1568	angel's footprint	7	2852
— ballad on Sir Kilt			— Byron on	6	2290
Rackrent	3	1012	— Irish	4	1287
— Ballads (see also			— about animals	9	3678
Street Songs)	8	3265	Superstitions. See		
— change of taste			also <i>Folk Lore</i>		
in	8	3270	and <i>Fairy Tales</i> .		
— See <i>Wearing of</i>			— <i>Banshee, The</i>	ALLINGHAM.	1 17
<i>the Green, The</i>	2	767	— <i>Fairy Greyhound</i> , ANONYMOUS.	3	1154
— Scene in Dublin			— <i>Loughcagh</i>	ANONYMOUS.	3 1142
(half-tone en-			— <i>A Queen's County</i>		
graving)	6	2107	— <i>Witch</i>	ANONYMOUS.	3 1150
— <i>Songs and Ballads,</i>			— <i>Rent-Day</i>	ANONYMOUS.	3 1160
and <i>Anony-</i>			— <i>Will-of-the-Wisp</i>	ANONYMOUS.	3 1136
<i>mous Verses</i>	8 3271;	9 3299	— <i>The Cow Charmer</i> , BOYLE	1	264
— Article on	HAND	8 3265	— <i>The Curse</i>	CARLETON	2 559
— See <i>Phaodrig</i>			— <i>Fate of Frank</i>		
<i>Crohoore</i> and			<i>M'Kenna</i>	CARLETON	2 553
<i>Sh a m u s</i>			— <i>Biddy Brady's Ban-</i>		
<i>O'Brien</i>			<i>shee</i>	CASEY	2 565
Strength in Elasticity,			— <i>Brewery of Egg-</i>		
Irish	3	856	<i>Shells</i>	CROKER	2 731

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Superstitions.			Swift, J., Popularity of.....	1	262
— <i>Confessions of Tom Bourke</i>CROKER ...	2	681	— W. B. Yeats on.....	3	vii
— <i>Fairies or No Fairies</i>CROKER ...	2	720	Swilly, Lough. 2 633; 4 1518; 6 2126, 2427		
— <i>Flory Cantillon's Funeral</i>CROKER ...	2	724	— a leading Ulster lake.....	6	2277
— <i>The Haunted Cellar</i>CROKER ...	2	707	Switzerland, described in Goldsmith's 'The Traveller'.....	4	1361
— <i>The Soul Cages</i>CROKER ...	2	695	<i>Sword, The</i>BARRY ...	1	119
— <i>Teigue of the Lee</i> .CROKER ...	2	714	— of <i>Tethra, The</i>LARMINE ...	5	1879
— <i>A Blast</i>CROTTY ...	2	758	'Sylvia'.....DARLEY ...	2	809
— <i>Little Woman in Red</i>DEENY ...	3	846	<i>Symbolism</i>RUSSELL ...	8	3004
— <i>A Midnight Funeral</i>DEENY ...	3	845	Synge, Mr. The plays of.....	10	xxi
— <i>The Changeling</i>LAWLESS ...	5	1877	Synonyms, Copiousness of, in Irish literature.....	2	xiii
— <i>The Black Lamb</i>WILDE ...	9	3569	Syria.....	8	2517
— <i>The Demon Cat</i>WILDE ...	9	3557			
— <i>The Horred Woman</i>WILDE ...	9	3558	T.		
— <i>The Priest's Soul</i> .WILDE ...	9	3561	Taafe, Father Peter, slain at Drogheda.....	7	2572
— <i>Celtic Element in Literature, The</i> .YEATS ...	9	3654	Tachmac, Trén.....	7	2753
— <i>The Devil</i>YEATS ...	9	3673	'Tain Bo Cualigne, The'.....	2	629; 4 1600
— <i>Village Sports</i>YEATS ...	9	3673	Take a blessing from my heart.....MANGAN ...	6	2378
Superstitions of the Irish peasant.....	6	2149	— my heart's blessing.....	10	3937
— Lady Wilde on.....	3	xxiii	Talbot, Richard, later Duke of Tyrconnell.....	7	2573
<i>Supreme Summer</i>O'SHAUGHNESSY ...	7	2843	'Take of a Town, The'.....	10	xviii
Sure, he's five months.....SKRINE ...	8	3154	'Story of the play of.....	10	xviii
— this is blessed Eric.....SKRINE ...	8	3156	'Tales of Trinity College'.....LEVER. 5 1986, 1990		
Surely a Voice hath called her.....GREENE ...	4	1424	<i>Talk by the Blackwater</i> .DOWNING ...	3	916
Surface, Charles (character in 'The School for Scandal').....	8	3105	Tallaght.....	7	2673
— Joseph (character in 'The School for Scandal').....	8	3099	Talleyrand.....	9	3420
— Sir Oliver (character in 'The School for Scandal').....	8	3105	— as a Critic, The Princess.....BLESSINGTON ...	1	212
<i>Surnames of the Ancient Irish</i>WARE ...	9	3546	Tamney.....	6	2244
<i>Swarm of Bees in June is Worth a Silver Spoon, A</i>HAMILTON ...	4	1549	Tandy, James Napper.....	1	143; 9 3513
Swedenborg, The Irish, "A. E." so called.....	8	2988	Tanistry, The case of.....	9	3394
Sweet Auburn! loveliest village.....GOLDSMITH. 4 1367			— The laws of.....	7	2857
— Chloe.....LYSAGHT ..	6	2109	Tara, Antiquity of.....	6	2228
— Is a voice in the land of gold.....SIGERSON ..	8	3144	— Conn made King at.....	5	1732
— Land of Song! thy harp doth hang.LOVER ...	6	2086	— Desertion of.....	4	1613
— 'Melodious Bard.' See MOORE.			— Five great highways from.....	5	1739
— 'Singer of the South'.....See WALSH.			— Halls of.....	7	2535
SWIFT, JONATHAN.....	9	3340	— Hill of.....	6	2354
— (portrait).....	9	3343	— Knights of.....	1	146
— and Faulkner.....	4	1258	— Seven Kings of.....	8	2979
— as a Pamphleteer.....BOYLE ...	1	260	— <i>The Cursing of</i> ...O'GRADY ...	7	2762
— Dean, on Irish.....	6	xli	— The far shining.....	7	2747
— Influence of, on Irish Parliament.....	7	ix	— The Fes of.....	5	1738
— Irish literature begins before.....	2	vii	— <i>The Splendors of</i> .HYDE ...	4	1610
— on curates.....	7	2638	— The tongue of.....	7	2617
— dress.....	9	3497	— The westward road from.....	7	2752
— the Death of Dr.SWIFT ...	9	3580	Tarah. St. Patrick's Hymn before.....	6	2360
— the State of Ireland cited.....	9	3415	"Tarry thou till come," See 'Salathiel the Immortal.'.....		
			— yet, late Hungerer.....RUSSELL ..	8	2996
			Tasmania.....	6	2454
			Taxation in Galway.....	8	2914
			— Methods of.....	8	3092
			— <i>Speech on American</i>BURKE ...	1	373
			TAYLOR, JOHN F.....	9	3390
			<i>Tc Martyrum Candi-datus</i>JOHNSON ...	5	1701
			Teach Mídehuarta.....	4	1611
			Teamair, Eochaidh at.....	7	2667

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Teamhair at Samhain			The dying tree no pang		
time	4	1451	sustains	DE VERE...	3 863
Teamor's Ancient Fame	1	281	— end of a ship is		
Tears, The Fountain of, O'SHAUGH-			drowning' (Irish		
NESSY ...	7	2845	rann)	HYDE	10 3837
Teazle, Lady (character			— fountains drink		
in 'The School			caves subterren.	FLECKNOE	3 1209
for Scandal')	8	3100	— girl I love is		
— Miss Farren as	8	3122	comely	CALLANAN	2 440
— Sir Peter (charac-			— gloom of the sea-		
ter in 'The			fronting cliffs ..	DOWDEN	3 876
School for Scan-			— Groves of Blar-		
dal')	8	3102	ney'	MILLIKEN	6 2439
Technical Instruction,			— harp that once		
Department of	8	2008	through Tara's		
Teetotalism	6	2398	halls'	MOORE	7 2535
'Teigue of the Lee' ..	2	720	— host is riding from		
Tell me, my friends,			Knocknarea	YEATS	9 3707
why are we met here?			— kindly words that		
STREET BAL-			rise	O'REILLY	7 2823
LADS	9	3311	— Little Black Rose		
Teltown (Tailltinn) on			shall be red	DE VERE	3 858
the Blackwater	5	1738	— long, long wished		
Temora, The Maids of	4	1591	for hour	DOHENY	3 864
Temperance.			— lord of Dunker-		
— Apostle of Temper-			ron'	CROKER	2 736
ance in Dublin,			— lying man has		
The	6	2397	promised' (Irish		
— Irish Cry, The' ..	9	3617	rann)	HYDE	10 3841
— Temperance, The			— man who only		
Apostle of'	See	MATHEW.	took' (Irish		
Templeoge, near Dublin	7	2728	rann)	HYDE	10 3841
Tennyson, Lord, on Mrs.			— Minstrel-Boy to the		
Alexander's verse	1	1	war has gone	MOORE	7 2535
— on 'Joyce's Celtic			— Muse, disgusted at		
Legends'	5	1713	an age	BERKELEY	1 80
— The Charge of the			— old priest Peter		
Light Brigade	8	3014	Gilligan	YEATS	9 3702
Tenure, Isaac Butt on			— pillar towers of		
fixity of	2	425	Ireland		6 2130
— Lator on fixity of	5	1860	— Pope he leads a		
— of land, The	7	2862	happy life'	LEVER	5 2002
— Parnell and fixity			— satisfied man for		
of	6	2179	the hungry one		
Terence's Farce' ..	3	934	never feels'		
Tethra, The Sword of ..	5	1876	(Irish rann) ..	HYDE	10 3837
Th'anám an Dbhá—But			— savage loves his		
there it is	LOCKE	5 2003	native shore	ORR	7 2839
Thackeray, Irish char-			— sea moans on the		
acters of, M. F.			strand	TODHUNTER	9 3104
— Egan on	5	viii	— silent bird is hid		
— on Goldsmith	4	1301	in the bough	GILBERT	4 1279
— and G. P. O.	8	xvi	— silent heart which		
— J. Higgins	4	1572, 1573	grief	PARNELL	7 2876
— in Ireland	8	xx	— room, the heavy		
— on Irish Chap-			creeping shade ..	WILDE	9 3593
books	3	xxi	— Southern	See	DOWLING.
— Dean Swift	9	3343	— Stars are watching	O'DOHERTY,	7 2676
Thankfulness of Der-			— sun on Ivera	CALLANAN	2 445
mat, The	O'LEARY	10 3953	— sunny South is		
Thanks, my lord, for			glowing	ORR	7 2837
your venison	GOLDSMITH.	4 1374	— tears are ever in		
"That Popular Poet of			my wasted eye ..	D'ALTON	2 803
Green Erin."	See	MOORE.	— time I've lost in		
That rake up near the			woeing'	MOORE	7 2522
rafters	KICKHAM	5 1929	— top o' the mornin'	COLEMAN	2 609
The actor's dead, and			— tuneful tumult of		
memory alone ..	BENNER ON		that bird		2 xvi
BROUGHAM.	1	301	— wild bee reeds from		
— best of all ways ..	MOORE	6 2338	bough to bough ..	WILDE	9 3593
— Blue lake of Deven-			— winter fleeteth like		
ish	MACMANUS.	6 2269	a dream	GREENE	4 1425
— brass they are			— work that should		
aflame	MACMANUS.	6 2263	to-day	O'HAGAN	7 2767
— brown wind of Con-			— world is growing		
naught	MACMANUS.	6 2272	darker	ROSSA	8 2983
— desire of my hero			— young May moon	MOORE	7 2526
who feared no foe	2	xv			

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Theater in Blackfriars,		Thirty-six Command-	
The	6 2348	ments, The, of Duel-	
Whitefriars, The	6 2348, 2349	ing	1 148
The Irish Literary	10 xiii	This morning there were	
Irish Literary. See MILLIGAN.		dazzling drifts of	
The Irish National. See MARTYN.		daisies	WYNNE ... 9 3649
Their Last Race	MATHEW ... 6 2391	— wolf for many a	
Themes of Irish humor	6 x	day	TYNNAN-
Then Oberon spake	BARLOW ... 1 116	— world is all a	HINKSON. 9 3451
Theology, Irish devotion		— tomb inscribed to	
to	4 1281	gentle	GOLDSMITH. 4 1383
Mountain	GREGORY ... 4 1455	Tholsel, The	4 1258; 5 1914
Theology and Re-		Thomas and Sally, or	
ligion.		The Sailor's Return	BICKERSTAFF ... 1 186
— Frederick William		Thomas Sheridan	O'KEEFE ... 7 2774
Robertson	BROOKE ... 1 291	Thomond	4 1657
— True Friends of		— The Bard of. See HOGAN.	
the Poor and the		THOMPSON, SIR WIL-	
Afflicted	DOYLE ... 3 919	LIAM	See KELVIN.
— Dispute with Car-		Those delicate wander-	
lyle	DUFFY ... 3 951	ers	RUSSELL ... 8 2998
— The Irish Intellect	GILES ... 4 1281	— dressy and smooth-	
— Blessing of Afflic-		faced young	
tion	KIRWAN ... 5 1844	maidens	GRIFFIN ... 4 1482
— The Christian		— evening bells!	MOORE ... 7 2527
Mother	KIRWAN ... 5 1842	— Thou art, O God!	MOORE ... 7 2538
— The Irish Church.	MACCARTHY. 6 2148	— golden sunshine in	
— Plea for Liberty of		the peaceful day!	STOKES ... 8 3260
Conscience	O'LEARY ... 7 2789	— Though the senseless	
— St. Patrick's Suc-		and sensible!	HIDE ... 10 3837
cess	TODD ... 9 3400	Thoughts on the Mat-	
There are veils that lift.	ROLLESTON. 8 2980	— terhorn	TYNDALL ... 9 3178
— is a colleen fair as		— Various Subjects	SWIFT ... 9 3377
May	PETRIE ... 8 2886	Thracian Hebrus, The	6 2455
— a green hill far		Thrasna River	1 360
away'	ALEXANDER. 1 3	Three Counsellors, The.	RUSSELL ... 8 3002
— a green island.	CALLANAN. 2 439	— Dublin Street	
— a way I am fain		— Arabs	HARTLEY ... 4 1568
to go	MACMANUS.. 6 2268	— F's, The'	6 2179
— not in the wide		— Hundred Greeks at	
world	MOORE ... 7 2532	Thermopylae, The	3 827
— many a man's dim		— Rock Mountain	6 2121
closing eye	JOYCE ... 5 1749	— Romans at the Sub-	
— our murdered		lician Bridge, The	3 827
brother lies	DRENNAN .. 3 925	— Shafis of Death,	
— was a jolly miller		The'	10 3968
once	BICKERSTAFF 1 185	— Weeks After Mar-	
— a place in child-		riage'	MURPHY ... 7 2564
hood	LOVER ... 6 2087	Thrice at the huts of	
— were trees in Tir-		Fontenoy	DAVIS ... 3 823
Conal	MILLIGAN. 6 2437	— in the night the	
There's a dear little		priest arose	SHORTER ... 8 3130
plant	CHERRY ... 2 587	Through air made heavy	WILKINS ... 9 3600
— glade in Aghadoe	TODHUNTER. 9 3410	— the Solitudes	SAVAGE-ARM-
— wall from the		STRONG ...	8 3028
glen	WILSON ... 9 3617	— untraced ways'.	DENHAM ... 3 850
— grey fog over		Thrush and the Black-	
Dublin	CHESSEON .. 2 591	bird, The	KICKHAM ... 5 1824
— Sally standing by		Thunder our thanks to	
the river	TODHUNTER. 9 3406	her	O'REILLY ... 7 2834
— sweet sleep	MACMANUS.. 6 2270	Thurlow, Burke on Lord	1 396
Thermopylae	3 827	Thurot	6 2113
These be God's fair high		Thus sang the sages of	
palaces	FURLONG ... 3 1239	the Gael	STOKES ... 8 3262
Thesium at Athens, The	6 2335	Thierney on Sheridan	3 1194
'Thespls'	KELLY ... 5 1782	Tigernas, King	7 2718
They are going, going.	MACMANUS.. 6 2267	Tim Hogan's Ghost	COYNE ... 2 645
— chained her fair		— the Smith	DOYLE ... 10 3887
young body	ROCHE ... 8 2965	Timber in Ulster	6 2279
— knelt around the		Time	SWIFT ... 9 3389
cross divine	1 150	— I've lost in woo-	
'Third Blast of Retreat		ing, The'	MOORE ... 7 2522
from Plays and Play-		— of the Barmecides,	
ers, The'	6 2348	The	MANGAT ... 6 2367
Thylishes, The, de-			
scribed	3 xx		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Timoleague, Lament over the Ruins of the Abbey of</i>	FERGUSON	3 1177	<i>To The Duke of Grafton</i>	FRANCIS	3 1228
<i>Timæus, Plato's</i>		2 749	<i>— the Lcanan Sidhe</i>	BOYD	1 258
<i>Tippcrary</i>	O'DOHERTY	7 2675	<i>— Memory of Isaac Butt</i>	SIGERSON	8 3133
<i>— Duelling in</i>		1 145	<i>— sound of evening bells</i>	TRENCH	9 3437
<i>— The County of: Sir William Osborne's experiment</i>		2 425	<i>Tobarnavian, Origin of name</i>		6 2220
<i>— Recruiting Song</i>	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3318	<i>'Toby of the Ship,' Grana Walle's son</i>		7 2858
<i>— (reference)</i>		5 1831	<i>— Uncle</i>		8 3210, 3220
<i>— See The Munster Bards.</i>			<i>To-day chance drove me</i>	BROOKE	1 300
<i>Tlr-Conal. See The Buried Forests of Erin.</i>			<i>TODD, JAMES HEN-</i>		
<i>— Connell: O'Donnell Abao</i>		6 2127	<i>THORN</i>		9 3400
<i>Tlrconnell, Hugh Raudh O'Donnell of</i>		2 633; 4 1247	<i>TODHUNTER, JOHN (por-</i>		
<i>— Lord of</i>		2 633	<i>trait)</i>		9 3408
<i>— See Lament</i>		6 2353	<i>— and The Rhymers' Club</i>		5 1693
<i>Tlr-na-nög, Olsin and</i>		7 2755	<i>Toler, John, A Monk of the Screw</i>		5 1957, 1958
<i>Tlrnanoge, Olsin in; or the last of the Fena</i>	JOYCE	5 1714	<i>Tom Moody</i>	CHERRY	2 588
<i>— the Land of Youth</i>		5 1714, 1716	<i>Tombs in the Church of Montorio, on the Sauticulum</i>	O'DONNELL	7 2684
<i>Tlr na n'ög, Tlrnanoge</i>		2 590	<i>TONE, THEOBALD WOLFE</i>		9 3413
<i>— of the ever-living</i>		5 1714	<i>— and '98</i>		9 x
<i>Tlr-na-Tonn; the land under the sea</i>		2 594	<i>— and Froude</i>		6 2166
<i>Tlr-oén. See Owen Bacon.</i>			<i>— and Lough Scully</i>		6 2434
<i>'Tis I go fiddling, fiddling</i>	CHESSEON	2 592	<i>— Death of</i>		7 2607
<i>— not for love of gold, I go</i>	BANIM	1 57	<i>— founder of the Society of United Irishmen</i>		6 2162
<i>— War we Want to Wage. From the Irish</i>	HYDE	4 1657	<i>— Fate of</i>		9 3507
<i>— now we want to be wary, boys</i>	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3318	<i>— Kickham on</i>		5 1831
<i>— pretty to see</i>	DAVIS	3 823	<i>— Graham on</i>		4 1385
<i>— the last rose of summer</i>	MOORE	7 2528	<i>— 'The Autobiography of Theobald Wolfe'</i>	TONE	7 2604
<i>— what they say</i>		10 3749	<i>— The Capture of Wolfe</i>	O'BRIEN	7 2604
<i>Tithes, Sidney Smith on</i>		6 2151	<i>— Walsh's recollections of</i>		9 3513
<i>"Tithes," The cow stamped with</i>		7 2653	<i>— with his mangled throat</i>		4 1531
<i>To a Beautiful Milk-maid</i>	MOORE	6 2340	<i>'Tone's Journal,' Extract from</i>	TONE	9 3418
<i>— 'scaynard man thine advice to bring' (Irish rann)</i>	HYDE	10 3835	<i>To-night as the tender glooming</i>	BLAKE	1 190
<i>— Skull</i>	IRWIN	5 1673	<i>TONNA, MRS. (CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH)</i>		9 3428
<i>— drift with every passion till my soul</i>	WILDE	9 3595	<i>Tony Lumpkins (character in 'She Stoops to Conquer')</i>		4 1348
<i>— drink a toast</i>	LEVER	5 1975	<i>Too long have the churls</i>		10 4015
<i>— Duffy in Prison</i>	MCGEE	6 2220	<i>Toomevara, A Chronicle of</i>	ECCLES	3 967
<i>— God and Ireland True</i>	O'LEARY	7 2796	<i>Total abstinence</i>		6 2398
<i>— Gold</i>	WILDE	9 3596	<i>Toulouse, Irish soldiers at</i>		8 3063
<i>— Ireland</i>	WILDE	9 3573	<i>Towers in Ireland</i>		8 3239
<i>— me by early morn</i>	CLARKE	2 596	<i>— of Ireland, The Pillar</i>	MACCARTHY	6 2130
<i>— Meath of the Pastures</i>	COLUM	2 613	<i>— The Round</i>	PETRIE	8 2880
<i>— Morfydd</i>	JOHNSON	5 1698	<i>'Town Life in the Fifteenth Century'</i>	GREEN	4 1417
<i>— My Bicycle</i>	ROLLESTON	8 2976	<i>Townshend, Chatham and</i>	BURKE	1 391
<i>— Buried Rifle</i>	MCCARTHY	6 2172	<i>— Lord</i>		4 1377
<i>— Promised Wife</i>	WALSH	9 3510	<i>— Marquis of, a Monk of the Screw</i>		2 797
<i>— Stella</i>	SWIFT	9 3387			

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
'Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland'.. WOOD-MAR-		Tribunal, The Revolu-	
TIN	9 3640	tionary	2 678
Trade and the Union.....	8 2902	<i>Tribune, The Lost</i>	SIGERSON .. 8 3133
— of Galway	8 2916	<i>Tried by his Peers</i>	O'FLANAGAN, 7 2723
'Traditions, Fairy Le-		Trim, Corporal	8 3210
gends and'	CROKER, 2 695, 736	Trinity College, Collec-	
Tragic deaths	2 xlii	tion of an-	
Traigh-Balle Mic-Bualn		cient manu-	
(ancient name of		scripts in	7 2671
Dundaik)	2 639	— Attitude of, to-	
Tralee	6 2198	ward Irish	10 3713
Tramore	6 2223	— Dublin (color	
'Transcripts and Stud-		plate)	2 Front
les'	DOWDEN, 3 866, 875	— Story of a stu-	
Transfusion of blood,		dent in	6 2400
Pockrich's plan for	7 2700	— English, not	
Translation of Irish	10 3711	Irish	3 xiv
Difficulties of	10 3711	— Irish manu-	
Transportation in Ire-		scripts in, cat-	
land	9 3362	alogued by	
Transubstantiation is		John O'Dono-	
the faith we depend		van	7 2705
upon	8 3270	— Tales of'	LEVER, 5 1986, 1990
Travel, adventure,		Trinket's Colt	SOMERVILLE
description.		and Ross	8 3182
— <i>History of My</i>		Tristan	9 3660
<i>Horse, Saladin</i> .. BROWNE ...	1 323	— and Isolde, Irish	
— <i>Journey in Dis-</i>		scenes in	4 viii
<i>guise</i>	BURTON .. 1 408	'Tristram Shandy'	8 3211
— <i>An African Queen</i> .. BUTLER ...	2 418	3213, 3220
— <i>Sight of the Rocky</i>		Trout-fishing in Ireland.....	4 1517
<i>Mountains</i>	BUTLER .. 2 415	Truagh	3 957
— <i>City in the Great</i>		<i>True Loveliness</i>	DARLEY .. 2 807
<i>West</i>	DUNRAVEN, 3 963	— <i>Pleasures</i>	BERKELEY .. 1 174
— <i>Ah Man</i>	MACFALL .. 6 2206	'Trust to luck'	STREET BAL-
— <i>Byron and the</i>		LAD	9 3319
<i>Blessingtons at</i>		Tuam-da-Gualann	5 1725, 1728
<i>Genoa</i>	MADDEN .. 6 2286	— Tribes and build-	
— <i>Acropolis of Ath-</i>		ings of	8 2882
<i>ens and the Rock</i>		Tuathal Teachmar	7 2706
<i>of Cashel</i>	MAHAFFY .. 6 2334	— Tuatha de Danann	2 xi
— <i>Rhapsody on Riv-</i>		— Tribes and build-	
<i>ers</i>	MITCHELL .. 6 2454	ings of	8 2882
— <i>The Prince of In-</i>		Tuathal Teachmar	7 2706
<i>ismore</i>	MORGAN .. 7 2543	— 'Tudor, Mary'	DE VERE .. 3 851
— <i>Dunluce Castle</i>	OTWAY ... 7 2853	Tulleries, Garden of	
— <i>The Vicar of Cape</i>		the	2 676
<i>Clear</i>	OTWAY ... 7 2848	Turlockmor, A folk tale	
— <i>Capture of an In-</i>		of	4 1632
<i>dian Chief</i>	REID	Turloughmore, Faction	
8 2932		fight at	9 3316
— <i>Bethlehem</i>	WARRBURTON, 9 3535	— St. Columcill's	
— <i>The Pyramids</i>	WARRBURTON, 9 3529	home	4 1455
— <i>Sack of the Sum-</i>		'Twas beyond at Mac-	
<i>mer Palace</i>	WOLSELEY, 9 3636	reddin	McCALL .. 6 2125
Travel, On	FLECKNOE, 3 1209	— but last night I	
Traveller, The	GOLDSMITH, 4 1357	traversed	M'GEE ... 6 2220
Travels of Marco Polo,		Twelfth Century, Ire-	
Irish version of the		land in the	10 3845
(MS. in the Royal		<i>Twelve Articles</i>	SWIFT
Irish Academy)	7 2672	<i>Twenty Golden Years</i>	
Treaty of Limerick,		Ago	MANGAN ... 6 2373
The	3 957; 9 x	— Questions, Can	
— Stone, Limerick		ning and the	
(half-tone en-		game of	1 167
graving)	3 957	<i>Twisting of the Rope,</i>	
— <i>with France, On</i>		<i>The</i>	HYDE
<i>a Commercial</i>	FLOOD .. 3 1210	Two Centuries of Irish	
<i>Trees, The</i>	FURLONG .. 3 1230	History	BRYCE ... 1 346
— In the Irish sagas	2 xvii	— <i>Essays on the</i>	
TRENCH, HERBERT	9 3431	Remnant'	MAGEE ... 6 2292
— W. B. Yeats on	3 xiii	— <i>Songs</i>	BICKERSTAFF 1 186
— ARCHBISHOP RICH-		Tyledan. See A Mem-	
ARD CHENEVIX	9 3434	ory.	
Translation	1 37	TYNAN-HINKSON, KATH-	
Tribulation, George		ARINE	9 3439
Wither on	9 3436	— W. B. Yeats on	3 xlii
		— M. F. Egan on	5 vii
		TYNDALL, JOHN	9 3462
		— and Imagination	1 xvii

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Tyndall, J., and Dr. Sigeron	8 3132	Ulster, William de Burghs, Earl of, Prohibition of marriage by	3 1179
Tyrawley. Scenery around	6 2230	Ultonian, or Red Branch Cycle	2 xlii
Tyrawley's duel with Lord Clonmell	1 142	Uncle Remus. See KAVANAGH.	
Tyreconnell	1 14; 2 633	'Undertakers, The'	3 955
— The Duke of: his recollections of Drogheda	7 2573	Unhappy Island in the West, An	5 1769
— Lord, on Sarsfield.	7 2818	Union, The	8 2890
— The Mountains of. See Tirconnell.	6 2276	— Ireland cheated into	9 x
Tyreconnellian princes buried at Rome, The.	6 2353	— Irish songs of	6 xlii
Tyrone	1 3	— Repeal of. O'CONNELL.	7 2644
— and Desmond, The Insurrection of.	7 2852	— The Act of	6 2169
— Earl of, English fear of	2 633	— Curran on	2 790
— Hugh O'Neill; battles fought by	7 2743	— Duke of Portland on	8 2897
— Militia, The	5 1886	— Effect of, on commerce	8 2902
— See The Siege of Derry.		— Extinguished national spirit.	1 xi
Tyronian and Tyrconnellian Princes, Lament for the	6 2352	— hated from the first	9 x
Tyrowen, Gold found in	6 2280	— Repeal of	9 x
— The mountains of.	6 2275	— See Sheelah on her Proposals of Marriage.	
— watered by Lough Neagh	6 2277	United Irishmen, Society of the	6 2162; 9 3513, 3520
Tyrrell, Carden (character in 'The Heather Field')	6 2387	— States, The Position of Women in the	1 343
— Kit (character in 'The Heather Field')	6 2386	Unty of Irish literature	2 xviii
— Miles (character in 'The Heather Field')	6 2386	University of Göttingen, Canning's poem on the	2 466
U.		Unspoken Words. O'REILLY	7 2833
Ua Maighleine, the royal clown, The shout of	7 2711	'Untilled Field, The' MOORE	7 2483
Ulleecean, Dubh O' (Irish air)	10 3937	Unto the deep RUSSELL	8 2997
— (quoted)	8 viii	Up the airy mountain. ALLINGHAM.	1 18
Ulsnach, First Druidical fire lighted on the Hill of	7 2667	Up the sea-saddened valley	3 859
Ulster, Aldfrid in	6 2376	Urbis Marmons. See CAMPION.	
— Cause of confiscation of	6 2352	Usna, Ulsnech, or Ushnagh, The Hill of.	5 1731, 1738
— colonized	5 1861	Ussher (character in 'The Heather Field')	6 2386
— Conor, King of.	4 1613	— Sir William; Letter to him cited as causing the Ulster confiscation	6 2352
— Cuchulain fights for the honor of.	4 1435	V.	
— Grief of O'Donnell and O'Neill at leaving	7 2685	Va où la gloire t'invite.	6 2339
— In support of Henry Flood	3 1217	Vale of Avoca, The (half-tone engraving).	7 2532
— Picture of. MCNEVIN	6 2274	Valley of Shanganagh, The	6 2382
— Tenant Right	2 424	Van Diemen's Land	6 2151
— The bogs of	6 2278	V-A-S-E, The	8 2966
— Confiscation of MCNEVIN	6 2274	Venus, Hesperus and Phosphor, The	2 601
— Disarming of. CURRAN	2 780	Vernet's, Horace, Battle of Fontenoy (half-tone engraving)	3 880
— English expelled from	3 1179	Verney, Sir Edward, slain at Drogheda.	7 2568
— Invasion of, by Maere	7 2751	Versification of Irish sagas	2 xli
— Undertakers' In	3 955		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Verulam, Lord, and the			Wages in Ireland	3	922
echo	3	1056	Walsteats, Styles of	9	3498
<i>Very Far Away</i>	ALEXANDER	1 9	Walters in Ireland	8	xx
<i>Viands, The Vision of</i>			Waiting	TODHUNTER	9 3408
From the Irish of			Wake of William Orr,		
Aniar MacCongliline	SIGERSON	8 3134	The	DRENNAN	3 925
<i>Vicar of Cape Clear,</i>			WAKEMAN, WILBUR F.,		
The	OTWAY	7 2848	and JOHN COOKE	9	3481
— of Wakefield, The	GOLDSMITH	4 1301	Wake, Keating and	WOOD-MAR-	
		1305		TIN	9 3640
— (cited)		6 2421	Waking of Corpses.		
<i>Vicar's Home, The</i>	GOLDSMITH	4 1301	— <i>Biddy Brady's Ban-</i>		
Victoria, Queen, and			— <i>shee</i>	BLACKBURNE	2 567
Louis Philippe		1 151	— <i>Tim Hogan's Wake</i>	COYNE	2 653
<i>View from Honeyman's</i>			— <i>Their Last Race</i>	MATHEW	6 2394
Hill, The	BERKELEY	1 176	Waldron, Bishop, of		
— of London	DENHAM	3 850	Killala	6	2232
— of the State of			WALKER, JOSEPH COO-		
Ireland	4 1248; 9	5397	PER	9	3493
Vile and ingrate! too	CONGREVE	2 615	— of the Snow, The	SHANLY	8 3032
Village Garland, The	HALL	4 1534	Wallace, Thomas, duel		
— Ghosts	YEATS	9 3673	with Secretary O'Gor-		
— Life in Ireland.			man	1	143
See <i>Honey</i>			WALLER, JOHN FRANCIS	9	3500
<i>Fair, The</i>			Walpole, Horace, cited		
— See <i>Night in</i>			on Glück and the		
<i>Fortunatus Vil-</i>			musical glasses	7	2692
<i>lage, A.</i>			WALS, EDWARD	9	3502
— <i>Sovereign, A</i>	LYNCH	6 2088	— W. B. Yeats on	3	x
Vimiera, Irish soldiers			— JOHN	9	3510
at		8 3063	— JOHN EDWARD	9	3513
Vine culture possible			— Michael, murdered		
in Ireland	7	3696	by Viscount Net-		
Vinegar Hill	2 591, 599		terville	7	2728
— <i>Lynch Law on</i>	BANIM	1 76	<i>Wandering Minstrel, A.</i>	LE FANU	5 1934
Violaute, Madam, the			War correspondent, An		
dancer	6	2473	Irishman the		
Virginia City, Nevada,			first	8	3006
Earl of Dunraven at	3	963	— not all of History	4	xi
— <i>The Death of</i>	KNOWLES	5 1847	— <i>The Irish in the</i>	MAGUIRE	6 2321
' <i>Virginus</i> '	KNOWLES	5 1847	— <i>Ways of</i>	JOHNSON	4 1699
Virtues of the Irish			— with China, Nar-		
peasant	3	854	rative of the	WOLSELEY	9 3636
Vis et Armis. See	LOCKE		— <i>Ship of Peace, The</i>	LOVER	5 2085
Vision of McCongliline,			— <i>Song, The Munster</i>	WILLIAMS	9 3607
The	6	vii	WARBURTON, ELLIOT	9	3529
— of <i>Viands, The</i>			Ward, Father Hugh,		
From the Irish			collector of Irish man-		
of Aniar Mac-			uscripts for Louvain	7	2673
Congliline	SIGERSON	8 3134	WARD, OWEN (biogra-		
Visions	2	xii	phy)	10	4024
'Visits and Sketches at			— Poem by Mangan		
Home and Abroad	JAMESON	5 1679	from the Irish of	6	2352
Vocabulary of the Irish			WARE, SIR JAMES	9	3544
people	4	1607	— Irish literature be-		
Vocal stones	7	2717	gins before	2	vii
Volcanic action, Inun-			Warren, Colonel, slain		
dation of country			at Drogheda	7	2568
around Loughs Erne			Was <i>She Complains?</i>	KEELING	5 1771
and Foyle due to	6	2277	Washington, A <i>Eulogy</i>		
Voltaire, Dowden on	3	873	of	PHILLIPS	8 2891
Volunteer Movement,			Waste Not, Want Not	EDGEWORTH	3 1068
The	6	2106	Water-eruptions	2	xii
Volunteer's Song, A	6	2113	Fairies, The, de-		
Volunteers, A <i>Defense</i>			scribed	3	xviii
of the	FLOOD	3 1217	— Sherie, The, de-		
Vowel-rhyming	10	3919	scribed	3	xx
<i>Voxels, The</i>	SWIFT	9 3389	Waterford election of		
'Voyage of Maelduin,			1826	1	349
The	4	1601	— King John at	3	900
— of the Sons of			Waterloo, Irish soldiers		
O'Corra, The	JOYCE	5 1724	at	8	3062
— royal, A	6	2463	Wathers o' Moyle an'		
— <i>The First</i>	MOLLOY	6 2459	the white gulls flyin'	SKRINE	8 3155

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Watt, James, John		Wexford surrendered to	
Mitchel on	6 2449	the insurgents of	
Waves' Legend on the		Vinegar Hill	1 76
Strand of Bala, The, TODMUNTER.	9 3404	Whang and his Dream	
Ways of War	JOHNSON .. 5 1699	of Diamonds	GOLDSMITH. 4 1341
We are little airy crea-		'What are a utward	
tures	SWIFT	forms?'	BICKERSTAFF 1 187
stood so steady	JOYCE	hath Time Taken?' BROWNE ...	1 321
summoned not the		is a gentleman?' O'DONOGHUE	7 2703
Silent Guest	ROCHE	is the Remnant?.. MAGEE	6 2292
who are old, old		rights the brave?.. BARRY	1 149
and gray	YEATS	shall I give thee?.. DE VERE ..	3 851
won't go home till		sowest thou,	
morning	3 1194	Orlon'	TYNAN-
Wealth, Bishop Berke-		shall we mourn?.. O'REILLY ..	9 3456
ley on sources of	1 178	sorrow wings	DRUMMOND. 3 930
Weurin' o' the Green,		the Stars ore Made	
The	STREET BAL-	of	BALL
	LAD	we say of a thing	
	9 3320	which is just	
Wearing of the Green,		come in fashion, GOLDSMITH. 4	1299
The	CURRAN	'will you do, love?' LOVER	6 2085
Wearing of the Green		Whately on Irish educa-	
The	KING	tion	4 1609
Wearry men, what reap		When all beside a vigil	
ye?	WILDE	keep	DAVIS
Weaver Poet, The. See ORR.	9 3575	April rains make	
Wedding of the Clans,		flowers bloom	EOAN
The	DE VERE	boyhood's fire was	
Weddings in Ireland	6 2202	in my blood	DAVIS
Wedding-feast, A	2 534	comes the day	O'HAGAN
Weep no more about my		Erin first rose	DRENNAN
bed	READ	first I met meek	
Weeping Irish, a term		Peggy	LOVER
for sorrow	9 3661	I saw thee, Kate LANE	5 2079
Welcome, The	DAVIS	to this country	
We'll See About It,	HALL	a stranger I	
Wellington, Duke of,		came	8 3261
See also 'He		unto this town I	
said that he was		came	STREET BAL-
not our brother?	1 58		LAD
O'Connell on	7 2626	he who adores	
J. W. Doyle on	3 919	thee'	MOORE
on Irish soldiers	8 3062	I was young	DE VERE
WELSH, CHARLES (por-		like the early rose, GRIFFIN ...	4 1509
trait)	9 vii	lovely woman	
A Glance at Ire-		stoops to folly,	GOLDSMITH. 4 1315
land's History	9 vii	my arms wrap you	
on Oliver Gold-		round, I press	YEATS
smith	4 1298	my feet have wan-	
Foreword	1 xvii	dered	MONSELL
on Faery and Folk		on my sickly couch	
Tales	3 xvii	I lay	SWIFT
Nursery Tales	3 xviii	Pat came over the	
The Red Duck	10 3779	hill	LOVER
'Wendell Phillips,'		round the festive	
From	O'REILLY ..	Christmas board, M A C D E R-	
Were you ever in sweet	7 2836	MOTT	6 2189
Tipperary	O'DOHERTY. 7 2675	St. Patrick our or-	
Wesley, John, on the		der created	CURRAN
Irish character	8 xlv	this order	CURRAN
West, A City in the		the breath of twi-	
Great	DUNRAVEN. 3 963	light	RUSSELL
'Wild Sports of		light shall nest	
the'	MAXWELL ..	in the hollow	
Westminster Abbey Cor-	6 2411	alcen' (Irish	
onation Chair,		Rann)	HYDE
The (half-tone		the time comes,	ROLLESTON. 8 2979
engraving)	7 1717	'When you are old'	YEATS
Goldsmith on	4 1317	Whene'er I see soft	
West's Asleep, The	DAVIS	hazel eyes	FERGUSON ..
Westward the course of	3 828	with haggard eyes	3 1183
empire takes its way, BERKELEY	1 181	I view	CANNING ..
We've furled the banner	5 1664	Where Foyle his swell-	
Wexford, County, Noted	9 3430	ing waters	TONNA
members for	1 130		9 3428

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Where is my chief, my master	MANGAN	6 2369	WILDE, LADY, A keen taken down by	9	3645
— is thy lovely perilous abode	BOYD	1 258	— on Irish superstitions	3	23
— lurk the merry elves	TODHUNTER	9 3406	— OSCAR	9	3577
— Sugarloaf with bare	GREENE	4 1424	— RICHARD HENRY	9	3596
While going the road to sweet Athy	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3290	Wilderness, Irish who fell in the battle of the	6	2423
Whisky, Address of a Drunkard to a Bottle of	LE FANU	5 1946	Wilkes among the eminent actors of the eighteenth century	5	1919
— Illit distilling of		2 541	WILKINS, WILLIAM	9	3600
— drink divine?	O'LEARY	7 2803	Wilkinson, Sir Gardner, On the building of the Pyramids	9	3533
Whisper	WYNNE	9 3648	Will and shall, Confusion of	3	1062
Whistling Thief, The	LOVER	6 2081	— O' the Wisp (fairy and folk lore)	3	1136
White Cockade, The	CALLANAN	2 442	William, King	9	3324
— Mr. Luke: Association to raise the price of meat formed by		7 2633	— of Munster. See KENEALY.		
Whitefriars, The theater in		6 2348	— of Orange and Sarsfield	7	2816
WHITESIDE, JAMES		9 3550	WILLIAMS, RICHARD DALTON	9	3607
Whitman, Walt, on art		9 3664	Willis, N. P., Description of Lady Blessington by	1	173
Whitworth, Lord, The administration of		7 2637	WILLIS, WILLIAM GORMAN	9	3612
Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?	YEATS	9 3706	Willy Reilly	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3321
— fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?	INGRAM	5 1659	WILSON, ROBERT A.	9	3617
Whoever the youth		3 1187	Winckelmann on Greek Art	5	1923
'Whole Works of Sir James Ware Concerning Ireland, The'	WARE	9 3544	'Wind Among the Reeds, The'	YEATS	9 3705
		3546, 3547	— On	MARTYN	6 2383
'Why are you wandering here?'	KENNEY	5 1807	— on the Hills, The	SHORTER	8 3127
— 'Liquor of Life?'	D'ALTON	2 805	— that Shakes the Barley, The	JOYCE	5 1746
— Lord Leitrim Slammed the Door		1 241	Window Song, A	IRWIN	5 1676
— Thomas Dubh Walked	MACMANUS	6 2254	WINGFIELD, LEWIS	9	3620
— Parnell Went into Politics	O'BRIEN	7 2607	Winter Evening	TYNAN-HINKSON	9 3459
Wicklow. See Art's Lough and The Scalp.					9 3625
— County, Beautiful scenery of		7 2532	WISEMAN, CARDINAL		
— Hugh Roe in		2 636	Wit. See Humor.		
— Hills, Beauty of the		4 1424	— and humor, Irish, D. J. O'Donoghue on	6	vii
— Pocklich raising geese near		7 2697	— of Canning	1	170
'Widow Ma'brece'	LOVER	6 2078	Witch, A Queen's County	3	1150
— Malone, The	LEVER	5 1999	Witchcraft and Wonders. See Folk Lore.		
— Wadman's Eye	STERNE	8 3211	Witches' Excursion, The	KENNEDY	5 1799
Widow's Message to Her Son, The	FORRESTER	3 1222	With deep affection	MAHONY	6 2343
Wigs worn in Ireland		9 3498	— heaving breast the fair-haired Eileen sang	ARMSTRONG	1 25
Wilberforce on Canning		1 171	— the Wilde Geese	LAWLESS	5 1884
— on Grattan		4 1387	Wither, George, on tribulation		9 3436
Wild blows the tempest on their brows	ARMSTRONG	1 26	Within a budding grove	ALLINGHAM	1 15
— Geese, The	CASEY	2 573	— the window of this white	IRWIN	5 1676
— (reference)		4 1530	Wits and Worthies, Irish	FITZPATRICK	3 1199
— With the Wild	LAWLESS	9 3445	Witticisms, Curran's		2 798
— Irish Girl, The	MORGAN	7 2543	Witty Sayings of Burke, Some Wise and		1 396
— Sports of the West	MAXWELL	6 2411	Woffington, Peg	5	1919, 2473
WILDE, LADY (SPERANZA)		9 3556	WOLFE, CHARLES	9	3632
			WOLSELEY, VISCOUNT	9	3636
			Woman of Three Coats, The	10	3831

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Women, Churchbuilding by Irish	1	31	Yeats, W. B., on Sir Samuel Fergus- son's poetry	3	1170
— in Ireland in Penal Days	ATKINSON	1 28	— Nora Hopper's Ballad in Prose	2	590
— in the United States, The Posi- tion of	BRYCE	1 343	— Lionel Johnson's poetry	3	1694
— of Erin, History of the Illustri- ous	1	32	— C. J. Lever	5	1948
— Shakespeare's Por- traiture of	DOWDEN	3 875	— Modern Irish po- etry	3	vii
Wonder and mystery, Celtic love of	8	2974	— the poetry of G. W. Russell, "A. E."	8	2987
'Wonderful Chair, The' (half-tone engraving)	BROWNE	1 314	— Plays of	10	xli
Wood, William, Swift on	1	261	— Sir Horace Plunk- ett on	8	2911
'Wooden Man in Essex Street'	4	1259	Yeats', J. B., portrait of G. W. Russell, "A. E."	8	2986
Wooden Shoon, The Clang of the	MOLLOY	6 2458	— Portrait of Father Dineen	10	3959
Woodfall, Henry S., printer of the 'Letters of Junius'	3	1226	'Yellow Aster, The', CAFFYN	2	429
— Memory, on Sher- idan	3	1190	— Book of Slane, The	7	2664
— William, Gold- smith on	4	1381	Yelverton, Barry, and Father O'Leary	7	2793
Woodfall's Public Ad- vertiser	3	1227	— as a Monk of the Screw	2	797
Words, Enchanted	YEATS	9 3679	— trial, The	9	3550
Wood's half-pence	1	261	Yes, let us speak	LARMINE	5 1874
Words of Catlino, The	FITZSIMON	3 1206	Yon old house in moon- light sleeping	MULVANY	7 2562
WOOD-MARTIN, W. G.	9	3640	York, The Story of	STERNE	8 3213
'Woolding of Shella, The'	RHYNS	8 2940	You all know Tom Moody	CHERRY	2 588
Woolings	2	xli	— and I	SULLIVAN	9 3340
Word was brought to the Danish King	NORTON	7 2587	— Catholics of Erin give ear unto these lines I write	8	3270
Words, The Poetry of	TRENCH	9 3434	— lads that are funny	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3289
— The Study of	TRENCH	9 3434	— matchless nine	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3284
Wordsworth's influence on Sir Aubrey De Vere	3	851	— must be troubled, Asthore	TYNAN- HINKSON	9 3455
'Works of Sir James Ware Concerning Ire- land, The Whole'	WARE	9 3544	— sance south wind, WYNNE	9	3648
'World of Girls, A'	SMITH	8 3158	Youghal, Raleigh at	3	913
Worship of Pinchbeck Heroes, The	GOLDSMITH	4 1338	Young, Arthur, on Dub- lin society	5	1918
Wraxall on Sheridan	3	1190	— Fisher, The	GWYNN	4 1516
Wriukles, Pockrich's recipe for banishing	7	2701	— Ireland Meeting, A	MACCARTHY	6 2180
Wundlich, Professor, Work for Irish litera- ture	2	xviii	— party, The	9	xi
Wyndham, Lord, at the trial of Lord Santry	7	2725	— and literature	1	xlii
WYNNE, FRANCES	9	3648	— W. B. Yeats on the poets of	3	viii
Y.			— May Moon, The	MOORE	7 2526
Ye brilliant muses	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3317	— RORY O' More courted Kathleen bawn	LOVER	6 2084
— good fellows all	DAWSON	3 841	Your proud eyes give me their wearied splen- dor	WILKINS	9 3606
Year after year	Savage-ARM- STRONG	8 3031	'Yusef'	BROWNE	1 323
YEATS, WILLIAM BET- LER (portrait)			Z.		
— and The Rhymers' Club	5	1693	Zermatt, Tyndall on	9	3478
— M. F. Egan on	5	vii	Zenoss, the founder of Celtic studies, cited on Celtic poetry	2	xix
— on William Carle- ton	2	469	Zimmer, Professor, Work of, for Celtic literature	2	xviii
— Chap-books	3	xx	Zoz (comic paper)	6	x
— T. Crofton Cro- ker	2	687	Zoziman (comic paper)	6	x
			'Zozimus'	DOWLING	3 887
			Zozimus (Gleeman)	9	3685

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